A PIETIST OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS AND AFTER

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1 2 3

At Buchwald

1. Fritze von Riedesel zu Eisenach.
afterwards Countess von Reden.

2. Caroline von Riedesel zu Eisenach.

3. America von Riedesel zu Eisenach.
afterwards Countess von Bernstorff

By permission of Freiherr von Rotenhan of Neuenhof of Worms

A PIETIST OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS AND AFTER

THE LIFE OF COUNTESS VON REDEN

BY ELEONORE, PRINCESS REUSS

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION
BY MRS. CHARLES EDWARD BARRETT-LENNARD
AND M. W. HOPER

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY ROBERT S. RAIT
AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LORD GOUGH," ETC.

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TO

THE REVERED MEMORY

OF

ELEONORE, PRINCESS REUSS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

READERS of Sir John Seeley's "Life and Times of Stein" may recollect something of a Count von Reden who figures in Seeley's pages, and in Pertz's "Das Leben des Ministers Freiherrn vom Stein," in which is embodied Stein's Autobiography. The name of Reden recalls one of the real friendships of Stein's life, a friendship unbroken from early youth till the death of Reden in 1815.[1] They met at Göttingen about 1775, and found a bond of union in their interest in England; for Stein was engaged in the study of English history and politics, while Reden was interested in English country life and, as became a landowner in a mining district, in English methods of mining. In 1776, while Stein was still at Göttingen, Reden paid a visit to England, to investigate these topics. The Government of George III. had, in the preceding year, entered into its unfortunate struggle

[1] Seeley, by a slip of the pen, represents Reden as Hanoverian Ambassador at Rome in 1823. The words in Pertz are, "Seines Göttingen Freundes, Fritz von Reden des spätern Hannoverschen Ministers in Regensburg, Carlsruhe, Rom, und Berlin." This occurs in a passage referring to the year 1823, and Seeley misread it and described Reden as at Rome in that year.

with the American colonies, and had secured for the English army the aid of a German contingent. Among the soldiers who served in North America was a General von Riedesel, Freiherr zu Eisenach, whose wife and children followed him to the New World. On her way from Brunswick to America, Frau von Riedesel spent a few months in England, and von Reden was informed of the fact. With the ready sympathy which was part of his nature, he went to Portsmouth to place at her disposal his knowledge of the language and the people. Among the children who accompanied their mother was Fritze von Riedesel, a fair-haired child of two: she was destined to become, twenty-six years later, the wife of von Reden; and her own personality was so remarkable that she has found a biographer in Princess Reuss, whose work, adapted and abridged, is now given to the English public by Mrs. C. E. Barrett-Lennard. Her knowledge at once of German history and of German life, and her acquaintance with the province of Silesia, the scene of the story, and with the modern representatives of the families who figure in it, render her unusually qualified for the task. The work of translation has been ably shared by Miss M. W. Hoper.

For English readers there are three main points of interest in the Life of Countess Reden. As a child Fritze von Riedesel witnessed some of the melancholy incidents of the American war, and shared in the disappointments and chagrin of the campaign. The hatred which that unfortunate struggle provoked is

illustrated by these memoirs, although, like her future husband, the child loved the English name and stoutly supported the British cause. Her biographer relates an amusing anecdote of the childhood of the heroine—a too loyal desire to join her seniors in doing honour to Queen Charlotte led to lamentable results. Some friendships formed in the course of these American experiences lasted for many years; of these the most notable was an intimacy with General Clinton, who for three years was Commander-in-Chief.

With the return of the family to Germany the interest of the story ceases for a time, although there are some pleasant glimpses of family life a century ago.

The thirteen years of her married life bring Fritze von Riedesel, now Countess Reden, into touch with the great events of the Napoleonic era. Her letters tell of swift changes on the map of Europe, of the disappearance of duchies and electorates. "The Emperor has left Dresden, and *l'ordre du jour*, dated from Dresden, says in plain black and white that Hesse, Brunswick, and Fulda shall cease to exist. . . . The Princess of Orange is calm, but utterly crushed." This was in 1807. Soon followed the dismissal of the Count von Reden from his post as Minister of Mines, and in December, 1808, Stein himself was outlawed by Napoleon. It was to the home of the Redens, at Buchwald, that the great minister fled, and from it he made his way across the Austrian frontier. The Countess, unknown to her husband, followed

Stein and Reden in their flight. Better days were in store; but von Reden was now an old man, and he was crushed by the calamities of his fatherland. A fortnight after hearing the good news of the victory of the allies at Waterloo, he died, leaving his wife to over thirty years of widowhood.

It is during her widowhood that the religious interest of the life of Countess von Reden becomes most marked. She and her husband had been active in the interests of the Bible Society, to which the Countess now devoted a large portion of her time. These years are almost devoid of the public interest which marked the period of her marriage, but at the end of her life the Countess became connected with a remarkable experiment. A colony of Evangelical Protestants migrated from the Zillerthal in the Tyrol to the neighbourhood of the Reden estates at Buchwald. They were the descendants of early Protestants, and generation after generation had secretly preserved the reformed faith, in spite of an outward conformity to Roman Catholicism. About 1820 they were affected by a new movement, and their acknowledgment of their real views, while not, indeed, entailing persecution in the old sense, involved them in many unpleasant consequences. They could neither be married nor buried with Christian rites, and socially they were outcasts. Remembering a similar migration a century earlier, they asked help of Frederick William III. of Prussia, who arranged for their settlement in Silesia, under the charge of the Countess Reden. The

difficulties that arose and their solution form the subject of the later pages of this book. The accomplishment of this important scheme brought the Countess into more direct connection with the Court, and adds another incidental interest to her biography in the pictures which she gives of the simple Court life of the Prussian Royal Family under Frederick William III. and his successor. In addition to these points, at which the Life of the Countess Reden touches historical episodes, there runs throughout the whole of the book a constant religious and domestic interest, which will appeal to all who like to know how a great German lady lived and prayed and ruled her household and managed her property and her garden a hundred years ago.

ROBERT S. RAIT.

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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A PIETIST
OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS AND AFTER

CHAPTER I

GIRLHOOD AND YOUTH

1774—1802

NO traveller visiting the Riesengebirge will leave the district without going to see the handsome Church of the Redeemer at Wang, splendidly situated high among the mountains. At the northern entrance of the churchyard is a monument which cannot fail to attract the notice of the passers-by. It is a marble tablet with a profile portrait beautifully executed in relief; above this is a head of Christ painted upon a gold ground; and beneath these a spring flows from the rock into a stone basin. The inscription upon it runs thus:

JOHANNE JULIANE FRIEDERIKE GRÄFIN VON REDEN,
by birth Freiin von Riedesel zu Eisenach,
widow of Graf von Reden, Minister of State,
born at Wolfenbüttel, May 12, 1774,
died at Buchwald, May 14, 1854.

A faithful and humble disciple of God her Saviour,

faithful in small things, and persevering in great, the same alike to high and low, a mother to the poor, and a refuge for all who needed advice and help. She was a supporter of the institution for rescue work at Schreiberau, and a friend to the Zillerthal settlers who emigrated on account of their faith. In the year 1815 she, with her husband, founded the Bible Society in Silesia, which she continued to manage until her death. She revived the circulation of the Hirschberg Bible which had been sadly forgotten; and by her advice the ancient church of Wang, in Norway, was saved from destruction and re-erected in this place as a parish church for the mountaineers. In the year 1848, when she was seventy-four years old, she was forced to fly, for a time, from those who were so much indebted to her for bodily and spiritual benefits, but she requited their conduct with renewed signs of her affection, and changed many hearts; she was to the dwellers both in mountain and valley a shining light of the Evangelical creed. To her hath the Lord fulfilled all the promises which He makes to them who fear Him. For Him—strife and tribulation; in Him—victory and salvation. King Friedrich Wilhelm IV., honoured by her never-to-be-forgotten friendship, dating from the beginning of the century, erected this monument to her as a mark of his undying affection and gratitude in the year 1856.

Friedrich Adolf von Riedesel, Freiherr zu Eisenach, father of the subject of this memoir, met his future wife, Friederike von Massow, in the year 1760, she being at that time only fifteen years of age, and he a captain in a hussar regiment in the service of the Duke of Brunswick. After an engagement of two years, the marriage took place on December 21, 1762. The wedding was celebrated at Duke Ferdinand's head-quarters, the Duke and his officers attending. On January 16, 1767, the first child, Hermann, was born, who, however, lived only eleven months. A daughter born in 1770 also died before she was a year old.

Another daughter was born in August, 1771, and named Auguste; and the second daughter who survived, Johanne Juliane Friederike (Fritze), the subject of the following pages, was born on May 12, 1774.

In March, 1776, Major-General von Riedesel left Brunswick and sailed from Stade for America. The news of the birth of another daughter reached him just before he sailed. Two months later Frau von Riedesel set out with her three children to join him, crossing from Calais to Dover, and arriving in London on June 1. Circumstances prevented her making the voyage in the autumn, as she had intended, so she passed the winter partly in London and partly in Bristol. Count Reden was in England at that time, investigating English methods of mining and agriculture. On hearing that the wife of a German officer was in the country, on her way to join her husband in America, he went to Portsmouth and offered to serve her in any way in his power. It was there he first saw Fritze, then an intelligent, fair-haired little girl, of whom he made a great pet; nor did he ever forget her, the child who was one day to become his wife.

Frau von Riedesel and her children sailed from Portsmouth on April 15, and reached Quebec on June 11, 1777. Little Fritze, even at this early age, showed signs of those strong religious instincts which characterised her. She always remembered to pray for her father when she went to bed, and once, after saying, "I wish to see my dear papa soon," she was asked how she would pray for him when with him. She replied, "I shall pray to God every day never to let us be parted from him again."

General von Riedesel met his family at Chambly but, owing to his military duties, he could only remain

with them for two days, and they did not finally join him till August. Later the brave wife shared all the hardships of war with her husband, following the German contingent of the British army until the end of the campaign, when they were made prisoners at Saratoga. Frau von Riedesel gave many proofs of her courage and kindness, and was assiduous in nursing the sick. Sometimes she was subject to very serious dangers, as, for example, on one occasion when the fighting was so dangerously near their house that General von Riedesel decided to remove his family to what seemed a safer place. She writes:

The children and I were hardly seated in the chaise before I saw five or six men on the other side of the Hudson deliberately aim at us. I flung the children almost involuntarily down to the bottom of the chaise and myself on top of them, just as the rascals fired. An English soldier behind us had his arm shattered, and a frightful cannonade began after we reached the house, so that we were obliged to take refuge in the cellar, where I sat in a corner by the door, with the children's heads in my lap. Three English officers who had been slightly wounded were also down there, and each one of them promised to take a child with him on his horse in case we should be obliged to fly.

And a horse stood ready saddled for Frau von Riedesel also.

The capitulation took place on October 17, and General von Riedesel sent for his family to stay with him in the American camp. General Skuyler received them with great kindness, and invited them all to stay at his house at Albany. Thence they were sent to Boston, where the Riedesels were assigned very unpleasant quarters.

In spite of the dirt, our officers celebrated the Queen of England's birthday, and a good deal of wine was drunk. Gustchen and Fritze noticed that the supply was kept under the staircase, so they sat by the door and toasted the Queen till their little heads could bear no more. Fritze became very feverish and had convulsions, much to my alarm, until I discovered the cause, and then, of course, I scolded them both. They said that they had done it for the King and Queen.

In the winter of 1778-9 Frau von Riedesel went with the army to Virginia, and her diary tells how one evening, after many difficulties, they reached the house of a woman who was so intensely patriotic that she refused to let them have any food, till Caroline seized her by the hand and said in English, "Good woman, I am very hungry." This was irresistible, so she took the child into the house and gave her an egg. "No," said the child; "I have two sisters." The woman was touched, and gave her three eggs, saying, "I am angry with myself for doing this," but she did not stop until she had given them bread and milk and potatoes. Their provisions gave out again before the end of their journey, and the ill-will of the people was so great that they could get nothing more to eat. At last Frau von Riedesel got a bit of bread from a carter which was bitten all round the edge. She gave a piece to Caroline, but the child said, "My sisters are hungrier than I am"; and the others refused it, that the youngest might eat it all. Their mother divided it between them, while tears rolled down her face.

In February they arrived at Colle, in Virginia, where they stayed for six months. General von Riedesel felt the capitulation deeply, but he was, of course, in no way responsible for it. After some

moving about, Frau von Riedesel followed her husband to New York. General Clinton, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, had a country house near the town, and offered it to the Riedesels during their sojourn. They passed a pleasant winter in New York, receiving much kindness from the English residents there. An army chaplain, Herr Mylius, lived with them as tutor to the children.

The fourth daughter was born on March 7, 1780, and named America; but when writing to her mother, Frau von Riedesel always called her Wilhelmine, knowing how scandalised her mother would be at such an outlandish name. They spent the summer at General Clinton's country house, and a lifelong friendship was established between the two families.

In the autumn General von Riedesel and other officers were exchanged, and the Riedesels were sent to Canada in the summer of 1781. They took a house at a place called Sorel, where the fifth daughter was born on November 1, 1782, and named Canada. The General was away from home at the time, and Fritze, then eight years old, wrote to announce the event to her grandmother. The letter runs as follows:

DEAR GRANDMOTHER AND GRACIOUS MADAM,—

A great event has happened in our house, which I have the honour to announce to you. Our mamma has been confined, and, by God's grace, has rejoiced us all by giving us a little sister on November 1; but as our dear papa is away, I have been told to write to you, for the last ship which will sail this year is just about leaving. I know that you will share our joy. I have the honour to assure you, with great respect, that I am, my honoured grandmother,

Your humble granddaughter,

FRITZE VON RIEDESEL.

The handwriting is clear and good, but the style is rather that of Pastor Mylius than that of a child of eight. This last baby only lived six months.

The Riedesels sailed from America in August, 1783, and reached Germany by the end of September. After their return they lived occasionally at the old family home at Lauterbach, but General von Riedesel's military duties kept them chiefly at Brunswick.

Mademoiselle Gènevois, a Swiss lady, was engaged as governess to the children, and she soon became one of the most cherished friends of the family.

In 1785 the long-desired son was born, and was named George. The youngest child, Charlotte, was born in 1788.

Fritze grew apace in her happy home, under the eyes of her careful mother and noble father. She received a thoroughly sound education, and learnt to be useful at an early age. We know nothing of the development of her religious life, except the fact that she was confirmed, probably at Brunswick, on Palm Sunday, 1788. Writing many years later about this event, she says:

> It is the most beautiful moment of one's life, and I remember as vividly as if it were to-day when I publicly owned my Lord, and vowed to be faithful to Him for the rest of my life. That was fifty-two years ago.

In 1788 General von Riedesel was quartered at Mastricht. His brother Johann Conrad von Riedesel was also in the service of the Duke of Brunswick, and in command of a dragoon regiment stationed at Mastricht.[1] His wife, by birth a Countess von

[1] According to a treaty between the Duke of Brunswick and the Stadtholder of the Netherlands, General von Riedesel was in command of some of the Duke's troops stationed at Mastricht.—E. R.

Hompesch, was not a favourite with her nieces, who often made fun of her, but their cousin Dorette became a sister to them and a lifelong friend. The family spent the summer at Spa, where they met their friend General Sir Henry Clinton, who was travelling on the continent with his daughter Harriot, his two sons William and Henry, and his sister Mrs. Carter. General Clinton appears to have placed one of his sons in the service of the Duke of Brunswick.[1]

The following letters, written by Fritze von Riedesel at this time, are a remarkable proof of her sound judgment even at the early age of fourteen:

[1] Sir Henry Clinton's second son, the second Sir Henry, served in the Brunswick Regiment for nearly a year—1788-9—from private to lieutenant, his father having known the Duke of Brunswick.

Miss Harriot Clinton, daughter of General Sir Henry Clinton, afterwards Mrs. Harry Chester, kept a diary during her stay abroad, which is now in the possession of her great-nephew, the Rev. W. O. Clinton, of Padworth, Reading, from which these extracts are taken. It contains careful notes of each day's occurrence and the frequent visits interchanged with the Riedesels. The spelling, particularly of proper names, is rather quaint.

Saturday, 16*th*.—Genl. R. breakfasted with us. Madame R. and daughters set off for Mastricht.

Monday, 18*th*.—Genl. R. left us at 4 o'clock in the Morning.

Tuesday, *October* 7, *Mastricht*.—We left Aix at 12 and arrived at Mastricht at 5. My brothers rode all the way. Madame Reidesel and the Genl. and all his family supped with us.

Monday, 19*th*.—We rode and drank tea with Madame Redhesel. I went with them to see the church opposite to their House which was very finely illuminated for a Burial. . . .

Sunday, 26*th*.—Madame de Reidesel came to see us in the Morning. We went with Madame and Madlle. Reidesel to drink Tea with Lady Knowles.

September, 1789, *Wednesday*.—We left Aix at half-past nine, arrived at Gülpip by half-past 12. Eat brown bread and butter. Genl. de Reidesel met us on Horseback. My father rode his eschelin to Mastricht. We got there after 3, dined and supped with Genl. de R., slept at the Helmet Grande Place, disturbed all night with Rats and Mice.

Saturday, 9*th*.—Genl. and Madame Reidhersel and Daughters breakfasted with us. I rode afterwards with the eldest on the Chaussee.

Sunday, 10*th*.—Genl. and Madame Reidhersel here in the Morning. Genl. Riedhersel and Family drank Tea with us.

The whole town is given up to balls and other festivities in honour of our high and mighty States-General. You must know that the seven Dutch provinces send two Presidents every year to settle affairs of State.

She then describes the entrance of the Deputies into the town:

In a superb coach drawn by six magnificent horses followed by six dragoons, and their ladies also entered the town in a coach covered with gold, which was built in Paris, and was also drawn by six horses.

Fritze seems to have been present at the receptions and suppers, and freely expresses her opinion:

These Deputies give themselves great airs, but they wish to do honour to their provinces, and they take great trouble to show every courtesy to the people. Herr van Devent is tall and handsome, and detests oppression. His wife is so much like our Duchess in face, voice, manner, walk, and English style of dress, that I need not say anything more about her. Herr von Borstell is very rich, and his back is exactly like Herr von Hohneck's, but in front he is like Herr von Lessing. Frau von Borstell is very handsome and agreeable, and both dress in very good taste.

MASTRICHT, *September* 28, 1788.

The Stadtholder, who has been expected for some time, rejoiced the town by appearing on Monday at six in the afternoon. The dragoons rode out to meet and escort him into the town. A salute was fired, and all the troops marched to the sound of music and singing. The town was illuminated with wax candles, which is not the fashion with us. The next day papa commanded the troops at a great review, and mamma gave a luncheon in a large marquee in the garden. There was a parade in the afternoon. My aunt offered the Prince nothing, however, hot, cold, wet, or dry. Wednesday morning was much the same, except that the Prince was entertained by the Walloon and Baden regiments. The manœuvres on Thursday were superb, and mamma entertained

the Prince again. There was a large assembly at the Town Hall in the evening, and mamma and Auguste had supper with the Prince. He was to have left the next day, but was indisposed, so he is remaining until to-morrow. His suite consists of three gentlemen—du Moulin, Bentheim, and Montesquieu. The people in the street have been shouting "Orange Boven," all day, and the beggars are wearing the cockade on the chance of gaining something by it.

The Prince of Hesse, a brother of the Landgrave of Cassel, has been appointed Governor of this town lately. He is a cousin of the Stadtholder's, and he and his wife, attended by their suite, hastened here on Thursday to see him. I have seen them both, and I do not see anything striking in his appearance; but he is sensible and good-hearted, though rather coarse. All unite in praise of the Princess. She was brought up in Paris, and speaks the most modern and fashionable French. She is tall, handsome, and majestic, and her figure is beautiful. Her manner is very gracious and kind, and she makes a charming and agreeable impression at once. She is twenty-three, and has a son a year old. Her three ladies-in-waiting seem very nice. General Clinton—whom we met with his sister, daughter, and sons at Spa—is here during these gaieties, and is going to Brussels in a fortnight. I wish you could see them all, for you would like them.

January 26, 1789.

I am not one of those cold-hearted friends to whom it is a matter of indifference whether she receives her letters a fortnight sooner or later; so when the first post-day passes without a letter from you, I am sad; on the second, I am impatient; on the third, I am cross; and on the fourth, I complain. Thus I live from the day I post my letter till I receive an answer, so you must not be surprised at the touchiness of my last. Write to me oftener, lest I retaliate.

There was a subscription ball and supper on the Prince of Orange's birthday. The ladies were invited with such a flourish of trumpets, and the words *bal paré* were mentioned. We were told to be very smart, and papa desired us to dress in our best, before he left for The Hague. We went at eight

o'clock, and just fancy our surprise to find an ugly, dirty little room, and all the ladies in every-day gowns! And this was "full dress." We stayed till ten o'clock, and on our return home we determined never to be deceived again by the words *bal paré*.

December, 1789.

My Harriot arrived at Nice after many dangers. Only think of oranges being in bloom and that it is too hot for fires! Ah, if I were only Harriot! But then I should not know you, nor be writing to you, nor love you. Oh no; I will be Fritze, and live in tiresome Mastricht, which is truly unbearable in winter.

Papa and mamma, mademoiselle and my sisters, send their kind remembrances to you; and I, who will not be Harriot, so that I may know and love you and write to you, have the pleasure of calling myself your ever loving and sincere friend,

FRITZE.

In July, 1790, Fritze, who was then sixteen years old, had the pleasure of making a little tour in Holland. She writes of visits to the Town Hall, the Reformatory, the Admiralty, and the harbour at Amsterdam.

We visited an old sailor here who showed us various models of instruments for navigation, and gave us most interesting explanations about them all. He himself is the inventor of some of them, which, he said, though not of much value, had been the means of saving life, and as he said it, his eyes shone with tears. Is not such a man as great as Alexander the Great, who was a destroyer of life? Yes, and I honour him far more than I honour that monarch.

The whole family stayed several months at Lauterbach in the summer of 1791. General von Riedesel had intended to retire from the service, owing to increasing ill health; but the times were full of anxiety and uncertainty, and there was some doubt whether the troops would remain at Mastricht or return to

Brunswick. The beginning of the French Revolution stirred the minds of all thinking people, and many of the best people were in sympathy with it, never dreaming of the horrors and awful loss of life that were to follow.

Fritze was her father's secretary at Lauterbach, and the time she spent with him in his study was a pleasure for her to recall in after-years. The family life was a charming one. The gifted daughters pursued various studies in art and science, and Fritze began at a very early age to show a love for collecting. As she got older she developed a great taste for botany, and was a most industrious collector of botanical specimens all her life. There is a pretty character-sketch of the daughters written by their mother about this time:

Auguste is an angel, and is really and truly pious. Every day she reads something to strengthen her faith, and she is earnest in prayer. Her purse is always open to the poor, and she loves to do good in secret. I never appear to notice her work, but what a pleasure it is for her mother, loving her as I do, to hear the poor ask after "our Fräulein." At the end of the month her purse is always empty. Fritze, though an excellent girl, has not the same gentleness and charm: she is, perhaps, more brilliant and better informed, and has more mind, which she is not averse to showing; but she will get over this. She has improved very much since Auguste has been engaged, and she is trying to be gentler and more amiable. In the one it is nature, in the other it is education and example. Caroline has a warm heart, and is gentle and anxious to do all the good she can, but her delicate health does not permit much exertion. She accomplishes more slowly, especially when it is a matter of memory; but I hope she will fulfil my earnest wish, which is that she may become a second Auguste.

America is very much like Fritze; she has the same vivacity, the same memory, and the same industry.

Do you not think me very fortunate, and besides all this, to have the best of husbands, who is still the same tender friend as at first? And this after twenty years of married life. It is not fair to leave out Lotte and George, who are not by any means unsatisfactory children.

This charming picture was written to Auguste's fiancé, Count Heinrich XLIV. of Reuss, of the younger branch of that house. The engagement had taken place while the family were at Lauterbach, and it was an event of mingled joy and sorrow, to Frau von Riedesel especially, who was so passionately devoted to her eldest daughter that the thought of separation from her was intolerable, and she became quite ill. Fritze felt it also, but she accepted the situation, and was able to feel cordially towards her future brother-in-law, even if she had to part from her sister. He, in in his turn, showed his appreciation of her friendliness and her kindness to his two little sons, his children by his first marriage. On his return home the family went as far as Frankfort with him, where the wedding preparations were to be made. While in the neighbourhood they visited the Prince of Hesse at Rumpenheim, and their relations the Prince of Isenburg's family at Offenbach. Fritze was greatly interested in seeing some factories at Frankfort-on-the-Main. She writes from Lauterbach:

LAUTERBACH, *September*, 1791.

The first days of Auguste's engagement were not only very trying, they were simply dreadful to me, and when her birthday came, and I thought that it was the last she would spend in the home of her girlhood, and that the next would be passed far from us all, where we should not be able to see and embrace her, I was so much upset that I was quite ill for two days. I am ashamed of my weakness, but I felt really beside myself. Even now, I have to keep

saying to myself, "Gustchen is really happy, and indeed how could she help being so, with such a man as Count Reuss?" to prevent myself from being utterly wretched. But I lose more by her marriage than any one else, and I love my sister so much, I think I may be allowed some sadness at times.

The wedding took place in May, and Fritze writes to a friend:

MASTRICHT, *May* 25, 1791.

Dear Auguste and my sense of duty both together inspire me to send you an account of the wedding, so here it is in a few words, for my dearest friend. Count Reuss arrived at Aachen on the 10th, but etiquette forbidding his appearance in public until after the wedding, he could only come to us quite quietly for a few hours that same day. We all drove to Falkenburg on the 12th, which was my birthday. We were accompanied by my uncle and aunt, Dorette and Carl, General Warnstädt, Colonel Hille, Banse, and the military chaplain, Stöter. It is a little town some two hours from Mastricht, and there we met the Count with his children and their tutor. The wedding took place soon after our arrival, and the chaplain's address was very good. You can better imagine our feelings than I can describe them; my mother especially felt it keenly, but she soon recovered her self-control, and was quite calm for the rest of the day. We were at table for two hours, and then went for a walk, though the weather was not at all propitious. Charlemagne used to be very fond of Falkenburg, and spent many summers there with his daughter Emma. There is a very fine view from the ruins of his large castle, which are on a high hill. The place is associated with the love-story of Emma and the private secretary, Eginhard. Our walk was cut short by the rain, so we hurried back. We were sorry to leave the pretty little town after tea, and reached home two hours later. Music greeted the bridal pair as they entered the house, which mamma had had prettily decorated and illuminated. We danced, or rather jumped about, till supper. We have been overwhelmed with dances, dinners, and suppers, and all sorts of festivities ever since, and we have not

been alone for a single day. We, ourselves, have given several small dinners and dances, as well as four large dinner parties. This gay life does not suit your friend in the least, but it will be exchanged in a few days for one still more gay, for I am going to Brussels next Monday with the bridal pair, taking my maid, of course. I shall stay six or eight days, and we intend to see Antwerp, etc., returning by way of Aachen, where my father and mother are to meet us. I am looking forward to having a pleasant time, although our route will lie through the theatre of war.

The family spent the summer at Spa, where Fritze went out a good deal. Frau von Riedesel had not quite recovered her usual health, her complete recovery having been retarded by her sorrow at parting from her daughter.

Fritze writes in September:

Every one is getting married, but I doubt whether each is engaged to the right person. I am very busy embroidering a cloth which is much admired. The pattern is very simple, a wreath of cornflowers with a few bouquets of the same done in coloured wools. I have returned from a fortnight's visit to our old friend Herr von Reischach, at his place Alten Bilsen. He is a Knight of the Teutonic Order.

You may like an account of my visit. I used to rise and go out in the garden at half-past six, and I spent the hour and a half before breakfast with a friend in looking for plants for our herbarium. We were rather a large party at breakfast; and we sat at a big table afterwards looking at sketches and drawings till eleven o'clock, when we went to our own rooms to read, write, or sew till we dressed for the two-o'clock dinner. We went out, or played billiards, or read the newspaper till tea at six, and then had another walk. We young folks did fancy work, played the piano, and read, but I particularly enjoyed the music. The servants joined us either in the vocal or instrumental part. We took a stroll in the garden after supper, and then went to bed, arranging to meet again as early in the morning as possible.

General von Riedesel and his family spent the late winter with Auguste in Berlin. Her two stepsons, Heinrich LX. (called Schock) and Heinrich LXIII. (called Harry), soon became much attached to their young aunt, who had a warm affection for them all their lives. Auguste's first child, Heinrich LXX., was born April 23, and was known in the family always by the name of Septi.

During her stay in Berlin Fritze took part in a little masquerade at her uncle's house in celebration of his birthday. It was on that occasion that she made the acquaintance of her future husband, Count Friedrich Wilhelm von Reden, Minister of the Mining Department. Writing of this meeting later, she says:

Reden came to Berlin in March, and I recollect meeting him at my uncle's birthday party on the 19th. I saw him for the first time on that never-to-be-forgotten day, but he had seen and made much of me when I was a tiny child at Portsmouth, and he said that he had never forgotten me. I distinctly remember his coming into the room with my uncle. I was nineteen, and I had no idea that I made any impression on that grave and honoured man as I offered him flowers in my rôle of flower-girl. I also recollect that when he singled me out with a request for a dance, I accepted without any particular pleasure, and with my wonted sedateness; still less did I dream that he would never forget the blonde girl who had hardly addressed a word to him, and that henceforth he would follow her with his counsel and blessings. Neither had I the least notion that he fancied I considered him too old to dance, and that for that reason he never danced again. Everything was ordered by God's great mercy, and I shall ever praise Him for it with a grateful heart. Nine years afterwards I became to him what I hope and believe I became in heart and mind at that first meeting. Such a union as ours was made in heaven, where God grant we may meet again, never to be parted any more. The next time I saw him was at the china factory, but it was

only for a moment, as he was engaged. His quiet smile and glance, that of a connoisseur, have always remained in my memory. There was something in him which inspired confidence, and I never lost the feeling that he was truly noble.

Freiherr von der Reck lived in the flat below that of Count Reuss in Leipziger Strasse, in a house which is now the War Office. Frau von der Reck and the young Countess Reuss soon became warm friends, and the young daughters, who were just growing up, became intimate with the Riedesel sisters.

The war with France was the one absorbing thought with every one; but as things remained quiet at Mastricht, General von Riedesel was able to spend the winter at Lauterbach.

Fritze was with her sister in 1794, and in August the first daughter was born. The Brunswick troops were ordered home in the spring of 1795, and General von Riedesel was in command at Brunswick. He occupied the official residence in the Bohlweg. His family were at Lauterbach for a time, and then in Berlin with Countess Reuss, and later on with her at Trebschen, the Count's country home in the Neumark.

They saw a great deal of the French at Brunswick, and also at Blankenburg, where they passed several summers. Among the friends whose names come down to us are those of Melanie and Zoë de Montjoie, Adelaide Champignolle, and Mademoiselle de Monsoreau, who afterwards became Countess de la Ferronays.[1]

Many intellectual men sought the acquaintance

[1] The mother of Mrs. Augustus Craven, author of the "Récit d'une Sœur."—M. B.-L.

of Fritze von Riedesel, and in after-years she often spoke of the advantage such intercourse had been to her, particularly that of a Major Schwarz, the son of the Pastor of Wendhausen, near Brunswick. He had been aide-de-camp to General von Riedesel, and after that became tutor to the young Prince of Wied. Both Fritze and Major Schwarz were interested in botany, but in his correspondence he touches upon many other subjects, such as philosophy, history, and politics.

Countess Reuss and her children joined the family at Blankenburg Castle, which had been lent to Baron von Riedesel by the Duke of Brunswick, in the summer of 1796, and she was with them in the autumn at Brunswick, where her second daughter, Caroline, was born in November.

In September they all paid a visit to the Countess's brother-in-law Count Heinrich XXXVIII., at Stonsdorf, a beautifully situated place in the Riesengebirge, the highest mountains in Germany. In the society of this pious man, so well known in the religious circles of the time, and in that of his accomplished wife, Jenny, a daughter of Freiherr von Fletcher, Fritze was in an atmosphere of true and living Christianity, the tone of which was utterly different from that in which she had been brought up. The Countess appears to have made a particularly deep impression upon her, and her life of Christian endeavour among the dependents on her Saxon estates filled the impressionable Fritze with admiration, and the influence of this good woman on her later life is unmistakable. Stonsdorf is in the beautiful valley of Hirschberg, nearly five miles from Count Reden's place, Buchwald. When in England Count Reden had seen and admired very much some of the great

country seats, and had been interested in the agricultural methods employed in that country, and he laid out his own place in the style of an English park. He enhanced its natural beauty by clearing, planting, and laying out the ground with perfect taste, had summer-houses erected, placed seats where exquisite views were to be had, and in the course of years he had created an ideally perfect country home. All this was, however, the work of his leisure hours, for his great work was in the mining districts of Silesia. In his philanthropic schemes he at once found himself in sympathy with his neighbours at Stonsdorf, though without sharing the tone of their religious opinions, which were what in England would be called extremely Evangelical. It was at Stonsdorf that he again met Fritze. Writing of this, she says:

Count Reden dined at Stonsdorf the day after our arrival, and he was most charming, though rather grave. Everything he says and does shows how truly benevolent and noble he is. I could not help seeing that he watched me a great deal, and my enthusiasm over the mountain scenery gratified him. I also noticed a certain expression in his eyes and about his mouth, which in after-years, I learnt to know and which always made me happy; but how could I have imagined myself as becoming the chief object of his life?

We all took a walk after dinner and were caught in a shower, so many of the party hurried indoors, but he waited with us, and made himself most interesting.

He certainly made a great impression on me, for his manner and style were quite unlike any other that I had ever seen before. He invited all the party to spend the day at Buchwald, and a wonderful day that 13th of September was to me. I hardly ever remember feeling such admiration for anything as I felt on seeing my dear Buchwald for the first time; there was such a sense of well-being and comfort about

it, that my admiration was very much enhanced. I had never seen anything lovelier nor more attractive, and somehow I felt the better for having been to such a perfect place. Count Reden told me afterwards how much my raptures had gratified him, and that the conviction of having done a really fine work came from my praise and spurred him on to further improvements. He was a delightful host and most attentive to us all. The large rooms were beautifully furnished, and there were some fine steel engravings in the study. Dinner was good, but rather long. Our host took my sister Reuss, her brother-in-law and Countess Jenny, and myself for a walk, and showed us a building he was having put up for the sheep, and we were taken across the lake to see the fine view from the other side and a pretty spring there. We had coffee with the rest of the party on the balcony. I was so charmed with everything that I left with regret, and was sorry to say good-bye to Count Reden, who was leaving home the next day. He led us through the park where the finest views were to be seen, but he let us find them out for ourselves, which made us enjoy them all the more. Our carriage met us at the mill. All vied with each other in praises of this charming man, and I did not lose a word that was said; but the things they considered peculiar in him were just those which made him so distinguished, in my opinion, and so superior to others. It would be as difficult to imitate him as it would be for him to be like other people; he chooses his own line and keeps to it from high motives, and because he knows that it is right.

Fritze made numerous additions to her botanical collection during her stay in the Riesengebirge, and her mother records that she found two hundred specimens of mosses and plants that were new to her, and that she had made the acquaintance of a professor, who had given her a great deal of help in her botanical work.

From Stonsdorf they went to Trebschen. The long stay of the French on their property in Hesse seems

to have obliged the Riedesel family to exercise a good deal of economy, and the energetic Fritze set about acquiring a practical knowledge of many things while with her sister, learning the mysteries of soap and candle making, while Caroline learned how to get up linen. In November the whole party went to Berlin for Frau von Riedesel to see her mother. Friedrich Wilhelm II. died while they were there, and Fritze and Caroline were taken to see the funeral by their uncle Herr von Massow. They returned to Brunswick after Christmas.

Fritze paid a visit to Auguste in April, 1798, and saw Count Reden again. She writes of this in after-days:

I only saw him once in Berlin, when he took me in to dinner at Herr von Lenthe's, one of the Ministers of State. He made himself most agreeable. It struck me as odd to meet him a week later, on May 4, when we were on our journey, *viâ* Köpenick and Rüdersdorf. He reached Steinhövel a few hours after us. He and my sister had arranged it. I was very much pleased at the reception accorded him by my aunt and the rest of the family. I had no idea that he cared for me then; but I tried to win his approbation, and I dreaded his disapproval, and was feeling more and more drawn to him. I was up at five the next morning and out in the garden, and who should appear but my uncle and Count Reden, for my uncle wished his advice in some gardening matters. He was extremely agreeable and so kind and considerate. We continued our journey to Trebschen by way of Drehnow, and Reden his through Mälzdorf. He arrived an hour after us. He was charmed with Trebschen and also with its lovely hostess, and he deserved well of her friendship. My brother-in-law and Auguste showed him over the farm buildings, took him into the garden, etc. The next day, according to my usual custom, I was up and out in the garden at six o'clock, and he was also there, but he made me feel quite at ease by his kind manner. I

remember all he said, and had he asked me to marry him then, I should have become his happy wife four years sooner than I did. But his great humility and his forty-six years against my twenty-four held him back. It was not to be then; and perhaps my desire to win his approval spurred me on to try to attain better things, and I thank God for it. The whole day was given to making plans for the garden, and when they were completed, Trebschen became another place, and a source of great interest to my dear sister. The next morning, May 10, Reden left, but I did not go for my early stroll in the garden, and instead, I sat by my window and wrote. He left at five, and when he saw me at the window he said good-bye with a sad smile.

Fritze returned home in July, and spent the summer with her family at Blankenburg Castle. She enjoyed the fine scenery to the uttermost, and there was no lack of occupation and interests in her life: she kept up her botanical studies, and was as eager in collecting specimens as ever.

She saw a great deal of the French emigrants, especially of Marshal Puységur, a Chevalier Montlivrault, and the Champignolles, as well as the neighbouring society, among whom were the Asseburgs and Bentheims. But her special friends were the Stolberg family of Wernigerode. That was a friendship for time and eternity. She wrote in her diary at that time about a visit to them:

August 13.—The much-wished-for meeting took place. The gentlemen rode, and we four drove with my mother and the Chevalier. We went through Heimburg and Benzingerode, passing the two observatories, which I should have liked to have gone up. Suddenly we had a magnificent view of the castle above the town, and of the Brocken. This is one of the most superb views I know, and if the heat had not been so intense, I should have begged to stop and make a hasty sketch of it. We drove slowly up



SCHLOSS WERNIGERODE, IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

(From a photograph by Zedler & Vogel, Darmstadt.)

[To face p. 22.

the mountain, which is much higher than ours, but not more steep. The castle is a regular lumber-room, surrounded by dirty little buildings, which make it look clumsy. The Count received us with the greatest kindness, and took us to the Countess, with whom were all the family. A rather stiff quarter of an hour followed, but we thawed in due course. The winning attentions of Countess Luise charmed me greatly, and helped to set us at our ease.

The arrival of our friend Adelaide and her pleasure at meeting her cousin unexpectedly brightened us up, and I soon felt at home in that interesting household. The Chevalier was made to sing, which every one enjoyed; and then came dinner, and we all became natural and at our ease. After dinner we went to the young Countesses' room, from the window of which the view is very fine of both valley and mountain. We could see Wolfenbüttel and Brunswick distinctly through the telescope. We had a drive down to the park after that, our party filling five carriages. It is a great attraction. The road is good and laid out in terraces, so that one can drive the whole length and not lose the view. Every tiny valley, every meadow, and every arbour and bench is dedicated to some member of the Stolberg family or to their friends, and thus each spot has its own special interest.

August 16.—The Stolbergs spent the day with us. They came one and all; but it rained so incessantly we could not leave the castle for a moment. However, we tried to make up for this in other ways, and managed very well. They asked to see our fancy work and drawings, and we liked them more and more, and enjoyed our talk together, so I am glad that the visit was not a complete failure. I think Countess Luise would charm every one, for she seems to unite sweetness and gaiety, and her two sisters are also pleasant, though they cannot compare with her. Friederike is pretty, Marie is rather grave, and all three are good.

Frau von der Reck and her children made an agreeable addition to the party. Eberhardine, who was thirteen years old, mentions in her diary how she

helped Fritze cook dinner one day when the cook had a holiday.

The Riedesels made a little tour in Thüringia to visit some of their property near Sondershausen, Erfurt, Weimar, Gotha, and lastly the General's favourite place, Neuenhof, near Eisenach.

Auguste's fourth child, Heinrich LXIV. (called Henly in the family), was born at Brunswick on November 1.

Fritze gave herself up entirely to her home duties at this time, nursing her sister, looking after the children, assisting her mother in housekeeping for the large family, and acting as her father's secretary.

In the spring she had an eventful meeting with Count Reden to which there is some allusion in her diary:

Count Reden was in Berlin for three months. He got to know my sister very well and to think most highly of her. He may have given her some idea of his hopes and intentions when he left in April, and he arrived at Brunswick on the 15th loaded with letters and parcels for us. One was for my father—a letter in which Auguste told him about the Count and the lasting impression his beloved child had made on him, but she did not know whether he would have the courage to speak or not. I, who had no idea of this, noticed that my dear father was more than usually gentle and kind to me. I noticed, too, that our guest paid me marked attention—indeed, hardly took his eyes from me. He stayed to tea and went to the play with some of the family, but I had to go to Court with my father and mother. He spent the next day with us to celebrate our dear Genevois's birthday, sitting between us at table and making himself most agreeable. But he felt that he ought to go without speaking, for he doubted whether I could make the sacrifice of giving up my happy home for him, and where I seemed so indispensable. He thought he could offer me nothing in return for such a sacrifice. So, to our surprise, he left quite suddenly

about six o'clock that evening. When he said good-bye, saying a few kind and pleasant words, which I rather felt than heard, his face wore an expression impossible to describe. He took leave of no one else, except my father and mother. I understood him for the first time, and had some difficulty in maintaining my self-control. I was deeply touched, and raised in my own estimation. I resolved, with God's help, to be all that he thought me, and thus more worthy of him. There are no words that really express what the true sympathy and union between two souls is; it is a holy feeling only to be spoken of to the object of one's love.

In January, 1800, General von Riedesel died very suddenly. Fritze, writing later, says:

It was the first deep sorrow I had known, and I shall never forget it. I can hear his last words as they fell from his dear lips, "Lord Jesus, be merciful to my sins," and they will always be a comfort to me to remember.

The year began very sorrowfully, for I had just lost my best, my dearest friend, the object of my devoted, filial affection. I did not imagine, in my deep grief, that I could ever lose more. My brother-in-law Reuss invited us to his home in Berlin, and escorted us there about the beginning of February. Count Reden had arrived a few days before us, and often called on us, showing us all the kindest sympathy. He often told me afterwards how much touched he was at seeing me in my deep mourning, surrounded by strangers, looking so crushed and pale, and how drawn he felt towards me. I did not often leave my little room, and saw very little of him; but his sympathy was one of the few things that was a comfort to me, and I missed him greatly when he left town.

February 22.

We are alone in the morning, and callers only come between five and seven o'clock. I do not care to be with any one outside the family except Frau von der Reck, who understands me so well, and with her I can talk and weep. I often go down

to her when there are visitors whom I do not feel inclined to see.

Frau von Riedesel went to Trebschen with her family in June. The place soon became a second home to them.

FRITZE TO DORETTE

TREBSCHEN, *June* 22, 1800.

We are at this dear place once more, where we used to be so happy. I always sat with my father, and my heart was filled with gratitude to him for bringing us to stay with Auguste, and now we are broken-hearted. There is not a corner of the house nor a spot in the garden that do not recall him to mind, nor one in which I have not seen him. God, O my God, is it possible that I am never to see him again? Yes, if He gives me strength to bear my sorrow like a Christian, and to live according to His will, I shall see him in that other land. I can't tell you how I love Trebschen, and prefer to be here rather than anywhere else. My father was much loved here; he never came without doing good to some one, and every one speaks of him with kindness.

July 6.

The children often talk about you. They are as sweet and interesting as ever. They and the pastor's daughter have been helping Lotte and me gather camomile. We picked the flowers, which are now drying, for Auguste's medicine chest. Six months ago to-day, dear Dorette!—oh! these six months will be a lifelong memory.

Frau von Riedesel took a flat in Leipziger Strasse opposite that of her son-in-law, and Fritze went to Berlin in October to get it ready for the family. Eberhardine von der Reck writes:

November 11.

The Riedesels, Count Bernstorff, and several others came in this evening. I am glad that the Riedesels are more cheerful before strangers than they were last winter, when they gave themselves up to grief and

would look at no one, still less speak to any one. America is now so extremely beautiful that every one is struck by her appearance.

Eberhardine became deeply attached to Fritze, who was eleven years her senior. Her diary contains remarks about Count Reden, and how on one occasion, when he dined at the Palace, the lovely Queen Luise wore an iron necklace which he had presented to her.

Fritze writes:

We lived very quietly, and chiefly among our intimate friends. Count Reden called soon after we came to town, and my sad and quiet manner touched him. I felt more strongly than ever that he understood me better than any one else, and I showed him that I appreciated it. His judgment was more to me than that of all the rest of the world, and I felt his expression of approval to be a high reward for me. He was not well this spring, and feared that he might be less so in the summer, and he hesitated to link my youth to his age. He was so really humble, he never allowed me to see him other than as a warm friend, he who was so unspeakably dear to me. I fully understood him, but I could only be silent. He confided in no one, and his superiority to every one else and his noble character filled my heart to overflowing. On March 2, my sister Caroline's birthday party, he involuntarily expressed his feelings quite plainly in a thousand tender ways, which I noticed with concealed emotion. And so matters remained, and we parted—we two who had come so near to one another, and yet were so far off. That was the last time he went home alone.

To Countess Jenny Reuss[1]

Berlin, *April* 12, 1801.

The remembrance of all your kindness is very sweet to me, and it has flattered my vanity also.

[1] The letters to Countess Jenny and most of those to Dorette were in French.—E. R.

I should not wish to be altogether unworthy of your friendship, and I wish I could show my gratitude other than by words. America became engaged to Count Bernstorff a fortnight ago, and I feel sure that her chief object in life is to fulfil her duties and to find in them her happiness. We see Count Reden fairly often, and his society is delightful to those who take the trouble really to know him. You, I know, judge *au fond*, which is the only way to judge any one worth thinking about. He often asks after you, and I frequently speak to him of you both, for no one can take a greater interest in hearing of you than he. His health is better now. You know our plans as to going to Doberan. I have never fancied a watering-place, but perhaps this one will become a source of pleasure to me if it does mamma, Auguste, and Caroline any real good. Caroline has been ailing all the winter, and we have been anxious about her.

Where are you, my dear, good friend—thinking of going to Stonsdorf? I recall my stay there with so much pleasure, and that visit to Buchwald. Count Reden has made some changes there, and I believe that those at Stonsdorf are not less striking. I have experienced the truth of your words, that the strength one seeks from God is far higher than all human comfort. It alone can give us consolation and peace.

May 17.

I have just come from Cunersdorf, where I found refreshment both for mind and heart. I have a great admiration for Frau von Friedland and for all that she has undertaken, and for the wonders she has accomplished in agricultural matters, and I love her for all the good she does. Her farm is extraordinarily well managed and under such beautiful cultivation. The barns and stables are immense. Her night watches and worries have their reward. In short, I enjoyed myself and felt happy in admiring and seeing what a woman can do. You, dear Countess, have given me this feeling more than once, if I may venture to say so, and for this reason I have told you of the pleasure which Auguste and my brother-in-law and I have just had.

Frau von Friedland, who was well known for the splendid way in which she managed her property, and the great improvements she had made on it, won Fritze's sincere admiration, and there was a close friendship between her and her daughter Frau von Itzenplitz. These friends were also intimate with the "R" colony, as the Riedesels, Recks, and Reuss families called themselves. Herr von Löwenstein's family, who were from Livonia, and the Rosenstiels, also belonged to this circle. Herr von Rosenstiel was a Privy Councillor and in the Finance Department of State, and Director of the State Porcelain Manufactory. He was a neighbour of Count Reuss's. In his family the old Christian customs had been kept up since the Reformation. Once when there was a revival of belief and much talk of the duty and blessing of family prayers, old Herr von Rosenstiel said, "I have always observed it, but I have not talked about it." One of his daughters married the celebrated printer Spener, and another was the wife of Herr von Karsten, who was in the State Department for Mines. The "R" colony also belonged to the Court circle, where Count and Countess Reuss were favourites, and the Countess presented her sisters. She was considered to bear a strong likeness to the beautiful Queen Luise. Septi Reuss and Carl von der Reck were playfellows of the little Princes, the Crown Prince and his brother Prince Wilhelm, and their cousin Prince Friedrich. The young Princes were sometimes brought to play at Count Reuss's house with the children, and Fritze, with her warm heart and capacity for finding some interest in every person and in everything, won the Crown Prince's affections, and retained them until her death.

FROM THE CROWN PRINCE'S TUTOR, HERR DELBRÜCK

MADAM,—

I am glad to have this opportunity of writing to you. How shall I begin other than by acknowledging my grateful and sincere appreciation of the society which I enjoyed in your home circle? I shall never forget the privilege of being admitted to it, and the impression made upon me and my young Prince is all the greater because it was unexpected. You all, but you especially, my dear lady, have made a great impression upon the Crown Prince. You have shown him how to feel an interest in things outside his own circle, and how to love and respect these things. This may be a help in his development at an impressionable age. You are constantly in his thoughts, and he frequently talks of the Riedesel, Reuss, and Reck families. He repeatedly speaks of the last evening he was with you, and of Fräulein Caroline's kindness to him. Without being reminded by me on Sunday, he counted twenty-nine beans into the little basket, and he takes out one every day, wishing that it was the last one. He told the Queen at once that you were all coming here, and he went into some of the newly furnished rooms of the castle on Sunday, and said that the Reusses and Riedesels must occupy them. He is quite well, and keeps his brothers and sisters alive with his gaiety. Spring suits him, and he is as blooming as a rose and as frisky as a young colt. His only companion hitherto has been his brother Wilhelm,[1] who seems to me the personification of simplicity and sincerity. We spend five or six hours out of doors every day, chiefly at Sans Souci. Life in the country is very refreshing after the rush of Berlin. The recollection of you and yours is very delightful to me.

America and Count Bernstorff were married in Berlin in June, and Frau von Riedesel and her family went to Doberan immediately after the wedding.

Fritze writes about her state of mind at this time:

Count Reden's health was not strong, and I could

[1] Wilhelm I., Kaiser of Germany.—M. B.-L.

hardly conceal my feelings from my family. It seemed to me at such moments that it would be an enviable thing to be able to act as nurse to this good man; I would willingly have left everything to restore him to health by my care and devotion, but this he could not imagine. On the day before he left Berlin in April, I had inscribed this sentiment on the only letter which I had ever received from him: "C'est le seul homme au monde auquel je ne refuserais pas l'échange de ma liberté contre le devoir doux et consolant de le rendre heureux par mes soins et mon attachement." And I who would have been proud and happy to have devoted myself to him as his loving nurse, was to become his companion, his only trusted friend, his all. Oh, how wonderful are God's ways, and how blessed for those who blindly give themselves to Him as His own children!

From Doberan Frau von Riedesel went to Brunswick, where Fritze, who was always to be depended upon, had the sad duty of breaking up the household, and packing, and making arrangements for the sale of things. The mornings in the lonely rooms were inexpressibly trying, but, in her unselfish devotion, she gladly spared her mother the painful duty. Sad memories were also awakened at Lauterbach.

To Countess Jenny Reuss

September.

You will have heard from Auguste that our invalids derived far more good from Doberan than we expected, and for which we are most thankful. Caroline and mamma are quite well, and my brother-in-law feels rejuvenated, while Auguste has visibly recovered. We appreciate and love the Baltic to the uttermost. Life was quiet there, but very pleasant, in spite of the holiday makers and the whirl. We bathed, walked, spent our mornings in drawing, and our afternoons in nice little outings in the neighbourhood. We went to the public room, a large marquee, occasionally, where the world

assembled, but the style of people collected there was bad, with some exceptions, however, as there always are in every place, and we made some pleasant acquaintances.

BERLIN, *December* 7, 1801.

I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your friendship, and how very much touched I am by it. It does me good, and yet I am afraid of being self-satisfied and vain if I give myself up to its charm, and if I did, I should be the first to condemn myself. The approbation of the crowd is rarely just, so it does not affect me. I disbelieve in it. But what a difference is the praise that comes from those I love and revere. There is nothing in the world I would not do to earn it, nor would any sacrifice be too great to deserve it. Indeed, I reproach myself for wishing to do all for those I love and nothing for others. . . .

Your kind and flattering preference for the "R's" has made me recall to mind all the R's I know, and I find that there are hardly any whom I do not respect, and few whom I do not love.

On returning to Berlin in November, Fritze lived almost exclusively in the circle of her intimate friends, though it was impossible to withdraw entirely from the ordinary social duties. Caroline's rather serious illness prevented their attendance at Court till January 3, when they were commanded by the Queen to take part in a quadrille at one of the Court balls.

Eberhardine von der Reck writes:

Fritze shrinks rather from the waste of time than from the expense of the ball, for she turns every moment to account either for herself or for others.

Caroline undertook to arrange Fritze's costume for the quadrille, in which she was to appear as Aurora. The rehearsal took place at the Princess of Hesse's, and lasted from six in the afternoon till one in the



AUGUSTE VON RIEDESEL, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS REUSS, WIFE OF HEINRICH XLIV.

(By Schröder. By kind permission of Princess Reuss, Heinrich XXIV. of Köstritz.)

[To face p. 32.

morning. The next rehearsal was at Princess Ferdinand's. We have a description of the dress from Eberhardine's pen:

BERLIN, *March* 23.

Aurora was remarkably beautiful. She wore a gold-and-white turreted crown set richly with jewels. Her dress was white muslin with gold and silver embroidery, and the short sleeves were also embroidered, below which, down to the wrist, was a tight-fitting, flesh-coloured material. Some Aurora-coloured drapery, trimmed with silver lace and with an embroidered sun in each corner, fell over the dress, and was gathered together by a blue scarf fastened with diamonds. Reddish wings were on the shoulders at the back. It was the most appropriate costume there, and the whole effect very pretty.

Fritze writes about this time:

Count Reden arrived in Berlin at the end of January, and came to see my sister and us as often as possible, but less after I had to take part, by the Queen's express commands, in the quadrille. It upset my usual way of life, and was all the more trying as I noticed that Count Reden did not approve of it. Now it so happened that the ball was on his birthday; and though my celebrated costume was a success, the result for me was the early retirement from the ball of the only person whose approbation I cared for. He looked depressed, and did not appear amongst us for some days. But after that, I went out less, and lived more according to my own taste, so he recovered his spirits, and was more agreeable than ever and more lovable. He hardly ever left me when we met in society. At Count Hauwitz's we made a bet about green beans, which I lost, so I had to give him the famous cup now so dear to me.

Fritze's bet was that at that season, April, there were no green beans. Count Reden, who was well up in the modern gardening of that day, asserted the contrary. The cup had a green bean painted on it, and was used by him every day till his death.

Fritze's allusions to him in her letters ceased,

unfortunately, about this time. He must have gathered courage from her manner, and friends also encouraged him, for he resolved to ask her the all-important question. He wrote to her at the end of April telling her of his devotion, but setting before her the disadvantages of uniting her youth to his fifty years and frail health, instead of marrying some vigorous young man. Fritze, in her thoughtful way, considered it well and talked it over with her sister Countess Reuss, who had desired the marriage for a long time, and had written to her father on the subject in 1799. She now showed Fritze his answer, in which he said:

C'est le seul homme au monde pour lequel je pourrai me résoudre de me séparer de ma fille bien aimée, sûr que c'est le seul qui pourrait la rendre heureuse.

"These lines," said Fritze, "made me send him my glad acceptance on May 2." They certainly helped her to decide, though her heart had spoken to her long before this. Looking back on this period, she wrote:

It is well for one at such a time to be decided and not to feel a moment's uncertainty, and to go forward simply to accept the happiness that is offered to one, as I did on that second of May. Every one was convinced of the sterling worth of the man and of his noble, loving heart, which was so entirely devoted to me.

Eberhardine von der Reck writes:

We had hardly got home before Caroline Riedesel came in with an anxious face. I had noticed a sort of restlessness in the whole family yesterday, which was now explained by Caroline's announcement of Fritze's engagement to Count Reden. We were less surprised than we were last year by America's engagement, for we had long seen what was coming, and had desired it. Fritze had herself confided in

mamma yesterday just like a child, but she had only accepted him late in the evening, at Count Reuss's house. She is very happy, and the whole family are satisfied with her choice. Dear, good Caroline is very happy about it, though she shows, without knowing it, how much she will miss her sister's companionship. Her eyes filled with tears when she spoke of it. Fritze came in shortly after her, and received our good wishes with that sweetness which, you who know her so well, will readily understand. We shall lose a great deal when she marries, we who have been so much together, for circumstances will necessarily keep us more or less separated, though I know that she will always feel just the same towards us. Her home will be in Berlin in the winter; and when personal intercourse is impossible, we must correspond with one another. Count Reden dined at Count Reuss's, and called on us in the afternoon, full of his happiness. He declares that it was papa who made him speak, though he has longed to do so for years, and only held back for fear lest he should be unable to make her happy. We were all at the Bernstorffs' later on, and were treated just as if we were members of the family, and mamma was congratulated as well as Frau von Riedesel. The engagement will be announced to-morrow.

Eberhardine also writes that Fritze stood godmother to America's first child. Count Reden was obliged to leave town on the eighth, four days before Fritze's birthday; but he returned in a few days, on hearing from Fritze of the grave condition of his uncle Herr von Heynitz, who died on the 16th. Count Reden succeeded him as Minister.

To Dorette

Berlin, *May* 4, 1802.

I shall be happy in doing my duty in making a good man also happy. He has loved me for five years, but never spoke, lest he might not be able to give me the happiness he thought I ought to have, so he preferred being miserable himself. I understand and respect his motives. Every one seems to love him. Caroline

and Auguste are angelic to me; the former seems happy, and Auguste sees the desire of her heart fulfilled. My beloved mother knows that my happiness is bound up in that of Count Reden, and she also knows that in him she has a son. He is old and delicate, so I shall have the sacred duty of making myself indispensable to him. If I can but preserve his precious life, how grateful his friends will be! He left town on Government business yesterday, and I am glad to be alone to receive the congratulations that pour in, whether they are sincere or not. You guessed everything long ago, but I dared not speak. I have suffered a great deal, but God has supported me.

May 11.

I am very anxious about Count Reden's uncle Herr von Heynitz, who is dangerously ill, I fear, and his nephew is away. He sent for me on Tuesday, and received me as if I were his daughter. We were both very much agitated, and he said as he embraced me: "I bless my niece: may she be the happy companion of our good Reden!"

I was very sad when I saw Auguste off for Trebschen yesterday. She is indeed an angel upon earth, and I do not know any one who is really so perfect as she. You can fancy the stream of visitors we are having now. I try to receive them all with pleasure and without embarrassment. I wish them to see that I prefer Count Reden to any one else in the world, though he is fifty years old.

To Countess Jenny Reuss

I am going to marry Count Reden to show you that I consider it my solemn duty to be happy by making him happy. You were his confidante, and I long to see you, not only to tell you the thousands of things with which my mind and heart are filled, but also to assure you that I am calmly looking forward to what awaits me in the future. I know that my father wished me to marry the Count, thinking him the one man suited to me. Neither his age nor his health frighten me, and the hope of having increased duties to perform gives me real delight. After all, is it not the willing, happy fulfilment of duty which makes

life a happiness? I love and respect him as my best friend, and I hope that he will always remain so. I am glad to give my family such a connection: he won their esteem long ago. In short, I am peacefully trusting in God, Who has led me so safely till now, and there is not one thought to darken the future. I hope to spend a great deal of that future with my family. But nothing can be decided as to the time of our marriage till the King returns from Prussia. Report says that Count Reden is to succeed Minister Heynitz, and if there be any truth in the rumour, he will be obliged to be in Berlin most of the time. I do not permit myself to wish for anything; but I do not deny that Buchwald plays a great part in my future happiness, and I delight in the thought of being near Stonsdorf.

Eberhardine von der Reck writes:

May 17.

I was with Fritze this morning, and found her busy writing letters. You can't think how many she has to write to friends and acquaintances, and yet she does not neglect one of her other duties, and she is with her mother and sisters and with us just the same as ever. We were invited to a picnic at the Riedesels' for this evening. Fritze asked us in the morning, saying that she wished Count Reden to look upon us all as members of the family.

To Dorette

May 24.

It is not yet settled who is to succeed Herr von Heynitz in the Ministry. Count Reden wrote to me this morning that he had been appointed provisionally Chief of the Mining and Smelting Works and Director of the Porcelain Factory. He is certain to retain these offices; but I hope he will not be appointed Minister or Excellency, for in that case he will be tied here, and the sedentary life would not suit him at all.

There were private theatricals at the Radziwills' on Thursday, and a Court ball yesterday, but mamma let me off from going to the ball, as I preferred spending the time with Frau von Heynitz. If my company was any pleasure to her, I am amply rewarded. I saw her the day before yesterday for

the first time since her husband's death, and I was deeply moved.

COUNT REDEN TO HIS STEWARD AT BUCHWALD

BERLIN, *May* 21, 1802.

You will be surprised at getting another letter from me from this place, and still more at my being detained here. It is caused by the death of the Minister von Heynitz, my never-to-be-forgotten chief and friend. And you will be still more surprised that I am bringing a pretty and charming lady home with me, a wife much younger than I am. She is as good and kind and clever as all the good people at Buchwald and Quirl deserve. I cannot forego the pleasure of making this announcement myself, and I trust that it will be a happy event for you all, and especially for Bormann.[1] This will stir you all up to have things ready for such a dear, kind mistress. You may tell the news to every one, particularly to Herr and Frau Hoffmann, and to both the pastors.

REDEN.

TO DORETTE

TREBSCHEN, *August* 1.

Why aren't you here to sympathise with me, my dear Dorette? You would see how busy I am with preparations for to-morrow, when Count Reden is expected. I am to become his wife on the 9th. We shall leave dear, peaceful Trebschen on the 12th, and the parting from my family will be only for a few days, as they all leave here for Stonsdorf on the 15th. Then I hope to have them for three or four weeks, and I also hope that our new household will please them. If you knew Count Reden, dear Dorette, you would honour him as he deserves. People consider him peculiar because, when in Berlin, he mixes a good deal in the unfashionable set, which is infinitely better than the other one, for it is simple and highly cultivated. He himself is distinguished by great simplicity, and does not consider a thing good just because it belongs to the great world. It is just this in him which attracted Auguste, and has made her, ever since she has been in Berlin, specially single him out and cultivate his acquaintance. He and the Reusses have been intimate friends for a long time.

[1] The housekeeper.—E. R.

CHAPTER II

MARRIED LIFE

1802—1815

FRITZE VON RIEDESEL became the happy wife of Count Reden at Trebschen on August 9, 1802. It was her sister Auguste's birthday, and ten years before she had been married on Fritze's birthday. The whole family were present. The bride wore an embroidered white gown, as is noted in the list of her trousseau, which contained twenty white gowns besides the wedding-dress, and two white dimity riding-dresses. Among the few coloured clothes was a grey cotton gown to be worn when going down the mines.

The newly married couple left Trebschen for Buchwald a few days later, and a large number of poems has been preserved both in print and in manuscript, written for the occasion of their arrival home. The young wife wrote to her much-loved neighbour Countess Jenny Reuss, at Stonsdorf, shortly after her arrival:

BUCHWALD, *August*, 1802.

I am so happy to feel that you are my beloved friend in every circumstance of my life, and I feel doubly the charm of my arrival here, and my delightful reception, since your good wishes have reached me. You know that one great attraction, perhaps the greatest here, is the nearness to Stonsdorf. I appreciate it to the fullest, as you will see by my acceptance of your kind invitation. All my people

are to arrive at your house on Thursday. When I left, they were all well and impatient to start. My husband is well, and God grant that he may keep so, and that I may be all that he has a right to expect in the wife he has chosen. I long for the time to come when I may embrace you and the Thirty-eighth,[1] also, if you will permit me. I cannot say how eagerly I am looking forward to seeing you.

Your devoted
FRITZE VON REDEN.

To DORETTE

BUCHWALD, *August* 25, 1802.

MY DEAR DORETTE,—

How often have I sat down to write to you, and have then been called away by the thousand things which demand attention in a new household. I have been married a fortnight, but how much happiness have I not had! We were two days on our journey here, and whenever we stopped for the night, my husband went off to all sorts of places on business, such as foundries and stone quarries, and to see all kinds of people, artists, etc., and I went with him. He is adored by his subordinates, and he deserves their devotion. The whole of Saturday and Sunday after our arrival were passed in a constant round of festivities. The people made all manner of preparations to mark their sympathy with him in his happiness. There were surprises, processions, addresses, songs, and different kinds of local entertainments, illuminations, and dancing. I have received no less than twenty-three poems. In short, I shall not forget August 14 and 15 The festivities closed with the Kupferberg procession. It consisted of three hundred miners, who marched ten miles to do honour to their chief. It was a really impressive scene. They wore their usual mining suits and carried their lamps as they marched to the music of their own band. They brought me a myrtle wreath, and which you shall see some day. I was at Stonsdorf with the Thirty-eighths[2] on the 17th, to await the arrival of my people. The day was charm-

[1] Heinrich Reuss the Thirty-eighth.—M. B.-L.

[2] Count and Countess Heinrich Reuss the Thirty-eighth. —M.B.-L.

ing and a very happy one. I was there again on the 18th; and on the 19th they all dined with us, and I did the honours of my new home to the best of my ability. They seemed delighted with Buchwald, which is indeed an earthly paradise. I went to the Schneekoppe with my sisters on the 20th, and which, thanks to Reden's care and forethought, was less fatiguing than usual. Mamma and my sisters have been staying with us since the 23rd, to the great happiness of Reden and your Fritze. He is an ideal husband, and a second father, protector, and friend to me. I am indeed proud and happy to be the wife of such a man. He has done such worlds of good here among the people, and contributed so much to their well-being and happiness. I wish I could write more, but we have such a houseful that I have no more time. We have twenty-eight to dinner to-day, and the guests are beginning to arrive.

BUCHWALD, *September* 2, 1802.

DEAR DORETTE,—

How I wish you were with me! Every one loves Buchwald, and feels at home here. There is so much I should like to say, or rather I need not say, since you can follow your Fritze with your loving eyes and see and feel all that I cannot write, for I really have not a single moment to myself, as Caroline can tell you. I am nearly always taken up by visitors, who come and go every day. They like being in my own room, and it is a gem of a sitting-room, though it is a sort of public passage. But I keep my writing-table there. I don't allow myself to get impatient, for I am glad people like to be with me. When I have a moment, there are household duties to be seen to. There is hardly enough house-linen for so many guests, so I have my hands full buying it, cutting it out, and arranging it. Then I have accounts to keep; in a word, my duties are real and numerous and take up every moment of my time, but I enjoy them all the same. I have had my beloved Auguste here, and all sorts of distinguished visitors, including the Duke of Mecklenburg and the Duchess of Holstein. There will be a change on the 10th, as Reden and his clerks are going to Waldenburg, where the coal-mines are which he started.

MALEPANE, UPPER SILESIA, *October 7.*

It was impossible to write to you from Breslau, for I was busy with my husband's affairs, while he was buried in his office. I turned the house out from top to bottom, went through the inventory, decided what things should be sent to Buchwald and what to Berlin, and you can fancy that at last there was not a spot left for me to write in. The officials received me on my arrival here at Breslau. We were escorted from one place to another by the Inspector and the other clerks. My husband stopped at the warehouses and iron-works, and everywhere there were good wishes for "Frau Chief of the Mines." At length we arrived at Malepane in time for dinner, where we were received by thirty officials in gala dress, and we were lodged very comfortably in a nice little country house. As soon as the complimentary speeches were over, I made myself at home in one corner of the room with books, papers, and needlework, while Reden's secretary opened his desk and took out the notices, petitions, etc. My admirable maid aired the bedding which we had brought with us, and everything was arranged before my husband came in. I have done very little reading, because I have been going about from one smelting-house to another. For two days we have had any amount of fireworks, illuminations, and music, and we had our names poured out at our feet in glowing iron. I have even been to a foundry which is two miles from this place, and my husband was pleased to have his wife go with him. The head clerk's wife attends to meals, and our dinners are enormous. We have tea with the assistants in the evening. I work and talk with them all meanwhile. We have our own confidential talk when we retire, for Reden shares his inmost thoughts with his wife, and thus your Fritze's real happiness is founded on complete trust, respect, and love.

KREUTZBURG FOUNDRY, *October 9.*

The farmer's daughters received us and scattered flowers before us. We are lodged in a little thatched cottage, and are very comfortable. We went to the smelting-works yesterday, and then my husband had a good deal of business with his clerks, while I read

and sewed. I am very happy, and I know that you will sympathise with me when I tell you that twenty-two years ago, before Reden entered the service of Prussia, the country about here was nothing but a swamp. He discovered mines, and set disused ones going again, built the smelting-works, and the cottages, which are now filled with respectable working people, and for twenty miles the whole district is prosperous and happy. They are as devoted to my husband as if he were their father, and whenever he comes amongst them, they gather around him, their eyes full of grateful tears. He is indeed thankful to have been able to have done what he has. Hardly one hundred thalers used to be spent in the whole place in a year, and now the trade is 400,000 thalers. It is, however, the result of twenty-two years of hard work and noble self-sacrifice.

In November the Redens went to Berlin. Eberhardine von der Reck writes:

BERLIN, *November* 27, 1802.

I can't describe my delight at seeing my good Fritze again. She received us all with her usual warmth, and is looking very well, seems happy, and is very busy. Count Reden does not look as well as I should like to see him, but he is very happy. One sees none but bright faces. We begin a thousand conversations and break off because we have so much to say. She has a charming home, and it is very cosy and comfortable. They have people to dinner nearly every day, sometimes a good many at a time.

COUNTESS REDEN TO COUNTESS JENNY REUSS

BERLIN, *December* 12, 1802.

We arrived all right, and I was so happy to see the whole colony, and find them well. You will understand my pleasure in being with all those who are so dear to me, and in seeing what a lively interest my husband takes in them all. He has been very busy since he arrived, but his work suits him, and the rapidity with which he gets through with it fills me with admiration. My dear neighbour, I am quite beside myself with delight at the thought of all the

pleasures in store for me on the second floor, if you do decide to take it. I made my first appearance in the great world yesterday. We do not intend to live in a whirl. I have been most kindly received, and do not desire more. I have never sought for my real pleasures outside of my own people and home.

Eberhardine von der Reck writes:

BERLIN, *January* 2, 1803.

We went to the Riedesels', where Fritze was dressing to go to Court. Caroline dressed her, with my help. She put a heron's feather in her hair, with two black lace lappets which hung down behind. The dress was very becoming to her. It was of white satin richly trimmed with beautiful point lace. There were thirty yards of satin and the same of lace.

Eberhardine writes again:

We had tea at Countess Reuss's to meet all the family in celebration of Count Reden's birthday, and you can imagine how many good wishes were showered upon him, for you know how much our whole circle love and appreciate him. A deputation of miners was announced, and Septi with his two eldest brothers, the two Riedesels, George, and a cousin, all wearing costumes borrowed from the miners, marched in with safety-lamps in their hands. They each brought him something symbolical of his life's work, and among other gifts was a very beautiful drawing of the King's Foundry. The overseer wrote that one of the furnaces built by Count Reden had been doing as much work as it could possibly do, the yield of iron ore a week being one thousand pounds. This was delightful news for the Count, and the whole idea worthy of his wife. After this scene, the Buchwald school-children entered, led by their teacher, Herr Rösel, and played their part to perfection. The children who took part in this scene were Caroline and Carl von der Reck and the little Reusses, and they came in carrying all sorts of presents, and Herr Rösel made us all laugh by his witticisms. Countess Reuss had not been so bright since her illness. We left at nine, but only to give Count Reden a surprise, for on his return home, he and his wife found us all there, as well as Frau Rosenstiel

and her daughters, the Speners, and Herr Karsten. Count Reden was as much pleased as surprised to see us, for he had had no suspicion of our intention.

BERLIN, *May* 12.

This is Countess Reden's birthday, and I went to offer her my good wishes. It is the happiest one she has had since her father's death. Her surroundings are all of the pleasantest, and I hope that they will long continue so. . . . We got up a picnic this morning with the Reusses, the Riedesels, and ourselves, thirty in all, and not a stranger in the party. We dined in the large hall, and then had tea in the Redens' new flat. Count Reden had had the two rooms we were in furnished as a surprise for his wife. There were some deficiencies, as, for instance, no tumblers, which could not be found; but we drank water out of a cup, and had great fun.

In July Count Reden was appointed Minister of Mines. Eberhardine von der Reck writes:

This appointment will be very delightful for them both. His position as chief of a department, without being Minister, was not satisfactory, for it did not give him sufficient prestige with his subordinates.

Again Eberhardine von der Reck writes:

BERLIN, *December* 7, 1803.

My father and mother and I dined at Count Reden's, and we were a party of thirteen. The furnished rooms are very pretty, especially Count Reden's study, which had an open fire and was most comfortable in this cold weather.

Later on Eberhardine writes about a pleasant evening with her friends, and of having seen a beautiful English book of prints on the laying out of gardens, and also some fine specimens of Viennese porcelain, which the Count had got as models. Luise Stolberg spent several weeks in Berlin in the winter of 1804, and her diary contains a notice of her visit:

Wednesday, February 1.—Countess Reden took me

to the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and I was glad of it, for a more beautiful picture could not have been presented to my eyes, than the one I saw in kind-hearted Dr. Eschke's little room, where he was surrounded by those unfortunate deaf and dumb children, for whom he has done so much. Countess Reden had often been there. She has the tact to bring out each person's special gift, and she was her own sweet self there. She looked at the children's slates covered with sums, and spoke to each child.

Friday, February 10.—We dined at the Redens'—an excellent dinner. The centre piece was most appropriate for a miner: it consisted of nothing but obelisks and bowls of marble and agate.

Saturday, February 11.—Count and Countess Reden called for me at seven, and they seemed much gratified that I had asked them to present me, and he said in his dry manner, "I am very glad that you are coming out in this way, for I always thought you would like to do so under the wing of some one from Silesia." The assembly was at Count Haugwitz's,[1] who lives at the other end of the town. There was a great throng of carriages—the porter counted over a hundred; but we were kept an unnecessary half-hour in ours. We reached the courtyard at last, and found it lighted by a great many lamps. Most people have only two over the entrance. It was easy enough to move about the first room, but we had to struggle through the second as best we could. Count Reden took me on his arm, and his wife brought up the rear, and so we worked our way through the crowd till we fortunately caught sight of Christian, who, seeing our difficulty, laid hold of Count Plettenberg, a broad-shouldered man, and by pushing him forward a line was made for us to pass down, and thus, after some trouble, we reached the room in which the Queen was dancing. But we were no better off in there, and were squeezed and squeezed till Count Reden said, "We can't stay here. Would you rather go to the Orangery?" It was very prettily arranged

[1] Christian Heinrich Carl, Count von Haugwitz (born 1750, died 1832), Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose policy was to draw Prussia and France into closer connection. Seeley says of him that "he may be called the Ruin of Prussia."—M. B.-L.



J. Graser.

Queen Luise of Prussia.

as a winter garden, and the decorations were done in both natural and artificial flowers. The centre was made into a little room, in the middle of which an orange tree stood, surrounded by a circular table for the royalties. Everything was decorated with flowers, even the bonbons hanging in tiny baskets from the tree. The whole effect was charming. There Countess Reden took the lead, and led us to a sofa where the Olympian goddesses were resting after the dance. As soon as the Queen saw us she came towards us and asked after the Hochbergs, and if I would like to dance. Then she played with Countess Reden's deliciously fragrant fan before she returned to her seat; but turning round again and laying her hand so confidingly on mine that I felt like embracing the gracious being, she asked if I would like to be presented to the Princesses? I replied that it was what I desired and had intended to ask. Countess Reden added that we had not presumed to be presented in her presence. "That does not matter," said the Queen; "there is Fräulein Kannewurf and also Fräulein Estorff who may present you to the Princesses." Thus authorised, Fräulein Kannewurf presented me to Princess Wilhelm;[1] but when we came to the Electoral Princess,[2] Fräulein Estorff was too nervous to present me, so Countess Reden struggled through the crowd to ask Frau von Gundlach to do so, leaving me with Frau von Constant, with whom I was fortunately acquainted. Then Frau von Gundlach came and presented me to her Princess, who is the picture of woe, and looks old and wretched. Matters were far worse when I was presented to the Hereditary Princess of Orange, for when the desired moment came, and I was just replying to her, down fell her chignon, and she had hardly time to fasten it up again, before she had to take her place in the dance. She and the Queen danced beautifully; indeed, the Queen's figure is so slight it is a pleasure to watch her. I was next presented to the Hereditary Stadtholder's wife at the card-table, but it was impossible to get near Princess Ferdinand and Princess Luise. At length Countess

[1] Wife of the King's brother, a Princess of Hesse Homburg.—M. B.-L.

[2] Sister of the King, married to the Elector of Hesse Cassel.—M. B.-L.

Reden wanted to get a flower from below, and her husband, my faithful cavalier, led me after her. But I got no farther than the door, for the ladies of the Court had seated themselves around the orange tree. Countess Voss[1] sat near the door, and shook hands with me, and asked me if I had been presented to the Princesses. Meanwhile, Countess Reden had been fortunate enough, with the help of the Electoral Prince, to get a large bunch of flowers, and after she had divided it we left the dreadful crowd.

Countess Reden writes:

March 5.

The whole world has gone mad about the grand masked ball that is to take place on the 14th. I was invited to dance in the Queen's quadrille, but have begged to be excused from leaving my husband so much alone, as I should have to do for three weeks, and I should lose so much time which certainly cannot be made up. So I shall not leave my pleasant life, for those who do not take part in the quadrille have no rehearsals to attend.

March 23.

This is a day of rejoicing, for on it the best of husbands was born. Reden is fifty-two to-day, and is happy in his fifty-two years, which have been devoted to the good of others.

Eberhardine von der Reck writes of an impromptu dance at Count Reuss's in celebration of the day, the five families, Reuss, Riedesel, Reden, Reck, and Bernstorff making up the party, and each one bringing some dish to the feast. She writes again:

We spent the evening at the Redens', where Privy Councillor Thaer[2] and a certain Johannes Müller, besides ourselves, made up the party. We had supper at three tables in the hall, the parents sitting at the

[1] Countess Voss, Oberhofmeisterin of the Prussian Court, where she had lived about seventy years. She was the centre of the Court, and stood in a kind of maternal relation to Queen Luise.—M. B.-L.

[2] Thaer, born 1752, died 1828. He was an authority on agricultural affairs, and author of "Principles of Rational Agriculture." He founded an agricultural college.—M. B.-L.

centre table, the children at one of the side tables, and the grown-up people at the third table. It was very gay at our table till eleven o'clock, when we left. Count Reden has a delightful flat, for though the rooms are small and low, they are furnished with so much taste that they are charming. And they have all sorts of artistic things to add grace and style, and the tone of the house is as unconstrained and agreeable as possible. Countess Reden is never happier than in seeing her guests pleased. She often gives large dinner parties, and has friends to dinner nearly every day. This evening we had the Riedesels, Reusses, Redens, and Bernstorffs with us, thirty in all, and you can imagine what a quantity of tea is drunk on these occasions, and a kettleful of water does not suffice for all the tea-drinking brothers and sisters, for it is the favourite drink of the five families. When tea is over, we generally sit and talk. The party is too large for general conversation or reading aloud, ages and tastes are too different, and the book that would be interesting and useful to each one of the party has yet to be written. I should like to know all the many topics that are discussed on such evenings. Some of us talk about science, some on *belles lettres*, others discuss art, taste, economy, physics, ethics, and fashions; and I can't tell you how fast the time flies at these gatherings.

All the friends were interested in the engagement of Ernestine von der Reck, a younger sister of Eberhardine, to Count Constantin Stolberg, which took place in the spring of 1805. Count Constantin inherited the estate of Jannowitz, near Hirschberg, some years later, thus becoming the near neighbour of Count and Countess Reden.

Count Reden's property suffered severely in the summer from the terrible floods, and the Countess writes of them:

Buchwald has suffered very much, and the country about Glatz still more. My husband has now to pay for the repairs which are being done, and he sets me an example in bearing everything without complaint,

trying to make me see that all evils permitted by God cease to be evils, and that at some future day we shall understand why they are permitted if we but endeavour to follow Him. We shall be able to make good the amount we have lost through the floods by economy and some self-denial in luxury.

Count and Countess Reden stayed with their friend Countess von Itzenplitz at Cunersdorf in July. This estate had been under the wise management of Frau von Friedland, Countess von Itzenplitz's mother, who had died the year before. From Cunersdorf the Redens went to Linum and Fehrbellin to see the turf pits, and were back at Buchwald in August in time to entertain a houseful of friends and relations. Frau von Riedesel with her family, her brother, Baron von Massow and his family, were guests there, as well as Countess Reuss.

About this time Count Reden built a pavilion in the style of a Greek temple from which a fine view of the Riesengebirge was to be seen. It was a surprise for his wife, and it bore this inscription: "Coniugi dulcissimæ. F.W. Comes Reden, 1804," over the front. The entrance was at the back, and there were rooms right and left of the door which were fitted up with books, busts, and astronomical instruments, and furnished according to the fashion of the day. There was also a tiny kitchen, and cupboards filled with a tea-service. The superb view was from the front, and a shady path from the house led over slightly rising ground to it. The Countess used it constantly throughout her life.

The family paid a flying visit to Count Magnis at Glatz, where the scenery is very fine, and their visit was prolonged by Countess Reuss's illness, and which detained them all at his hospitable house for a long time.

To Dorette

Tarnowitz, *October* 8, 1804.

My time and thoughts while at Eckersdorf were entirely absorbed by our dear invalid. The doctor handed over a good many things to me to attend to, in the way of preparing compresses and drinks. We passed through a bad time, and my heart was torn with anxiety. I left on September 29, with a sad heart, though Auguste was, thank God! convalescent then, but very weak. I hope the fine weather will soon permit her to return to Trebschen. I live in thought at Eckersdorf. My only time of recreation is at breakfast and in the evening, when I am alone with my husband. He is very busy. He is my comfort, support, and guide, and I constantly tell myself that this world would indeed be a paradise if it were inhabited by beings as perfect as he is. I thank God every day that I am his best friend as he is mine.

I left Eckersdorf on the 29th with my maid and the groom; reached Gleiwitz by tea-time the next evening, after travelling all day and night. I was upset into a deep ditch in the night, and had to pass two hours out in the open air until we could get help. I luckily got off with nothing worse than a fright, and arrived here towards six o'clock on October 1, being met by George and all the officials. Reden was too much agitated to ride out to meet me in the presence of all the others, so he waited for me indoors. You can imagine our meeting. I cried for joy at all the tender things he said to me. I have hardly stirred from my little room since I came, except to go to the smelting-house or ride with my husband.

The circle of friends, who were so closely united, met again in Berlin in November. They found Countess Reuss very ailing. She struggled against her illness, and did all she could for the pleasure of those dear to her. They would not acknowledge, even to themselves, how ill she was, and kept on hoping for her recovery, and the usual round of social duties began,

Eberhardine von der Reck writes of an impromptu dance at Count Reden's on New Year's Eve :

BERLIN, *December* 31, 1804.

We arrived rather early, but by degrees a large party assembled, and soon separated for cards or dancing. It was a charming party, and we danced till supper, and again afterwards until we were stopped by the trumpets announcing the New Year. Then the night watchman, whom they had called in, blew his horn, and I was amused at all the party wishing one another a happy New Year. We were all grateful to the Redens for giving us such a delightful evening. She has a rare talent for putting every one at ease, and for anticipating every one's wants. For instance, if some lady seems chilly, a shawl is immediately at hand, or if there is a draught, a screen is placed to intercept it. In fact, there is nothing she fails to think of.

Berlin society was less gay in the winter of 1804-5, owing to the death of the King's mother.[1] The friends saw each other at small gatherings, but there were no large parties.

Countess Reden sat to the sculptor for her bust, and Eberhardine kept her company during the sittings. Eberhardine writes :

March 23rd, 1805.

My sisters and I drove to the Iron Foundry at the Oranienburg Gate, where Fritze celebrated her husband's birthday.

We had been there nearly a year ago with Countess Reden for the first time, and since then it has been quite finished. There is an island in the River Spree at the back of the house. The garden was laid out last spring, and has got on excellently. The river is deep enough for the boats from Silesia to unload their iron and coals at the warehouse landing, which is most convenient and a great saving of expense. We saw over the place and returned to the house for luncheon.

[1] Princess Friederike Luise of Darmstadt, second wife of Friedrich Wilhelm II.—M. B.-L.

BERLIN, *May* 7.

My sister and I went to the children's party at the Redens', and it was a pleasure to see them dance: they tried to do their best. The Crown Prince[1] especially distinguished himself by his pleasant manner, and every one was charmed with him. He is developing rapidly both in mind and body. I noticed this particularly on Friday at the Iron Foundry, for his observations about all he saw, and his many questions, with his delight at everything, struck me especially. The weather was glorious, so we were able to walk on the island, which is just beginning to show some green, and is very pretty. We also saw some of the smelting done out of doors.

Count and Countess Reden, taking George von Riedesel with them, went to see the salt-works at Schönebeck, Halle, etc. The Countess established a little lace industry at Schönebeck for the children of the salt-workers, secured purchasers, gave something towards its support herself, and helped it with her advice.

TO COUNTESS REUSS (AUGUSTE)

SCHÖNEBECK.

I have got on fairly well with my work, and I very much enjoy doing something every day with my writing, knitting, tapestry, and three different sorts of embroidery, and thus time flies, too fast for all I have to do. I look after the housekeeping here also. The Minister Struensee never paid the people, and the result is great disorder. Four hundred thalers were spent in one week, but now matters are different. My husband pays his own expenses, and as I keep the books and money when we travel, I make a point of being very exact about every item. I give my orders to the cook every day. We were with Herr von Stein[2] for the first three days, and notwithstanding the pasties, cakes, and such things, the food was not good, and yet we paid thirty-six thalers for three dinners and three small suppers.

[1] Afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm IV.

[2] Herr von Stein, of Breslau, a son of Goethe's friend Frau von Stein.—M. B.-L.

Now I order simple dishes, have six people to dinner every day, and pay half the sum. It was necessary to settle our way of living at once on coming here, for we shall be a week here twice every year.

HALLE, *June* 21, 1805.

We left Schönebeck on the 17th, and reached Stassfurt towards evening. The three miles'[1] drive was delightful; the land is good and under excellent cultivation. Stassfurt is an ugly little town, but the salt-works outside the gate are the perfection of neatness. The weather was cold and windy, so I could not be out of doors much. We had received innumerable messengers concerning the disturbances here, in Wettin, and in Aschersleben, which had been caused by the dearness of bread at Halle. The people had withstood the military, and had destroyed the houses of three corn-chandlers, and we were told that we dare not venture to come, except incognito. How little they knew my husband, to fancy that he would be intimidated, or use any disguise! What had we to fear? We arrived at two o'clock, driving on a beautiful road through well-cultivated country, which impresses one with its prosperity. There were many fruit trees, and we passed a good many villages. It is quiet here at present, but cavalry has been requisitioned. The price of bread has fallen; but what *is* of moment to us is that our people at Halle are quiet and welcomed us with warm expressions of attachment. They came to me this morning with eggs boiled in salt water, and they then performed some swimming feats in our honour, springing sixty feet down into the hall. It was a horrible sight to witness, and I could not look at them.

HALLE, *June* 22.

We left Halle at two o'clock to dine with Herr Reichard at Giebichenstein, and from there we drove to the Saltzke, which my husband intends to make navigable. We are going to return to-morrow evening, and leave Halle for good the day after to-morrow, or Wednesday, of which I shall be very glad, for the narrow streets and want of fresh air stifle me.

[1] A German mile is about four and three-quarters English miles. —M. B.-L.

Besides, I am in constant anxiety about my dear husband, who has been suffering lately, and feels weak and feverish at night. He seems better to-day, and will be able to keep to our plans for the journey.

ROTHENBURG, *June* 26.

I can scarcely tell you how pleased I was to get your letter. Four pages of your handwriting quite overcame me, and I threw myself on my husband's breast exclaiming, "Guste has written me four pages," and then I burst into tears, as I always do when my heart is full of happiness. If only our own darling little Heinrich were free from fever, he would regain his strength. My dear husband is better. The day we spent at Giebichenstein in the warm, sunny garden, and the next day by the Saltzke, where he was out driving, riding, and walking about from the early morning, did him a great deal of good. We stayed all night at Brechwitz-on-the-Saale, at the house of two old business men about two miles from Halle. They are very nice people. The younger man is fifty-nine years old, and the old one is seventy-two. The servants were with the younger man at school when he was twelve years old, and the cook has been in their service for thirty-six years, and still cooks in the old fashion. The whole household interested and amused me very much.

TO HER SISTER (COUNTESS REUSS) ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD

I have no words to express what your letter is to me. Yes, you know how I loved your Heinrich, and that all your children are as dear to me as if they were my own, and take the place of those God has, for wise reasons, denied to me. But Heinrich was the dearest of all, and I clung to him with a mother's love. I was proud of his intelligence and progress. Just think of his patience in suffering. I never knew anything more perfect at his age. I so rejoiced at the thought of what his future would be. . . . He was such a fine child. God grant that your other children may be spared to you and your husband and to us all. We will try to soften your grief, and you yourself will try also for our sakes. . .

Countess Reuss died in Berlin on November 21, and Eberhardine von der Reck writes of this time:

Countess Reden does not go out at all, but devotes herself entirely to the children.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Dear, dearest Friend,—

If I could only have a talk with you about this sorrowful time, and weep with you!—but write, I cannot. What days we have lived through! . . . You know what we have lost, and you feel for us. You know how precious beyond all others our Auguste was to us, and how changed life is without her. My whole soul was wrapped up in her, and I cannot say, my dear friend, how desolate and forsaken I feel! You know, too, how I shall devote myself to Auguste's children; indeed, you will of course expect this of me, and I pray God to give me His blessing and strength for the duty. But who can replace a mother? She was unique in all that was good—unique in her patience, courage, and sweet temper. Dear, dear Auguste!

The death of the English statesman William Pitt, whom every one knew to be Napoleon's greatest opponent, was deeply felt, and the future looked very dark.

General Sir Henry Clinton was in Berlin in February, and the Riedesels and Redens saw a good deal of him. Old associations were revived and new ties were made.

Eberhardine von der Reck writes:

February.

The celebrated Humboldt[1] is constantly at the Redens' house, and they are very much fascinated by him. They give a dinner every Friday to him and a

[1] Alexander, Baron von Humboldt, Prussian philosopher and naturalist, a great traveller, and author of the "Cosmos"; born 1769, died 1859.—M. B.-L.

few learned men, whom he names, such as Karsten,[1] Klaproth,[2] Wildenow, Ancillon,[3] and others. A few outsiders are also invited, and the dinners are most interesting.

Again, in April, Eberhardine writes of an expedition to Rüdersdorf:

We drove to the stone-quarry and looked with admiration at Count Reden's work there. Two years ago there was nothing at all done, and it cost six thousand thalers a year to transport the stone there, and now it only costs one hundred thalers. We went on to see the Reden extension works, and there we all got into five English trollies, which were fastened together, and which ran so easily on iron rails that one horse could draw eight hundredweight. It took us about eight minutes to reach the end of the line. The work is still being carried on. The horse was harnessed to the last trolly on our return. We ended the proceedings by going on the Heynitz canal, also Count Reden's work, and which he has named after that fine old man.

In May the Countess received a letter from Herr Delbrück, tutor to the young Princes. He solicited her aid for a paper which he had begun to bring out in the previous April, called *The Prussian Home Friend*, which he hoped would exercise a good influence on the public. The King and Queen had read it with interest, and he wished to raise it to the position of a national paper, "for we need something to touch the public mind." He mentioned his own contributions, and begged her for an article, and especially for some correct account of the institution (probably the lace-school which the Countess had

[1] Franz Christian Joseph Karsten, writer on agricultural affairs; born 1751, died 1829.—M. B.-L.

[2] Martin Heinrich Klaproth, chemist, published "Chemical Dictionary"; born 1743, died 1817.—M. B.-L.

[3] Johann Peter Friedrich Ancillon, Prussian statesman and historian; born 1766, died 1837.—M. B.-L.

established at Schönebeck) "which your Excellency patronises." He also desired some facts about the salt-works. In another letter he thanked her for her contribution, and said that such articles were of value to the paper.

Every one was moved by the threatening aspect of public affairs, for the time was a stirring one.

Countess Reden to her Sister Caroline

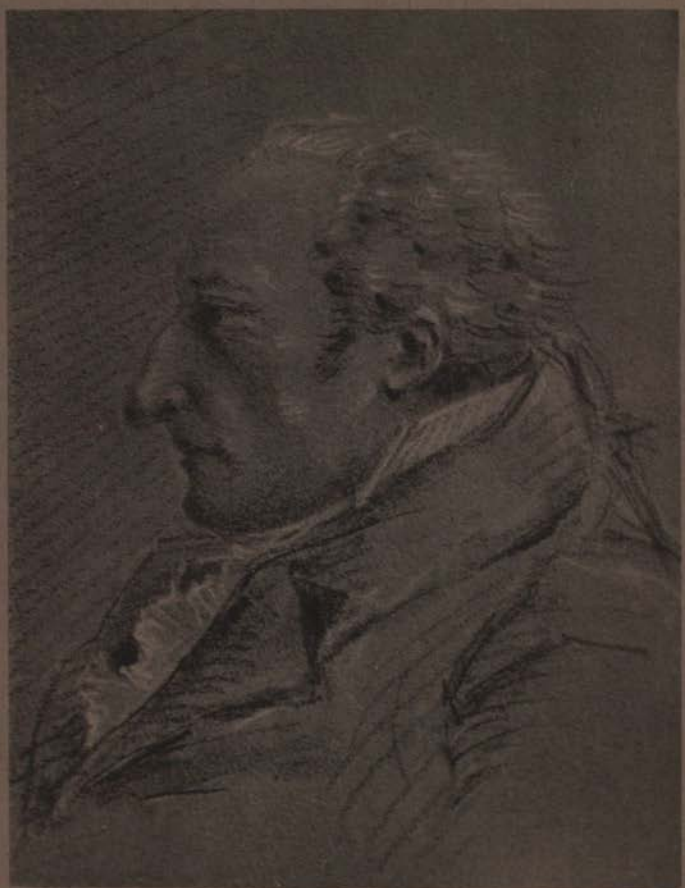
July 29.

I have hardly had any time for writing since I have been so much taken up with my Ministers. Stein's appreciation of our valley is very delightful to me, and he is now quite at home with us. The beauties of nature are such a pleasure to him that it does me good to see it, and he appreciates Reden just as much as every one else does. I am so glad to have brought about this meeting between the two old friends. We had visits from the Privy Councillor and the Councillor of War yesterday, followed by Count Carmer and Herr Vogt, the Landrath,[1] and ever so many others. Hoym[2] came about eleven o'clock. There was a conference, and then dinner at half-past twelve, as Count Hoym had to leave about three o'clock.

We took our fourteen guests out boating till about five o'clock, and drove through the wood afterwards, which is always crowded when we return, twenty-one carriages from Warmbrunn alone. I took Freiherr Stein to see the school-children's garden at Quirl, and to the school and several cottages, and he was greatly interested in all the industries there. We intend to look over the factories at Schmiedeberg, and then go to Kupferberg, and have tea on the Birkberg in the evening. He is charmed with everything, and is so delightful to Reden that I am constantly congratulating myself on having got him here.

[1] A Landrath is an official of the Home Office, and has a fixed position. His duties partly correspond to those of a sheriff and an under-sheriff in England.—M. B.-L.

[2] Count Hoym, Minister for Silesia.—E. R.



Freiherr vom und zum Stein.

August 13.

We heard to-day that the troops at Bunzlau have orders to march. Where? Why? No one knows. The Rumford soup-kitchen is progressing; the large boiler was fitted into the wall to-day, and it is large enough to hold soup for two hundred and fifty people.

August 16.

The fresh news as to the probability of war, and that men and horses are already requisitioned, and the lamentations at the failure of the rye harvest, owing to the rain, altogether depressed us exceedingly yesterday. Still, one must make the best of things, and not trouble one's guests with one's own anxieties. The Reden *ménage* take counsel together, and then decide what is best to be done. After matters are thus settled, courage returns to me, and I feel ashamed of having been weak, and I try to conquer my forebodings. The great thing is unity of purpose, and we have that, thank God!

August 24.

This was the great day for the trial of the Rumford soup-kitchen method, and I was very well satisfied with the result.

KÖNIGSHÜTTE, *September* 26.

You should have seen me to-day in a charming white gown at the baptism of Herr Wedeling's child! You know how I love babies, and how much I enjoyed holding it for half an hour. It is named Fritze. Reden told Herr Wedeling that he had been appointed Councillor of Mines, and that his son-in-law had also been promoted, doing so in his own kind way, which certainly wins every one's heart. I say nothing of how much we are absorbed by political questions; and although we get news three times a week, it never seems enough. What times these are! I do not write in detail about public affairs, for I am not sure whether I ought to venture to do so or not. But I am sure that you agree with me in praying God to give a favourable turn to events, so that the face of Europe may be changed.

To her Sister

TARNOWITZ, *September* 30.

We had a charming reception here, dear Caroline, and I owe you an account of it. I was rather surprised that only Boscamp and the chairman of the court came to meet us at Königshütte, and at the first shaft thirty men were drawn up on our arrival, wearing their mining-smocks and carrying their safety-lamps. It was a new sight to me, and as we approached the office I heard the beating of a drum and music alternately. It was really a fine thing to see these seventy men belonging to the works, arrayed in their uniform to receive us. When the music stopped, there was a silence. They all showed the pleasure they felt at seeing my husband again, and it touched me exceedingly. Then, with waving banners, the entire procession retired, without any demonstration whatever, merely expressing their good wishes. The beautiful banner[1] was unpacked to-day. It is really splendid and costly, and the embroidery admirable. The lettering is quite unique, and the silver-work a masterpiece of brightness and glossiness, and it is made up on such good material. My husband is the noblest of miners, so the banner of his company ought to be fine. You know I must hide it from every eye till the festival—so I shall give it to the foreman to carry. He always manages the work on the Stollen.[2]

We arranged the programme in strict privacy yesterday. Reden has prepared his address, and it is beautiful. I am also to say a few words on presenting the banner, and I am more alarmed than he is. God will help and prompt me. We are still having the most beautiful weather, and I do hope it will continue, for the sake of the army. Can one think of anything else?

MALEPANE, *October* 12.

No fresh news from Berlin. Contradictory reports from Breslau on the 7th, and one does not know what to believe. We have beaten, and we have been beaten. God grant it may be the former! Every

[1] Which had been ordered by her sister Caroline.—M. B.-L.

[2] These are the canals in the mines.—M. B.-L.

one unites in saying that Prince Louis[1] fell a victim to his own bravery. I cannot say what a deep sorrow this last event has been to me. If I only knew that you had got off safely!

To fill up the measure of sorrow, it is said that there has been a battle not far from Schweinfurt, hardly eight miles from you. Oh! God grant mamma gets safely back. I assure you that Reden shares my anxiety.

Things in Berlin were very different from what they had been in the spring, when Count and Countess Reden left. The following letters are addressed to Countess von Itzenplitz, at her country home, Cunersdorf, and were sent by a faithful clerk or servant who often went to Berlin with country produce and carried back news, and thus many things were written which Countess Reden would not have ventured to send by post.

BERLIN, *October* 25, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

That affairs would not be all right, I, of course, knew; but I could never have anticipated finding the real condition so bad. There are shoals of strangers here—town is said to be quite full, one knows not how or whence. It is said that the greater number of them simply pass through town on their way to Frankfort. You ask if Bernau is a fortress, and about Magdeburg, etc. It is by their means that we are to be routed and destroyed. Please keep our servants a little longer. If we remain here, we will write and tell you when they had better come. But the horses must remain in any case, or they will be requisitioned. I can offer you my mother's flat, and you will be doing her a kindness by taking it, for then it will be safe. An officer is quartered there now, and the landlady looks after him. Come soon, dear friend, and let us often be together. Intercourse with friends is the one consolation just now. Things are fairly quiet so far; and there are very few, indeed no soldiers quartered in our street.

[1] Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia (born 1772) fell at the battle of Saalsfeldt, October 10, 1806.—M. B.-L.

October 27, 11 p.m.

I could not write before to you, my dear friend, as we have gone through a thousand anxieties to-day, though we have not had any disagreeable experiences. First we heard of the arrival of our men; then that they were assembling before the Town Hall, and are still doing so. I wish very much that you were here, for it is certainly safer than being quite alone in the country. We could comfort and support one another. We beg you to keep the cream-coloured horses a few days longer.[1] If the road on here is safe—and of this your wise Carl Grädig will be the best judge—we shall expect you to send on the servants. Carl says it is not safe yet. Remember me to Macquet; she must keep calm. We wish your husband were here as well as you. One can say so many things that one may not write. I should like to have you here so very much: do come with our servants; they can act as your escort. The bag could be sent by some opportunity later on; but my husband's dress coat must be taken out and sent and also my canvas-work. Prince Hatzfeldt has been out of office since Monday. How many changes there are; but God will guide everything for the best, and may He bring us soon together!

November 5.

We have General Milhard, a colonel, and two aides-de-camp, and fourteen others in the suite, forty-one horses, and three carriages quartered on us. I say with you, my dear friend, may God grant us patience and courage, and may He keep our dear ones safe! The French are now at Posen, and Silesia is for the moment free; but what a future is before us! I live in terror of Silesia passing away from Prussia; and if that should happen, think, my dear friend, of the poor Redens, and their Elysium. The last news is that the French, under Mortier,[2] have overrun the Electorate of Hesse, disarmed the army, and that the Elector and his son are fugitives. The

[1] Count Reden always drove Hanoverian cream-coloured horses.—E. R.

[2] Edouard Adolphe Casimir Joseph Mortier, Duc de Trévise, Marshal of France, born 1760, killed by Fieschi's infernal machine, 1835.—M. B.-L.

Duke of Brunswick has been robbed of his Duchy, and deputies have been sent here from Brunswick. We see prisoners every day, and God knows how one's heart aches for them! A thousand, thousand thanks for all the things you have sent us, and which are a real blessing at this time. Cunersdorf is our *mère nourricière* now in all sorts of ways, and I shall take advantage of your kind permission, and ask you for the things I need, and I will give you a week's notice. When you have a chance, please send me a few geese for our household, and a sack of wheat flour, if it is obtainable.

To Caroline von Riedesel

Berlin, *November* 5.

Dearest Caroline,—

It is your turn for a letter to-day, and I have a good opportunity of sending it by the two Hammersteins, who are going to Hildesheim on parole, after having been nursed by me while they were prisoners.

We are all right, but longing for peace. We still have ever so many people quartered on us, the burden of which our landlord bears, but we share expenses. There are seventeen horses, two generals, two other officers, five privates, two coachmen, a valet, and a secretary. We have cleared out and arranged the whole floor below this one; but we all have to endure, and I pray God to grant me courage beyond my expectations. Just fancy, I was alone in the house when the rude aide-de-camp came for quarters, and I had to put him into good humour before I arranged matters with him. Constantin Stolberg has been wounded in the head, and is in hospital at Stettin. Marie B. has fled with her mother, because she was afraid of the consequences of her unbridled tongue last winter. We women should bear and be silent, and the young men also. Reden is at Prince Ferdinand's, which will show you that everything is going on in the old way. Farewell! My prisoners are coming, and I wish to give them luncheon, and to put up some food for their journey.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Berlin, *November* 12.

Dear Friend,—

I would give a good deal to have you near me now; you would raise my courage, which is very low this evening, for, sad to relate, my husband is far away. The Emperor's aide-de-camp General Corbineau was sent to him to-day about eleven o'clock, and not finding him here, went to the office for him, as the Emperor[1] wished him to drive with his aide-de-camp to Spandau, and perhaps to Rathenow, concerning the complaints of the salt-boatmen and others who are now in custody and will not be released till the employés have been paid fifty Friedrich d'or. Reden pointed this out to Clarke,[2] who wishes to do what is right in the matter, and explained it to the Emperor, who now desires the question gone into by his aide-de-camp and my husband. Reden, of course, went with pleasure, because he hoped to be able to help in several pressing matters. I only saw him for a moment before Corbineau returned in a carriage with post-horses, and I looked after him very sadly as he drove off, accompanied only by Frenchmen. It is eight o'clock, and I am impatiently expecting him back.

You shall have four hundred and fourteen dried plants by the first opportunity. Humboldt is much pleased with his lot.

The rich men here in Berlin were summoned to the Town Hall, Reuss being one of them, for things are again in a most critical condition, and they have each one of them to supply and be responsible for certain sums of money. Princess Sacken has to provide one hundred and twenty thousand reichthalers, Count Redern fifty or sixty thousand, my brother-in-law three hundred thousand, and so on. They petitioned against it to-day, so we must wait and see what will happen next. There is, thank God, comforting news from Stein. Knuth writes to us to-day that a certain Councillor of War, a Herr

[1] Napoleon.—M. B.-L.

[2] Henri Jacque Guillaume Clarke, Duc de Feltre, statesman and marshal of France, born 1765, died 1818.—M. B.-L.

Koppe, saw him at Stettin on the evening of the 26th. He was still wearing cloth shoes, but no longer troubled by the gout. He is busy and cheerful, even lively. The bad news of an earlier date was when his health was in a really serious condition.

The fine buck which you sent has been very useful to nine sets of people, and they all send their best thanks to you. You are indeed a tower of strength in time of need. . . . I had a good deal of fun in dividing it. The first and last numbers of the *Hamburg Gazette* were burned to-day, but three parts were secured. They only contained an announcement of a French victory, and the taking of three ships. You are looking after the poor prisoners at Cunersdorf, and the Recks, Rosenstiels, and I are doing the same here; their numbers are increased every day, and they are lodged in the drill-house of the china-factory. To be able to help and comfort others is the only consolation one has now.

To Caroline von Riedesel

Berlin, *November* 15.

Reden attended a Council of State held by the Emperor, and he was present at another presided over by the Chief of the Treasury, General Estève, yesterday. We had a young man working here under my husband's directions from nine o'clock until midnight. How hard the times are! And yet it is a comfort that Reden still keeps his department, and that he can still be of use in helping others to get their salaries. We are hoping for a speedy peace. There is a report that the Emperor is going away to-day, but I do not know where he is going.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Berlin, *November* 26.

You know, dear friend, that the Emperor is gone, and with him disappear the generals, the guards, etc., and now we are expecting Bernadotte's corps of sixteen thousand, *qui fileront par Berlin*, as they say; but God save you from a similar experience! After that is over, perhaps we shall be able to breathe freely again, though the absorbing question at present is, where has the Emperor gone? Some say to meet the King; others, that he has gone to meet the Russians

who are approaching; and others, again, say that he is on his way to Bohemia to find the Austrians, who are reported to have declared war against him. May God order all for the best, and give us peace—universal peace! Some people think that Duroc arrived yesterday evening, but I doubt it.

Uncle Massow has been here for a few days, and it was unfortunate that Berthier had already left, for when he was here thirty years ago he was loaded with kind attentions by my uncle, which he ought to remember now.

I did not send for the calf, for no one has been quartered on us since yesterday morning, and it would be too much for our own use. The Recks will also be rid of those who are with them now in another thirty-six hours, and a good thing too. Count Reuss had a colonel with him again.

I heard from my mother a fortnight ago, and she had not had a word from us since October 6. Our poor dear mother! Five thousand Würtemburg troops passed through Trebschen and took all the horses and a great deal of forage. Their expenses there only for coffee, sugar, wine, etc., amounted to two hundred reichthalers; but they behaved well. The plunderers paid no attention to Clarke's *ordre de sûreté*, and wished to tear it up. We do not know anything about our dear Buchwald, and no news can be got from Silesia further than Sagan. God will help us yet. Trust in Him, for it is only by courage and submission that we can rise above all that weighs us down now. The future often seems dark and dreary enough, and then a sudden gleam of light shines through the clouds. We are longing for the peace which seems so far off. How will it all end? The seventh Army Corps passed through Berlin, and Prince Ponte Carvo leaves this evening. Murat and Talleyrand are also on the eve of following the Emperor. Meanwhile there are swarms of foreign princes in town who declare that they must and will speak with Buonaparte. The Elector of Saxony has been here since yesterday, poor man! I have had letters from my mother at last, dated the 22nd, and am thankful that she had had three from me on the 18th and 19th. Everything is quiet in her neighbourhood.

To Caroline von Riedesel

December 6.

Mamma may quite safely allow George to come here, for are not the armies of all nations here? No one thinks of any private interests nowadays, for the public ones absorb every thought.

December 10.

I gave a mattress to Director Dupont, for I wish these Frenchmen to be grateful to me, and I do not wish to be under any obligation to them. You know that has always been the feeling of our family, and I find it answers admirably.

December 18.

We all desire a real peace, but we ought not to conclude one now. If only we can but keep Silesia! They say that our good King has grown ten years older, and that he is always out and about in all weather. The discipline of the army is good, and it was very much needed. I had a fright yesterday evening about nine o'clock, when a policeman arrived with a letter for me from the President, and I did not know what to think at first. It was a very flattering invitation to examine all the reports, and make notes from them concerning the plans for feeding four thousand poor people, and to make inquiry as to the best methods of cooking the food. You must help me with it.

December.

I have only about fifty thalers' worth of lace left to send away, and when that is disposed of I shall have got rid of all my orders, and then I shall set about having more made. The French may torment and impoverish me, but they cannot deprive me of the happiness I derive from this work. I am just correcting the catalogue of the plants and seeds from Buchwald. I have in these three years, and almost without outlay, got so far with this branch of work as to have a printed catalogue of fourteen hundred and sixty-two trees, bushes, plants, and seeds, and this year it has brought in thirty-one thalers, and the whole realised is some six hundred thalers, which, with God's blessing, will be a success and a great pleasure to my husband. I am delighted with our

joint plans for housekeeping, one day with you, the next with us—an arrangement by which we shall be able to save a great deal, and need spend only a thousand thalers in four months. Troops from Würzburg and Baden passed through town yesterday. How distressing for Germans to be fighting against Germans! The hopes of peace are fainter than ever. Do come soon. I will meet you at Potsdam and drive you here with the four cream-coloured horses.

December 24.

If the newspapers are to be believed, the troops which were to have been sent to Berlin have been ordered elsewhere—*viâ* Göttingen, Duderstadt, etc. We know that those we love and honour are at Königsberg and well, and that little Carl is slowly recovering. The deputies from Posen and Hanover returned home yesterday. They dined with us, and seem fairly satisfied, as they have received assurances about the restoration of their Governments; but when will that happen?

To Countess von Itzenplitz

December 26, Evening.

The horses are here, but not a word from you, dear friend, and that pleases neither my head nor heart. I was sorry not to have thanked you sooner for the eggs, butter, and fowls. The gourmands who partook of those delicacies enjoyed them very much, my uncle Massow being one of the number, and he drank the health of the dear friend at Cunersdorf. Ever so many things have occurred during the past few days. Prince August Ferdinand[1] was sent to France on Wednesday at three o'clock in the morning, under the escort of two officers. The Prince's destination is Nancy, and Tauentzien's[2] is Bitsch. It has been repeatedly asserted that the Prince has done nothing whatever, nor been mixed up in any sort of intrigue, but the order is direct from the Emperor, and is not aimed at him personally. Stein was ill in bed till the 11th, but he is better again now. He has to take

[1] Son of Friedrich the Great's brother Ferdinand.

[2] Third son of Friedrich Wilhelm III. (born 1801, died 1883), grandfather of H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught.—M. B.-L.

office temporarily. There are very few troops quartered on people now, and those from Würtzburg and Baden merely passed through town yesterday.

To Caroline

December.

Prince August and General Tauentzien[1] are both sent to France. The Prince was arrested at three in the morning, and it terrified his mother dreadfully. She got up and never left him till he was in the carriage; she obtained leave for Herr von Clausewitz to go with him, as well as his valet, and for him to take various necessary articles. We spent the evening with the old Prince and Princess,[2] but there were very few people from the Court there. I did all I could to distract and amuse them, and so did Reden, and we had some measure of success, for which we were thanked. They both stand very high in my estimation now. The Prince's firmness and resignation are really admirable. The Duke of Weimar is going to Posen, and thence to Warsaw (where Napoleon is at present), he having made his peace. Happy journey to him! He spent yesterday with us, and it was amusing the way I was treated, as if I were a princess, certainly without any seeking on my part. The good and honest men are always sought out in times of need, and my husband is one of those who well understands how to offer advice and consolation.

January 4.

There is a little cabal against our soup.[3] Less of a mixture is desired, so we are going to try other receipts, such as leaving out the barley, and making soup chiefly out of potatoes, of which there are a large quantity. I go to it at eight, and don't get home until two o'clock, so you can imagine how I have to hurry, though I get up early to attend to the thousand and one things which have to be seen to in a household. I fall asleep from fatigue in the evening. I do trust that my lace industry will not be interfered with when peace is established. Even when it is once

[1] Friedrich Bogislaw Emanuel, Count Tauentzien von Wittenberg, Prussian General, born 1760, died 1824.—M. B.-L.

[2] Prince and Princess Ferdinand.

[3] The Rumford soup-kitchen, which Countess Reden had just opened. —M. B.-L.

settled, how much trouble and how many sad moments we shall have to pass through! How sad it will be to be separated from the provinces, so to speak, and from the friends we have known and loved!

The soup-kitchen succeeds wonderfully, and I see brighter faces.

Have I told you that you will see the beautiful Brandenburg[1] Gate without the horses? Old Langhaus is quite broken by the loss.

There is a report that there has been a great encounter between the Russians and the French, but no one really knows the result.

To Countess Jenny Reuss

Berlin, *March* 15, 1807.

The free soup-kitchen is more and more of a success, and over six thousand persons are fed every day, and others follow our example and add bread to the portions of soup. We had a great dinner at the factory on the 10th, which was a real pleasure to us; and in the evening we had all the "R's" from Leipziger Strasse, and we enjoyed it very much with music and surprises. Stonsdorf and Buchwald are perfectly quiet just now. I keep my courage up; and indeed how can a Christian ever lose it, when he prays that all things may be ordered by God? I hope for better times, though I prepare myself with patience and resignation for the bad ones still in store for us, for when was human life quite free from ills? Our friend Freiherr vom Stein passed through Berlin on his way home to Nassau. We treated him as the miser does the treasure which is to be torn from him. But I hope that he is not lost to us for ever, and that we shall see him again. He could be of no more use at present, and his health must be the first consideration.

The trying winter and part of the summer passed away and still Count and Countess Reden were in

[1] The Brandenburger Thor is at the end of the famous avenue or street in Berlin called Unter den Linden, and the celebrated Car of Victory, in copper, by Schadow, stood on top. This Napoleon carried off to France. On its restoration the horses were placed facing the town, not as formerly, towards the Tiergarten.—M. B.-L.

Berlin. The Count seems to have had a great deal of official business, and the Countess was much occupied with her family, friends, house, and the poor, while all the time their hearts were filled with anxiety for their King and Fatherland.

To Countess Jenny Reuss

Berlin, *July* 14, 1807.

Yes, we have peace at last, thank God!—at all events, peace was signed on the 9th between France and Russia, and it was made public to-day. We are in hopes of hearing this evening that it was ratified on the 10th. Napoleon left Tilsit[1] on the 12th, and is returning to Paris by way of Dresden. What will be the conditions of peace, and how many dear and valued interests will my poor husband be obliged to resign? Oh! dear friend, I have kept up my courage till now, because, by the blessing of Providence, no more blood has been shed; but I am anticipating what the peace may take from us, and what will be left. After all these frightful struggles you will feel for and with me. Is there a province in Prussia which contains no memorial of my husband's zeal and ability? Are they not all deeply interesting and precious to him? And will not my heart be torn at seeing the reward and satisfaction of his approaching old age wrenched from him? And then the question arises whether or not we shall be able to retain Silesia and the works on the Elbe. I am only writing to you about all this, for you will understand me. The Almighty will guide us, and I rely upon Him.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

July 20, *Evening.*

The telegraph will have told you all, dear friend. We are terribly crushed. The map of our former state is kept on the table, and we tell ourselves, with sorrowful hearts, how rich and happy we once were, and how poor now! You will grieve with us for

[1] Treaty of Tilsit between Prussia and France (when Prussia ceded half her territory), July, 1807, and also between France and Russia.—M. B.-L.

the unfortunate King, and will not bitterly reproach him, as so many are doing. You will be distressed for our misfortunes, and for my poor husband, who has sacrificed so much in Westphalia, on the Elbe, and in the Harz, as well as his rest and health. For the next three months he will not have a day's rest, and he can never feel as happy again after seeing everything torn from him. And that is the reward of his old age! I try to be calm when he is by, but my heart is wrung for him and for all the other noble sufferers. May God spare him to me! Ah, how wretched he looks to-day! How I wish I could take all the burden of trouble that awaits him upon myself! The terms of the Convention have been published, and I will have them copied for you to-morrow. The news to-day is still worse. The Emperor[1] has left Dresden, and *l'ordre du jour*, dated from Dresden, says in plain black and white that Hesse, Brunswick, and Fulda shall cease to exist as states, and their rulers are retired with a pension, so to say. The Princess of Orange is calm, but utterly crushed. She and her sister of Hesse received letters to-day from the King. Borgstedt and Beyme are to be the new Ministers, and Schulenburg sets off on Thursday; you can fancy how beside himself he is. Are not the articles of the peace maddening? I can't write or even speak about them. It is now half-past ten, and my husband is at Estève's. He keeps rushing about trying to save what he can. Karsten was deeply depressed, for he, as well as many others, has lost his entire sphere of work. There are four secret articles in the treaty of peace which we shall not know at present. Stettin is to have a garrison of six thousand troops till November 1, according to the treaty.

July 21, *Morning.*

Reden did not learn anything from Estève, but was assured by him that we shall keep Hanover, but not all on the other side of the Elbe. Oh the Elbe!—the Elbe!

July 29.

We have had some happy moments in the last two days, for peace is certain, and the armistice has

[1] Napoleon.

been signed for four weeks. In a word, one is filled with hope.

Clarke told my husband several times yesterday that N. speaks of the King with respect. The Queen is at Memel with all her children, but it is not known where the King is. Letters from Memel say: "The Queen is here, and intends to remain. The King was here. We are all well, and things are going on all right."

Kalckreuth is negotiating for us, so we hear from Clarke. My husband went from him to all our Princesses with messages of peace, and had ample opportunity of observing their different expressions of feeling, their pleasure or the reverse. The word Peace, Paix, Friede, sounds better than any other word; but it is my heart and not my head which speaks, and which thanks God that no more Prussian blood is spilt, and I don't trouble my head about anything else. Human happiness is worth more than honour, although to deserve honour and to receive it is noble and glorious.

It is reported that the Poles have made war on Austria, and that Napoleon will support them. *Chacun à son tour*; but it is a base project!

What will Sweden do? What can be the reason of Napoleon's wishing to hasten peace? Will the Turkish *événements* be known in Russian head-quarters? How much there is to wish for! What chaos everything is in! We must talk matters over; it is too distracting to write about them.

The Count and Countess were at Buchwald in August, and while there they received a great shock. All the Ministers were dismissed, including Count Reden, and his devoted wife felt the injustice most acutely. She sympathised with her friends the Recks deeply, as their father was, of course, among the Ministers who were out of office.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Buchwald, *September* 11.

I must tell you, dear friend, that we are very glad to be here, and we are very grateful that God grants

us this mercy. I never look at my husband without being touched at his pleasure in having his old friends about him, and his blackcoats[1] come hither daily. Not a day passes without our having from four to six friends and neighbours dropping in to see us. My greenhouses are full, my table well supplied with guests, the weather is good, though a bit cold, and we have a landscape that we are never weary of admiring.

September 12.

I had got so far, yesterday, dear friend, when I was interrupted by breakfast, and then the post came in. Peace and unity are with us and will remain with us; but how many different feelings disturbed us yesterday! Not Reden. What a man he is, and what a noble mind he has! I, and every one about me, feel ready to worship him; and that he should be misunderstood and be rendered miserable by the loss of his six thousand miners, to whom he has been more than a father, and that he should see them ruined and dismissed because they cannot be paid, is terrible. No one will understand that he could and would serve without pay, and that he has served till now merely for the honour of the thing, and because he knows himself to be of use and to be doing good. He did not send in his resignation, thank God! as so many others did, but kept on at his work. He said last night, "I am thankful for the peaceful life here; it is a reward for having acted justly and honourably." He only thinks of his department with regretful sadness, and he would never have given it up voluntarily, so it has been torn from him. The future cannot cause us any anxiety, for we live in continual preparation for it, so far as we possibly can, and we are doing good to the utmost limit of our means. The royal decree is but just in making mention of my husband's zeal and of all that he accomplished; but of what use are fine phrases when the act itself is what it is? I grieve for the poor King—he means well; but no one could envy the feelings of those who surround him.

BUCHWALD, *September* 14, 1807.

Best of friends, you will, I know, freely forgive us

[1] Miners.—E. R.

for arranging to meet Stein at your house on the 18th or 19th? We shall leave home to-morrow evening, and will be with you for certain on the 18th, and it is a pleasure and a comfort to come to you. We propose staying one day and night, and returning to our peaceful Buchwald. It just occurs to me that perhaps you may be at Jerchel;[1] but we rely so much on your kindness that we venture to go to Cunersdorf all the same. I am leaving a houseful who are quite dismayed at our going.

CUNERSDORF, *September* 17, *Six o'clock, Evening.*

We made such a rapid journey that we arrived about four o'clock, and were received with great kindness by Fräulein Hagen and Mademoiselle Calve, and are here *comme chez nous.* I learn from your letter that you are going to the Altmark on Tuesday evening. We were shocked by the news of Stein's being ill at Brandenburg, and we are hoping for particulars from Dziembowsky,[2] whom we expect to-morrow. We intend to send the valet with letters to him to-night, and if he is able to come soon, we shall await him here, for we are sure that our dear good friend will kindly permit us to do so. Perhaps we might see you also. I wish to see you very much, but I greatly fear the fatigue would be too much for you. Do not be worried about me; my husband is calm and composed, and so am I, which the wife of such a man ought to be. We are anxious to get back to Buchwald as soon as possible, where the Reusses and other kind friends are impatient for our return.

CUNERSDORF, *September* 19, *Evening.*

I was not mistaken about Stein, and I was sure that he would come to meet us here. He wrote yesterday evening from Berlin, and expects to reach Cunersdorf at mid-day on the 21st, on his way to West Prussia. We have settled everything with Dziembowsky. Stein is to have the upper rooms, which are to be heated to-morrow. I am writing in your room, at your dear mother's writing-table, and here we shall discuss matters. I generally sit here. We are to have meals in your husband's room, the six of us. I feel quite at home, and poured out coffee

[1] An estate of Countess Itzenplitz's in the Altmark.—E. R.

[2] He became Countess von Itzenplitz s son-in-law.—E. R.

for the Bavarian officers[1] to-day; and we dined with them yesterday, at our own desire, for we ought not to give extra trouble, and besides, it is politic to be polite to them, and win their goodwill for us all. We have *la belle* conversation, and get on very well together. . . . My husband will be more at ease if he succeeds in doing something for his miners. . . . We are overwhelmed with kindness and attention, and I must say again that I could not be more *à mon aise* in my own house. We lunch in the library about ten o'clock, and then I write, read, or chat with the ladies, after which I go to your room and write at your desk—it is more homelike there, and so cosy. We dine about one o'clock, and have tea at six, and supper in your husband's room at nine, your ladies and ourselves, for they do not care to have it with the Bavarian officers.

Everything is as quiet and nice as possible, and I cannot say how much I wish you were here.

September 22.

I am writing to thank you, my dear friend, for all the kindness I have received and enjoyed so much while here. I am writing at your desk, where I have written so many heartfelt lines, and where Stein has also written. I could not have been so happy anywhere else so far from Buchwald as I have been here. Stein has just left. We were so thankful to find him so well and so much stronger than we expected. His eye is also better. He is making a great sacrifice, and gives due weight to what the consequences may be. He agrees with us entirely. He was much moved at parting. May God bless and guide him! . . . Stein brought Rosenstiel and Frau von Pochhammer with him. They are calling, and we must go. Farewell, dearest and best of friends.

BUCHWALD, *September* 30, 1807.

You will be pleased that Stein and my husband met again. We gladly travelled the seventy-two miles, and we have returned very much easier in mind by the good news. When one seeks nothing for oneself, and only strives for the good of others, the object is much more quickly attained, and we feel that we have placed the interests of our dear miners in the best

[1] Officers of the enemy quartered at Cunersdorf.—E. R.

possible hands, which is a constant source of satisfaction and consolation to my husband. He said to me yesterday, with tears in his eyes, "They do a great deal, those faithful people, and I deserve some affection from them; but they give me more than I deserve, God bless them!" And I do say that the good state of feeling which exists in his department is due to him. I am glad not to have been mistaken in our miners. . . . I wish to show you a letter written to Stein by the Society of Miners, for you to lay it before the King. My husband must not know anything about it. I have not altered it at all. It is a comfort and satisfaction to me. They are as sincere as children mourning for the loss of a father. . . . I wish you could have seen Stein. He will do a great deal for our poor country, and he seems to me a very great and noble man and a good one. He has given my husband some papers that will really immortalise him. I pray that God will spare him to his country.

We have people quartered on us still, but they are to be sent to Poland next week. . . . This out-of-the-way spot is a real paradise. We are going to dine at Warmbrunn to-day; it will be a rather stiff party, but one must be friendly with one's neighbours, and stand well with them.

Count Reuss xxxviii. to his Wife

Stonsdorf, *September* 26.

Reden has accomplished his object and had the desired meeting with Stein at Cunersdorf. Stein does not get on at all with Beyme, who is Cabinet Councillor. The Minister's dismissal was entirely Beyme's doing, and Stein intends to bring the matter forward, and make the inquiry a condition of his acceptance of office again. But he has been warned by Reden and other friends and by some one in Prussia, who has described the state of things and our poor dear King's mind towards him. He is the only man who can redress the great errors that have been made, if he can manage to see the King. There is no doubt that our dear Reden will be in office again. I hope so more than ever, now that I know what he has done and suffered from pure patriotism in these

troubled times. He came near being sent by the French to France. It is all the more distressing to be rewarded by ingratitude, and my admiration for this excellent man has increased since I have heard him talk of the affair.

October.

Reden has had news of Stein's safe arrival at Memel on the 3rd, and of his long conference with the King on the 4th, after which he was appointed Minister of State with the fullest powers in all departments. He expressly desired that his conference with the King should be quite private and without witnesses. Beyme, the Cabinet Councillor, has another post, and so has his follower Klewitz. The dear Redens were very gay when they were here yesterday. We were at Stangenbusch in the morning, and I fixed upon the site for the tower, which I did because I fancied that it would be interesting to dear Reden. I think his design will please you.

The Royal Proclamation published in the Berlin *Gazette* on the 27th is causing dissatisfaction, though it does not come into force until 1810. It concerns the revolts in the Prussian provinces, and I too am disappointed that Stein has signed a paper which was drawn up by Beyme, and we are uneasy because Beyme is to remain with the King while he is in Prussia.

Countess Reden writes to Countess Jenny Reuss after a visit to her at Jänkendorf, in the Lansitz, concerning various commissions which she had undertaken to attend to in Berlin:

BERLIN, *February* 3, 1808.

MY DEAR COUNTESS,—

I must tell you that I brought many good and sweet thoughts away with me from Jänkendorf. Both my husband and I enjoyed our visit, and we promise ourselves the pleasure often. We are now settled down amongst our friends. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the colony come to us, a party of from twenty-six to thirty persons. I try to introduce some variety into our entertainments, and we read aloud, books old and new, have music, and Reden and his other self try their best to make

things agreeable, and we manage to have very lively evenings. Time seems to fly very fast this winter, and it will be very sad when the time comes for us all to part, especially from the dear Recks.

A sadder parting was at hand. Baroness von Riedesel died in Berlin on March 23. There are no letters nor diaries of this time extant, and we have, therefore, no particulars concerning this event.

The household in Berlin was broken up, and the Redens were at Buchwald in May.

Countess Reden's brother was married to his cousin Caroline von Riedesel on the Countess's birthday, May 12, and the young couple spent part of the summer at Buchwald, where were also the Recks, who were almost members of the family, and other guests.

Count and Countess Reden gave names to the various parts of the park and to the arbours and seats in the garden in memory of different friends and relations; thus one was Mother's Seat, another Sister's Walk, others, Stein's Oak, Kater's Path, Quarante Quatre (after the Countess's brother-in-law Heinrich XLIV.), and another seat was named after a Major Kessel, a frequent guest at Buchwald.

One day that year, when the Countess was busy with her flowers, she saw the gardener pass with a gentleman. He looked like an Englishman, and she asked him in English, "Is this your first visit to this part of the country?" Greatly surprised at being addressed in his own language, he replied that he had been having the pleasure of making some sketches in the neighbourhood. The Countess looked at them and saw that they were by no insignificant artist. She was dressed very plainly, and it never occurred to the gentleman that she was the Countess,

although he saw that she was not a servant. To make sure, he asked the name of the lady for whom the pavilion had been built, and who the builder was. "You may see him, if you will come and dine," she said. He accepted the invitation, and introduced himself as James Riddell, from Scotland. On returning to the house she told her husband about the invitation she had just given, knowing well his predilection for England and the English. He was pleased, but some of the guests then staying with them feared that he might be a spy, a not unnatural suspicion in those uncertain times. All anxieties were set at rest, however, when a handsome English travelling-carriage, with servants in livery, drove up to the door at dinner-time. The Count received his guest with great cordiality, and the proper introductions took place to the rest of the party. Instead of a short visit, he remained two weeks, and a lifelong friendship was thus made.[1]

[1] LETTER FROM SIR JAMES RIDDELL TO GEORGE JACKSON, ESQ., AFTERWARDS SIR GEORGE JACKSON, BRITISH MINISTER AT BERLIN

BRUSSELS, *September* 28, 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

You have been wondering, I dare say, what has become of me. Know then, that after making a longer stay in Vienna than I had intended to do on taking leave of you and the hospitalities of Berlin, I set off for Silesia, meaning to make a tour of it, and to reach Dresden in a fortnight. The great kindness of new friends—old ones of yours—changed all my plans. We often talked of you, and more perfectly amiable people than Count and Countess Reden, Count and Countess Bernstorff, and the Demoiselle Riedesel, it has never been my happiness to meet with. Their residence, Buchwald, is in the lovely valley of that name, the most beautiful part of Silesia. Art and Nature have combined in producing the utmost perfection of the picturesque and the beautiful. It is perhaps the only place I ever saw where it appeared to me that nothing could be added or taken away without doing injury to it. I passed a fortnight with these charming families with no less profit than pleasure, and took leave of them with regret.*

* From the "Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson," edited by his wife.—M. B.-L.

Napoleon declared Freiherr vom Stein to be an outlaw in December, 1808, and he was obliged to leave Berlin in great secrecy on January 6, 1809, and on the 9th he arrived quite unexpectedly at Buchwald, having travelled night and day, *viâ* Sagan and Bunzlau and Löwenberg, to seek concealment at the house of his friend. He was received with the warmest sympathy, and his friends did all they possibly could for him; but he was not safe there. Warrants were out for his capture, and would soon be in every hand, while there was a French garrison at Hirschberg. He had heard one read while he was waiting for horses at an inn at Ziebingen, and the description of his "*grand nez*" made him unpleasantly aware of it, and of the fact that his fur cap did not conceal it. Then he was well known at Buchwald, having visited there before. So Count Reden assembled his household, and said that he was sure that none of them would be faithless to him and to his friend. In the meantime Frau von Stein sent her husband a passport which she had obtained from the Austrian Ambassador, and strongly urged him to cross the frontier as speedily as possible. Count Gessler,[1] an old friend, who was both wise and capable of self-devotion, sought him out at Buchwald that he might share his fate. Count Reden

[1] Ernst Moritz Arndt says of Gessler: "He was a friend of Körner and Schiller; his acquirements, his intelligence and wit could not but be extolled by all who knew him; his German heart and noble, devout spirit I was to learn more and more to appreciate till the day of his death. He was an early friend of Stein's, and knew how to play with him as no one else did; indeed, Stein would not have allowed any one else to play with him so. Stein loved and esteemed him much, and yet their talk was an eternal quarrelling and carping. No doubt this is often a way with people who have had merry days together in youth, partly from habit, partly for remembrance' sake. In this petty teasing and carping Gessler, more quiet and more witty,

accompanied them over the Schmiedeberg Pass, probably in disguise, until they reached the Austrian frontier, the whole journey being made in sleighs. Count Reden would not, of course, consent to his wife making one of the party, but she was unwilling for her husband to run into danger alone.

The miller who lived near the house was a faithful and reliable man, and from him she engaged a small one-horse sleigh with his son to drive it. It stood ready behind the shrubbery till the gentlemen drove off, when Countess Reden, wrapped in shawls and furs, so as to be unrecognisable, got in and followed the other sleigh, only coming up to it when they were close to the frontier. Count Reden exclaimed with pleasure when he saw her, and Stein congratulated him on his brave wife. In later years the Countess often related the incident with beaming eyes.

It was easy for Count Reden, who was well known and highly respected in Silesia, to obtain the means for his friends to continue their flight. He and his brave-hearted wife, of whose courage he was proud, returned home, and he experienced no unpleasantness from the French for the part he had taken in Stein's fleeing the country.

FREIHERR VOM UND ZUM STEIN TO COUNT REDEN

TRAUTENAU, *January* 16, 1809.

The carriage has just appeared and we are preparing to continue our journey, with renewed feelings of affection and gratitude to our good hosts in the valley of Buchwald, and we are calmly looking forward to the future, indifferent to the servile minds

generally got the better; he knew how to play with the lion like a gadfly who bites his muzzle till he roars again; it amused him to awake for a moment the wrath of the Titan to whose might and greatness, nevertheless, he paid due homage" (Seeley's "Life and Times of Stein," vol. ii. p. 324).—M. B.-L.

whose lies about us are filling the daily papers. Every honest man should strive to keep alive a love of truth and freedom among those about him, especially among the young should he be indefatigable in sowing the good seed. The bad carry with them the germs of failure, and will never succeed. We hope to be in Prague to-morrow morning, and I will write to you from there. Farewell, my good friends; be happy, and be assured of my faithful attachment.

Countess Reden writes:

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, *April* 23.

My husband is well, but he is often dissatisfied with the progress of things on the estate, though after such storms one does not hope for returns. The awful taxes, the supplies for the fortresses, the silver duty, the rise in wages, absorb all that is made. A few things pay, however, and agriculture is encouraging, and the sheep still more so, while the cows are visibly improving. The losses I replace with calves of a special breed, and which are a great success. I can manage the feeding of the cattle, but I intend to decrease the number of our live stock, instead of letting it increase, and thus I try to improve the breeds by giving them better and more food. My husband leaves the management of all this to me, I acting under the advice of the steward. Our days slip by as if they were hours, so filled are they with occupations. I get up at five and go to bed at half-past ten, and I generally succeed in accomplishing the work in hand. I keep up my botanical studies, and read English with Reden. We are hardly ever quite alone, and we get all the news. We are in an interesting place, and hear a good deal, and I am thankful that so far all the news has been good. Of course you will know some things which do not reach us. I congratulate you, dear Caroline, on George's birthday, and I shall celebrate the day in my own way, and am already busy with my preparations for it. I am going to give my household, gardeners, and others, a supper, and before supper they are to have a lottery with one hundred tickets and twenty-four prizes, that is, a prize for each person, and all the blanks are to be cakes. Though the things are only trifles, they will give pleasure,

and I intend to distribute them myself, and afterwards we shall drink my brother's health. They are to have a dance at nine o'clock. I think that when the master's house is made attractive, the servants are not so likely to seek pleasures elsewhere. Our forefathers acted upon this principle, and they had good and faithful servants.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—

As God has given me all the happiness and all else that I could possibly desire, I cannot prove to you that I am, as you assert, a contented woman, for I have far more than I deserve. What a husband I have, a treasure not to be replaced by anything the world possesses! And what a brother and sisters I have! and I have besides, Buchwald and good servants, with means to provide for them, and friends who are really in sympathy with me. And those whom I have lost I shall, with God's grace, find again some day, and never be parted from them any more. It is true that my husband has been most unjustly treated; but had he not been so treated, we should not now be enjoying this place, for he would have had to share the fate of the unfortunate Government, and not be able, as he has hitherto been, to spread abroad the happiness which he is still doing. It is true that we had an income of 21,000 thalers, which is reduced to 8,000; the difference is great, but are we less contented? Don't we see here every one who cares to come to us, just as gladly as we used to do? Is our table less tastefully, if less richly served? Is not the loss of show made up for? and is not my husband setting a good example of wise and prudent management, and finding means to undertake all the improvements that are necessary? Dearest Caroline, I do not know whether it is so or not, but it seems to me that we get on better on 8,000 thalers than we did on 21,000, and I have not a moment's uneasiness on the subject.

Spring and summer at Buchwald were busy times, and as Countess Reden understood the management of things, she was able to give personal attention to

the gardening as well as to indoor matters. Her journal contains every detail concerning both housekeeping and out-of-door work. It notes when a sow has a litter, or when the cabbage is planted, wheat sown, or horseradish seed put in, when the orange-trees are set out, and how the peas, iris, aquilegia, etc., are in full bloom. She writes:

We have sown the glebe meadow with grass seed, and have sown flax seed on the Pfaffengrund; the home meadow required eighteen mowers, and was all mown by evening—splendid hay!

The sheep-shearing began, and I was present nearly all day. The results are fairly good. We were in the Pfaffengrund. There is a great difference between the Pomeranian geese and the young ones we have.

The Countess was greatly pleased at the birth of a daughter to her brother's wife. It was baptized Marie Caroline, but was always called Marline. She became the darling of her aunt's heart.

To her Sister-in-law

July.

Thank God that you are the happy mother of a healthy child. God bless mother, father, and daughter with His best blessing, and grant me the delight of seeing your happiness! How glad I am to be her godmother! and I feel that your trusting me to be this is a call from heaven.

The usual busy life went on throughout the winter. At Christmas the Countess gave her husband two yoke of oxen, a proof of the economy demanded by the times, both in the giver and receiver.

Journal

January 29, 1810.—Roses, lilies-of-the-valley, yellow daffodils, hyacinths, are in the room. We have two hundred of frisky lambs.

February 4.—The hens are beginning to lay.

March 7.—A little chicken was hatched in the Pfaffengrund.

March 10.—Blasting is being done on the road to the Birkberg for Thaer's monument.

March 23.—A happy day for every one at Buchwald. Glorious weather. Carrots, radishes, and cress for dinner. Fresh beans for Reden at supper. We have sown every variety of corn in the small field, three ounces of each kind.

April 8.—Caroline planted fifty wild roses around the observatory and Shepherd's Seat. The ponds have been stocked. Hepaticas are in bloom.

April 12.—My beloved husband went for an hour's drive, for the first time since his accident.

May 8.—The peas and beans are growing rapidly. Buchwald has never been in greater luxuriance, nor more delightful and replete with real charm.

The journal mentions here and elsewhere that the small cornfield was kept for experiments in growing all sorts of grain, home and foreign.

May 12.—Happy day! We drove to the observatory by the new road through the wood. The Teufelsborn-Hübel looks as if it had been made by the hand of a fairy, and is a delightful resort, with its seats overlooking the beautiful views, the trout ponds, and the majestic trees. Friederike's Island has been laid out and planted, and seats set up. A delightfully cosy room has been built in the Pfaffengrund, and I was as usual overwhelmed with every sort of loving attention. I was presented with a tiny donkey by my sisters, and with two beehives from Mühlmann [the butler], and a fine young goat from Stonsdorf.

May 17.—The cattle were let out into the fields. The thunder-storm has done a good deal of damage to fields, meadows, roads, and bridges, and it has caused a great deal of extra work; but one is thankful that so much was left uninjured.

Countess Reden writes:

I shall never forget the night of the 24th and the following morning. The sight of the destruction was dreadful, and our poor people at Quirl suffered terribly. We have consoled and helped them as

much as we could, and in doing this we found comfort and encouragement for our own losses and mishaps, which are chiefly in our favourite parts. But really, the resignation of the people prevents us from grieving over our own troubles. Their patience is most exemplary. All these worries are bad for my husband in his state of health, and I do admire his patience, but I suffer very much on his account. His cough and weak digestion cause me more anxiety than everything else, and the cold of the last few weeks tries him greatly. The entire change in the Ministry has not surprised so much as it has pleased us. Beyme's retirement is certainly a great mercy, and the whole of Silesia, where he is hated, rejoiced. It does not make any change in our position. My husband might be drawn into advising his party, and he would, of course, help wherever he could; but *voilà tout!*

Buchwald was filled, as usual, with very many guests in the summer. President Schuckmann was there, and had a great deal to say about his tobacco planting, and Count Reden was induced to try it.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

December 1.

I like and esteem Hardenberg, but the friend at Prague is dearer to me [Stein]. There are few such men as he. Correspondence with him is a real pleasure—he has such a grasp of things, and he is so single-minded, while his rare power of expression makes his beautiful letters quite incomparable. He writes twice a week. I do hope that public affairs will soon improve, and that he will be again free from care and at his ease.

Count and Countess Reden and the Countess's two sisters went to Berlin in February, 1811.

Several changes had taken place among the circle of their intimate friends. Luise von der Reck was married to Count Anton Stolberg of Wernigerode, and Countess Reden's particular friend among the von der Reck sisters, Eberhardine, had married Count

Henrich Stolberg, the eldest son of Christian Friedrich, the head of the Wernigerode family.

In April Count and Countess Reden were again at home and absorbed in the work of their farms and garden.

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *April*, 1811.

I am able to give you a good account of my husband. His cough is rather less, and he rides a good deal, and is very busy and full of life. We saw many new things in Berlin, and made some very agreeable acquaintances, a few of whom will perhaps come and see us here. Professor Lichtenstein was very interesting in his accounts of a five years' stay in Africa. But life in Berlin is all hurry, and I could not have stood it long.

Buchwald was full of visitors during the summer of 1811, including Count Reuss XLIV. and his children, and Count Reden's sister and her children. The appearance of a comet induced the party to devote a good deal of time to astronomy. They lived an out-of-door life to a great extent, often dining in the salon (a summer-house in the park which had been furnished both for comfort and use). The bench outside, called the Mother's Seat, was one of the Countess's favourite places, and they all enjoyed the orange-room on the sunny side of the little house, where the oranges were kept in winter. In the kitchen garden close by a part of it was set apart for the cultivation of medicinal herbs. In the park beyond there was another summer-house, which was also often used.

To Dorette

We returned from Dresden on August 10, where we had gone with my sister-in-law, Frau von Münchhausen. . . . We brought our niece Luise von

Münchhausen back with us for a long stay. She is an interesting girl of fourteen, not brilliant nor accomplished, but genial, sympathetic, lively, and good. She has plenty of brains, and gets on so rapidly with her studies under my tuition that I feel well rewarded.

She was a pleasant pupil and companion to her aunt, whose journal mentions reading Schiller's tragedies with her in the afternoon, and Humboldt's "Across Mexico" in the morning.

The companionship of our dear Reuss children for five weeks was excellent for her. Her elder brother is in the mining department, two miles from us, and he often comes over to be coached by his uncle. I am enchanted with my nieces Auguste and Linchen; they are indeed children upon whom rests their mother's blessing.

The blockade of the continent at that time made the price of sugar so high as to render it almost impossible to buy, and Countess Reden tried to replace it in various ways. She made a syrup from maize, but it contained too small an amount of sugar to be of much use; then she tried pumpkin, and finally beetroot. This proved by far the best, and its cultivation the most useful, as the leaves could be used for fodder. The sugar industry on the continent dates from this period.

In spite of her many occupations, Countess Reden read a great deal, and her journal mentions that she had read "To Africa," by Lichtenstein, and Zimmermann's "Australia," and she says how great was her interest in the writings of Frederick the Great. "How prophetic he was about France! How strong, noble, and simple is his writing!"

Emilia von der Reck writes:

BERLIN, *February* 18, 1812.

Countess Reden kindly asked to have the day

[Emilia's birthday] celebrated at her house, and invited all our nearer friends, as well as others, such as the Prince of Hesse, Count Ingeheim, Herr von Romberg, Carl von Voss, etc. We danced after tea to the music of a barrel-organ and a piano, and we had supper at little round tables, and then we danced the cracovienne, to which some verses were sung, and which N. N. had to compose in an hour's time, but the verses and the music did not suit together, and the result was an impossible discord, interrupted by the laughter of the whole company. It could not have been so funny if it had been a complete success; but as it was, we had great fun, and laughed till the stove shook.

Countess Reden writes:

BUCHWALD, *April* 2, 1812.

What a restless, uncomfortable, unpleasant time we spent in Berlin, seeing little of our pleasant friends, and always going about, obliged to listen to grumblings and complaints from all classes! How I do enjoy my dear, quiet Buchwald after all that turmoil! We made a really economical journey, and spent two days at Cunersdorf and Mögelin, one at Friedensdorf with Marwitz, who is a disciple of Thaer, then another day at Gröditzberg with the learned bailiff Lochmann. We gathered a great deal of information, and mean to imitate and profit by what we have learned.

Countess Reden's two sisters returned in March, just when Count Reden fell seriously ill. Emilia von der Reck writes:

May 12 was very sad for Countess Reden and for all her guests, and even Count Reden himself became depressed. They don't seem to have much hope that he can live long. What a prospect for poor Countess Reden! She fully realises what may happen before long.

By degees his health improved, and his wife and sister-in-law tried in vain to persuade him to winter in Italy.

To her Sister-in-law

June 13.

A night seldom passes without anxiety about my beloved husband. His improvement is a slow affair, and he has frequent relapses. Yet we are thankful that he feels some benefit from the fresh air, and is able to bear a drive. You would find him much changed, thinner, and so pale. God knows best, and I hope and trust that He will, in His great mercy, spare me my life's joy. I don't deserve your praise, dear Caroline, for I know and feel how often I lack courage and self-control, though I do strive to hide my weakness.

August 11.

The day before yesterday was the anniversary of our marriage, and I bless the day and hour. I have had many cares, it is true, and much anxiety about my dear husband, and the future does not look bright; and yet the happiness I have had in being the nurse and friend of such a man outweighs all the sorrow.

My cornfield is in splendid condition, thanks to the two little pepins who have attended to it so well. I can give very little time to these matters, as I devote all my time to my husband, after Luise has done her lessons.

Countess Reden called the girls and boys who did all sorts of odds and ends of work her "pepins." The boys did a good deal of writing, and as they grew older and were educated for domestic or secretarial work, she found them places, and the girls were trained for domestic service by Caroline von Riedesel.

Count Reden was seriously ill again in the autumn.

From the Farm Journal

This journal was not continued after November 28, owing to my dear husband's illness, when I thought only of him, forgetting farm, cattle, everything. I will condense what I know of that time. I thank God for all His goodness to us that year, and that my sorrow is now mercifully over, and my husband better. I revive once more, and pray God to help me.

With these feelings Countess Reden began the eventful year of 1813. They both met the great events with hearts full of anxiety, but with joy and gratitude.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Buchwald, *February* 22.

According to the latest news, that of the 16th, the Cossacks must have been at Cunersdorf, and I am anxious to learn how they conducted themselves. The Kalisch[1] affair must have been deadly. Two hundred carts filled with wounded passed through Breslau. The scattered troops were not received in Polish Wartenburg. (Do you consider that right? We are not fighting against the allies.) The fugitives got as far as Schmiedeberg.

Carl von der Reck has been at Jannowitz for two days and goes to Breslau to-morrow with Anton.[2]

We expect Schock[3] to-morrow. Our good Fritz[4] will not remain behind. The last two days have been very happy ones to me, for my beloved husband went out for the first time in three months, and he heartily enjoyed the fine mild air and the lovely view of the mountains. . . . All the young nobles have gone to Breslau to serve, including three sons of Count Stosch, Count Mortimer, Count Götzen, and the Reichenbachs.

February 24.

We got no letters yesterday, and are in constant expectation of something happening, and you can fancy our impatience for news. We heard from Hirschberg and Liegnitz to-day that the French have burnt the bridge at Crossener, which, of course, stops the post. Cossacks were at Haynau, Bunzlau, and Parchwitz yesterday. The Saxon hospital corps crossed the mountains in the most miserable condition, and the people at Schmiedeberg are doing all they can for them.

[1] The French, under General Reynier, were beaten by the Russians under General Baron Winzingerode, February 13, 1813. He was born 1770, died 1818.—M. B.-L.

[2] Count Anton Stolberg.—E. R.

[3] Schock, Heinrich LX. Reuss.—E. R. [4] Fritz von Itzenplitz.—E. R.

BUCHWALD, *March* 20, 1813.

I received your letter dated March 1 on the 12th. I had written to you on the 10th to congratulate you on the liberation of Berlin. We were in a state of constant anxiety from February 20 till March 4, but we are less anxious now. . . . The Tzar Alexander ordered the immediate departure of the troops, and some of them have arrived already at Löwenberg and Jauer, as well as six thousand Russians from the Winzengerode corps, and they will act with us. The Tzar went to see Stein on the 16th, and would not allow him to come to him. We hear regularly from Frau von Stein now that she has joined her husband. His present sphere of action is grand and noble, and I hope that he will succeed in satisfying expectations.

Breslau has really risen from the dead, and people of all nationalities, and many who were thought to be dead, are there now.

Gneisenau[1] has two British officers with him who brought arms and ammunition. They say the Prince Biron is going to enter the Russian service, because he was not quartered where he wished to be.

Scharnhorst[2] has received the Alexander-Newski order.

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

March 31.

It is the same with you as with me, and when my mind is at rest for a moment, I interest myself with outside concerns; but how little they are to me when the beloved object of my life is suffering or less well! . . . We hardly dare talk much about the daily news, but we hope and expect the best, and that salvation may be near. The public spirit is splendid. I had a letter from Septi,[3] from some place between Bunzlau and Görlitz. He was well and happy. May God bless the noble boy who has had such a special place in my heart ever since his childhood!

[1] Field-Marshal Count von Gneisenau, born 1760, died 1829.—M.B.-L.

[2] General von Scharnhorst (Hanoverian), born 1735, died 1813.—M. B.-L.

[3] "Septi," Heinrich LXX. Reuss.—E. R.

Our friend [1] from Nassau was in the greatest danger for three weeks. He had one of those dreadful fevers which carry people off so quickly.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Buchwald, *April* 23.

Only a few words to-day, dear friend, before the post goes out. I have had very much to do, for I owed letters in every direction. Some of the posts may be stopped soon. The news promises well; they are cautiously advancing, and there seems to be much unity of opinion in executing their plans. The Hereditary Duke John is stationed near Ezenstochau, and Saxony is garrisoned from Prague. The first war bulletin in the Vienna paper of the 15th is extremely interesting. The supplies which we had to order from Waldau, in Saxony, have been countermanded, a proof that the troops are retiring. I am in constant suspense: how can I be otherwise, when our fate trembles in the balance?

August 17, *Morning.*

What an important and interesting day this is! I can think of nothing else. The anniversary of Friedrich II.'s death, and to-day we await the relief of Europe! Since twelve o'clock last night there is not a single neutral state left in this part of the world, except, perhaps, Sardinia; and if Napoleon had not rejected up till now the peace proposals, Austria would have joined also. Our position is peculiarly interesting here. There is a camp a quarter of a mile distant, with all its unavoidable consequences for us. Here, at Buchwald, it is perfectly quiet; but two and a half miles away a not unimportant engagement took place yesterday. The French were obliged to retire, and seem to have drawn back at all points. God grant that this poor country, which has suffered so indescribably and for such a length of time, may be relieved at last.[2] Our supply of food is not sufficient

[1] Heinrich Friedrich Karl, Imperial Freiherr vom und zum Stein, Prussian statesman, Minister of Finance and Commerce, 1804-8; born October 27, 1757, died July 29, 1831.—M. B.-L.

[2] Blücher won a victory over the French General Macdonald, near the river Katzbach, in the neighbourhood of Liegnitz, on August 26, and there was an engagement at Goldberg shortly after.—M. B.-L.

now, and our crowded towns require two or three supplies a day. At our farm on the Birkberg, where the camp covers part of the mountain side, the potato fields are quite bare, but the six or seven hundred bushels which we gave away are of little good, as they do not satisfy hunger, for they are no larger than filberts, and many had begun to sprout. But how readily we shall forget everything of this sort if only public affairs go on all right!

September 2.

Thanks to our faithful people here, nearly all signs of the bivouac in house and garden have been removed. Everything in Silesia is going on all right, and I hope all is well with you at Dresden. We have taken more than two hundred guns and from three to four hundred ammunition and baggage waggons. It is an extraordinary victory. Here is an extract from a letter written by Harry Reuss on the evening of the 28th:

"We won a glorious victory on the 26th, and I am able to tell you, with a heart full of joy, that we are doing well. Our soldiers have to endure a great deal, but even when we wade up to our waists through the river by day, and sleep on the damp ground at night, there is no murmuring. They are cheerful, for we have had a victory, and they can shout now, 'Long live the King!' With one voice we thank God. The Landwehr behaved like heroes—I mean, of course, the privates, for as an officer, I cannot speak of the others."

There are very few letters extant of the year 1813, one reason being, perhaps, the uncertainty of the posts at that unsettled time. Count Reden and his wife were certain to have taken an active part in public events wherever possible. The Countess was always ready to serve her Fatherland, and the appointment of her brother under Stein in the administration of the territory they had won back was a great delight to her.

To her Sister-in-law

December 20, 1813.

I must write you, dear Caroline, of my pleasure in George's appointment, which will give you both such opportunities of usefulness. It will give my brother so many chances of helping on the work which is so greatly needed. And then, dear Caroline, you will be together. Only a wife who loves and is loved knows what separation means. But you would not, I know, have held George back from serving with the Landwehr against the enemy, and you would have hidden your tears and suffered dreadfully and not have known a moment's peace. We are not Roman women, whose hard resignation I never admired, but true German women, who love our husbands with all our hearts. It is touching to see my husband's enthusiasm and delight. All the sacrifices which he has laid on the altar of his Fatherland will surely bring him blessings. His cheerfulness is like new life to me. . . . The end of the year is indeed glorious, especially for us Prussians. What have we not gone through, and how much there is for us to talk over when we meet!

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Buchwald, *January* 15.

My sisters, Countess Carmer, and I are all here in my bedroom, each at a writing-table finishing our letters for the post. There is a tremendous storm to-day, and it is so bitterly cold that none of the rooms can be got warm, so we are all encamped here close to the stove, with the curtains drawn and hermetically sealed, although it is only four o'clock, and we are obliged to write by lamplight. . . .

Herr von Stein, the Representative of the Province, from Breslau, has also been here for a week. He was born at Weimar, and educated under Goethe, and he is a scientific and agreeable man. I love and respect him very much, and his visit has done my husband and the trio good.

The news yesterday was most interesting. Letters from the frontiers of France tell us of slight disturbances there which may mean peace and quietness for us before long. The Guards are ordered to Geneva, *viâ*

Berne. I wish our young soldiers had a better season for their journey. My brother George was at Dresden for ten days, to see Prince Repnin. Count Gessler was there, and was very much taken with him, and says that he is admirable and energetic in his work. He is commissioned to organise the Landwehr[1] and Landsturm[2] of all the Princes, to look after the hospitals, transport, and commissariat, and to superintend everything while the march lasts. You see, dear friend, that there is no lack of work, and there will be plenty of thorny moments. God will give strength for them all. . . .

I am reading a good deal of English just now, and have come across many excellent works; but when shall we be able to get books direct from England? Our friends the Clintons are in command in Spain and Portugal. I am glad that our King waited till the greater part of his troops were across the Rhine before joining the army.

To her Sister-in-law

May 22.

I am surrounded by the whole family, which makes it a trifle confusing to write a letter. My good husband sends his love. His health is much as usual, but he does not lose patience, and he is fairly well, and his mind as clear and active as ever. He celebrated the twelfth with a thousand proofs of his love and tenderness for his devoted Fritze. I was very much touched and delighted by so many friends coming on that day. We are quite happy about political matters, and are enjoying everything *con amore*, though we think that the Allies are too lenient.

The anniversary of the battle of Katzbach was celebrated by Count Reden and the friends whom he invited to be of the party by bivouacking on the Birkberg. Count Reuss LXIV. and his three sons were among the relations present. An anecdote is told of the servants coming to blows as to the

[1] All the manhood of the nation who have served in the army.—M. B.-L.

[2] All males able to bear arms.—M. B.-L.

respective merits of their several masters. Possibly the liberal allowance of drink may have contributed to the affair. Buchwald had its usual number of visitors that summer, and the ever-kind host did not seem worse than usual.

But the autumn was a time of anxiety, for he was constantly ill, and although his wife knew his condition to be hopeless, she never permitted her fears to appear. Her journals about the end of October contain many sad expressions, and in her gardening journal she writes:

Glorious weather! I am going through the fields to note down the number of roots. If only I could feel cheerful about my husband's condition!

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *December* 16.

The days are too short by half, and though they are not idly spent, I find that they fly much faster when they are most monotonous—that is to say, when they are well-ordered and regular. The mornings of the late autumn and winter are devoted to my own pursuits, reading, note-taking, etc., and to household matters; a visit to the conservatory, a drive to the farm with my husband, where I stop for a short time, a little botany with Lotte, some accounts, and the morning is gone. I read a little in the afternoon or play the piano—especially if no one is here—write letters till our sociable tea is ready, after which we read and work. Reden reads aloud to us after supper, and I have not done the half of what I had intended to do. Add to this, a visitor drops in, and the other incidental interruptions, odds and ends of business to see to, which you, as a housekeeper, can well understand, and the days are really too short.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Buchwald, *December* 28.

If only my husband were stronger and his cough less, what might not 1815 be to me! He was ill in October and November, but he has been much better

this month. One would have to possess his strength of mind to be able to endure suffering for such a length of time with so much cheerfulness, and to retain so much interest in all that is good and useful, as he does. Your letter gave him great pleasure, especially the notes about Nathusius's factories, and he would like to read Thaer's report very much. Have you not made a collection of dried plants from your garden this year? My hopes are built, dear, on you. It would be nice if we kept ourselves *au courant* about the new things in the gardening world.

To Dorette

Buchwald, *December.*

A life-sized bust of my husband in Parian marble has been sent to me from the Berlin China-factory. It is a superb present, and a very finished work of art, which I know how to appreciate as it deserves.

The winter passed in the usual way. Though Count Reden seemed no worse, his strength had been undermined by years of suffering. He retained to the last his lively interest in the great events of the day, as well as his love for everything great and good, and his wife shared all this with him, so that in after-years she was able to speak of the "happy times of 1815"; but this happiness was all too short.

To her Sister-in-Law

March 28.

I waited till after the 23rd before writing to you, dear Caroline, and I am glad that the day passed off very pleasantly, and my dear husband was more cheerful than I dared to hope, and fairly well. He was pleased with each little surprise, and my little present of two English books, one on sheepbreeding containing sixteen steel-engravings by Petri, a case with knife, fork, and spoon for our little trips to the farms, and also a plated beer-jug with three bottles of the genuine article, he

liked very much. . . . He was so seriously ill for a fortnight, that I was afraid he would have a dangerous relapse. That is over now, thank God! and although he suffers a good deal, the nights are better, and he gets several consecutive hours of sleep.

I am in no fear of that horrible Napoleon being able to make any lasting progress. Any sort of civil war is terrible, and the unrest in Europe and the general expense cannot be estimated. Silesia, especially, will be in a miserable state, as there is a notification of the coming of two Russian army corps, and all the Landwehr are on the march. Three hundred and eighty-eight soldiers are to arrive here to-morrow, and we shall have eleven officers and fourteen servants quartered on us, and this is to go on for the whole month, and all this comes upon us just at the time for sowing. Every one had been so delighted at having peace, and in being able to carry on the regular occupations of life in quietness once more. Having the plants indoors has shortened the winter immensely for me, and my sitting-room and the corner window are literally turned into flower-beds.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Buchwald, *March* 31, 1815.

I can say with truth that it is a long time since I have been so upset as I have been by the news to-day. I never could have imagined it could be so bad, nor that the advance could be so rapid as one hundred and twenty miles in twenty days, and no difficult march, but a triumphal progress.[1] What a nation!—what a people! It is impossible to fancy what the result of the entry into Paris will be. The fate of the brave, noble-minded King is truly lamentable. Such events are almost beyond belief, and we are deeply distressed. I have very little hope (my sisters would tell you that that is my way), but my dear Reden has more. We discuss it, study the maps, measure the distances, and the result is sad enough. I only depend upon the eastern provinces. Péronne does not seem to me secure enough. This restless,

[1] Napoleon escaped from the island of Elba on February 26, landed in France March 1, and marched on Paris. There from March 20 to June 29.

dictatorial soldiery reminds me of the days before the fall of Rome, when an emperor was appointed, dethroned, and killed at the pleasure of the army.

April 1.

If April ends as well as it has begun, my husband's health will improve. We have had a glorious week of spring weather, and everything is coming out. The 23rd was a day of happy sadness, but my husband was better than I thought possible. Still, he likes to be out of doors when once I can get him into the carriage, which is not an easy matter, and it is some time before he can be got off. He has been out riding twice. We had a large number of the staff and all the officers of the Landwehr quartered on us on the 29th, while eight hundred and eighty men were in the village. Everything passed off quietly and well, and it was particularly pleasant for us to find three of the mining officials among the officers, two of whom owe their very existence to my husband. You can fancy how much pleased they were to see their benefactor again, and to receive his God-speed.

I hope Humboldt will not remain in Paris now. We are anxious about many of our acquaintances who are there.

I must stop, but I will write again before long. My husband is waiting for me to join him in the cornfield, and for the sowing to begin. I am to take the seed, and so I must not delay.

To her Sister-in-law

April 20.

My husband's opinion and mine upon the present catastrophe are the same—namely, that the spirit of the kingdom of evil, this so-called freedom, which Napoleon is allowing to run wild, will be the cause of his fall. But who will ever be able to rule that ungovernable people? I am expecting America and her children, with the tutor, governess, and four servants; also Herr von Rosenstiel, the Councillor of State, Herr Rösch, a provincial Judge, Countess Carmer, and my sisters. It will be a great pleasure; and yet—can you believe it?—we are dreading to have our quiet invaded, for my husband enjoys our solitude, and I am so happy alone with him.

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A new interest, which was to be rich in results, came into the life of both husband and wife about this time. The Countess had written to her sister-in-law in October of the previous year, and asked her:

> Will you become a member of our Bible Society? I am deeply interested in it, for it fulfils a long-cherished desire. It is, besides, indispensable to our schools.

And again later on she wrote:

> Nothing occupies my mind more than everything in any way connected with the Bible Society, and missionary work, and it seems to me that it will spread like an unquenchable fire the true faith and a knowledge of the Bible.

The Prussian Bible Society had been founded in Berlin by the Scotch minister Dr. Pinkerton. It was wonderful how warmly Count Reden entered into the movement which began in England, and reached him through Berlin, and he carried on the work among his tenants and cottagers at Buchwald and Quirl.

He does not appear to have been a man of enthusiastic evangelical convictions, though a noble-hearted, duty-loving philanthropist, and from this standpoint he may have regarded the spread of the Bible as likely to further the instruction and better the condition of the people. He had, with the help of the churchwardens, a list drawn up of the Bibles which were to be found in the place, and then to have made known how many were required, and to have invited the parishioners to contribute towards a supply of Bibles. They subscribed twenty-three thalers, and fifty Bibles were ordered.

Count Reden distributed the Bibles himself, having got them from the head repository in Berlin. He did more than that, as he wanted to distribute the Holy Scriptures in far-away places in the mountain

districts, so he decided to found a Bible Society in his own parish. He drew up the rules, and submitted them to the consideration of a few people who met at his house on June 19, 1815. They were on the lines of the mother society in England, and are in force to the present day. A small fund was opened, to which the Count subscribed fifty thalers, the Countess two Friedrich d'or, and Sir James Riddell four. Lotte von Riedesel was the treasurer and the choirmaster, Herr Maiwald the secretary. Count Reden appointed his wife to be president. If it be true that the dying often speak prophetically, Count Reden, who was rapidly approaching his end, had as it were a prophetic instinct in his last actions, and he gave to his much-loved wife, an object which became a great blessing to her and many others. There were seven members when the society was first founded, besides the above-mentioned officials of it. The rough draft of the proceedings on this first day contained these words:

Further, we will earnestly endeavour to spread the pure faith and comfort of the Holy Scriptures.

The Count and Countess had one more great joy in the news of the battle of Waterloo, though their joy was saddened by their sympathy with Countess Sophie Schwerin, whose husband was killed on the battlefield.

To her Sister-in-Law

Buchwald, *June* 28, 1815.

I can't tell you how happy I am in anticipation of our meeting. God grant that my dear husband may be fairly well when you come, so that he may enjoy your visit. . . . It is hardly necessary to tell you how happy we were at the news of the 18th. Every one is rejoicing about us, and Wellington and Blücher are the heroes of the day. Such a beginning

promises a speedy and happy ending. God grant it may be so!

This letter has a touching interest, as having been written only five days before her earthly happiness was taken from her. Count Reden's health did not cause any special anxiety just then, though he required the greatest care, as he had done for years to a certain extent. There was a large party of friends and relations staying in the house—the Bernstorffs and their four children, and various friends, including Sir James Riddell. Caroline von Riedesel was away nursing Countess Jenny Reuss.

Writing later on about these last days, Countess Reden says:

I live now only in the memory of those happy days of 1815, every one of which brought me some fresh proof of my husband's love. I shall never forget his words on the 20th, as we were driving not far from the Abbey and the Grotto. Seeing that I was moved, he pressed me to him, and said in French, so that the coachman might not understand, and with a feeling and significance which thrilled me, "Amie de mon cœur, je vous aime, je vous adore." A rose-bush blooms on the spot now, and I often go there. And so it was every day. Then came the hours of illness, borne with heavenly patience; but the time when the conviction that his death was imminent had not actually forced itself upon my senseless mind till my eyes at last rested on his beautiful lifeless features, and the moment soon came—ah, how soon!—when I felt the pang and the despair of that long farewell.

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June 21.—The last breakfast in the Pavilion with my dear husband, the very last time I was there with him. Was it the premonition of my approaching sorrow which moved me so deeply and which made me shed so many tears? I thought that Riddell's leaving us was the cause. I choked them back and was more cheerful when I saw my husband come in.



FRIEDRICH WILHELM, COUNT VON REDEN.

(From a drawing by Freifräulein Caroline von Riedesel zu Eisenach in 1815. By kind permission of Freiherr von Rotenhan, of Buchwald.)

[*To face p.* 104.

July 2.—What a fulness of love he showered upon me in those last days! "Your voice is music to me." "Wife, you have the noblest mind, the tenderest heart, but take care that it does not run away with your head."

July 3.—The last night, the last day, and then that break came in my life which will last until I reach a happier world. After eight o'clock to-day Fritze Reden ceased to be happy or glad. The object of her existence departed from her. She must endure with patience, then will come her reward.

CAROLINE VON RIEDESEL TO COUNTESS VON ITZENPLITZ

July 5.

I hasten to tell you, dear Frau von Itzenplitz, and your husband, the sad news of my brother-in-law's death. You have known him so many years, and so highly appreciated his rare character, and you also knew the happy relations between him and my poor sister, that you will mourn his loss with us all. This wet, cold weather aggravated the trouble in his lungs, and for three days he was very ill in bed, and then passed peacefully away in our beloved Fritze's arms, retaining his consciousness till the last. She did not break down until he could no longer hear or see her tears. We sisters who are with her knew her love for him, and with aching hearts we can measure the terrible emptiness surrounding her on all sides, and we ask ourselves if time and the duties that await her will be able to fill the void. I am thankful to say that she has the relief of tears which she so long kept back. Her one occupation now is to talk of him as he rests near her with a smile on his face. He is to be buried the day after to-morrow after sundown, and his final resting-place will be in a vault in the Abbey, in the midst of his own beautiful work. She is indescribably glad that the news of the victory reached him. He rejoiced over it to the very last in his own special way. The Countess Reuss, whom I have been nursing, passed away a few days before him. He died at eight in the evening, a few hours after that poor sufferer had been laid in her last resting-place. You will be glad to know that my sister America and her husband and Countess Carmer are here with us.

CAROLINE VON RIEDESEL TO COUNTESS VON ITZENPLITZ

July 21.

A few hurried lines to answer your questions, dearest friend. My brother-in-law clearly recognised that he was getting weaker, and must have done so in January, when we decided to go to Berlin. After that he got better, and was much more hopeful after he had seen Dr. Haüsler. He made his will, however, in March, and seemed more at ease when he had attended to this. I was altogether satisfied with his looks when we returned in April, and no one thought of danger when he complained of feeling ill on June 27. Then poor Countess Reuss died on the 28th in great suffering, and I remained at Stonsdorf till the next day, on account of her poor husband. Fritze made up her mind to go and see him and fetch me back. This all will show you how little anxiety we felt; but on my return, when I saw how exhausted my brother-in-law was by the fever, I felt that it was more serious than a mere passing attack. Friends not knowing his powers of endurance, and seeing him so cheerful and with such a keen interest in all that went on about him, might easily have been deceived; but we who had often seen him ill were more anxious. His fever and flushed face kept us in dread of hæmorrhage, but he did not have one. I think I told you that I closed his eyes. If she were not my sister, I should say that her demeanour in this deep sorrow was an example for every one. You can well imagine that life has lost its charm for her. Her one feeling just at present is the emptiness of life and the weight of its duties. She keeps well in health. My brother George, although he did not receive our letters, came to her at once with his wife and child, and their meeting was a very trying moment. Of course, George is doing all he can for her in the way of necessary business, and we go to him for help in every conceivable way. Marline's clinging affection for her poor, desolate aunt is irresistible. She is really the greatest comforter that heaven has sent us. We sisters who have seen how our sister's life was filled by his presence, nursing him in his illness by night, and devoting herself to him all day, know how terribly



SCHLOSS BUCHWALD.

(From a photograph by Liebig, of Alt-Kemnitz.)



THE ABBEY AT BUCHWALD,
Where Count and Countess von Reden are buried.

(From a photograph by Liebig, of Alt-Kemnitz.)

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heavy time must hang upon her now. The difficult new life has to be begun. I often thank God that we are with her. Even the lovely weather is a pain to her, now that he is no longer here to enjoy it with her. We do not attempt to advise her about anything, for we hope that with the softening influences of time she will begin to take up her duties. She will turn Buchwald into a house of good works, and will devote all her means to its maintenance. We are seeing no one but the Stonsdorf family, among whom I consider the Fourty-fourth as one. The first meeting with them was very trying."

Countess Reden wrote in her little housekeeping journal about these last days:

June 28.—I drove out with my best friend, my councillor, and my guide for the last time. As we were returning home he pointed out the glade he had had cut near the farmhouse, which he had done to please me, as he had always done everything.

June 29.—My dear husband was in the Pfaffengrund with Count Bernstorff, and so busy that he only got back at half-past two, never again to drive out, never again to see his farms, nor his Buchwald. I must do all without him. May God give me strength for it! The prospects are bad—no seed, no grain, no oats; but God will further bless his beautiful work, and accept me to carry it on.

June 30.—The weather is as sad as my soul. The hay was brought in.

July 1.—An anxious day, the forerunner of the worst that can be, the day of his death.

July 3.—The end of my earthly happiness. Buchwald is desolate and forsaken.

July 7.—My Reden left his house to rest in the Abbey. There he rests as peacefully as he lived, and I must work on without him, without help, without advice.

July 8.—The barley is being cut here in the Pfaffengrund, the rape seed thrashed. My husband will never again guide my pen, will never again call my attention to anything. Oh, alone here, and without him!

CHAPTER III

FIRST YEARS OF WIDOWHOOD AND WORKING AND SUFFERING IN THE SERVICE OF GOD

1815—1829

COUNTESS REDEN was now a widow. The nursing and anxiety were over, the work for and with her husband were past, the thirteen years of happiness gone for ever.

Later on God's grace wrought a change, but at first, it must be owned, her husband's memory became her religion, and she worshipped it. The hope of her life was to fulfil her duties faithfully and to the uttermost, and thus earn the reward of seeing him again. This gave her self-control, and was a support to her in daily life, and won her the admiration of those about her. The management of Buchwald according to his known wishes, and the carrying out of his work, she regarded as a sacred trust. She managed every branch of the agricultural work on the estate, looked after the garden, and toiled indefatigably. But her letters and diaries are full of her passionate sorrow.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Buchwald, *July* 22.

What shall my aching heart tell you, my dear friend? The joy of my life has been taken from me, and although my brother and my sisters are with me, and lavish upon me love and tenderness, I feel

forsaken, desolate, and most unspeakably wretched. There is no sorrow that can equal the loss of such daily, hourly companionship as I have had. To have been the object of such a man's devotion makes life without him unbearable, except from a sense of duty. I enjoyed his confidence and his love in the fullest measure; his conversation, his counsel, his praise were life to me, and now life is empty indeed. The longing for my dear husband takes complete possession of me. It is one of my comforts to remember that God gave me strength to be calm and tearless in those last supreme moments when, with his head on my shoulder, my hand clasped and pressed in his, he looked at me and thus ended his beautiful life. Buchwald, his creation, his favourite spot on earth, is no longer the bright place it was, and remains to me a sad reminder of my abiding sorrow. It is replete with his love for me, and is indeed a treasure, and I will care for it as a precious relic. But how different it is for me now! The spirit has fled, all is changed.

The presence of her sisters was a great solace to her. Her brother, partly educated under Count Reden's supervision, was wise and experienced in the management of land, and she could depend on his judgment, and seek his help and advice, and leave much to him at this time.

To her Sister-in-law

August 3.

The longer the separation the more earnestly do I long for our re-union. This will come one day, if I am worthy, this blessed and welcome moment.

I am doing all I can to keep everything in order, and to maintain a strict supervision over the whole place. The July accounts are made up, and I have a thousand thalers in hand for household expenses.

. . . My time of probation has come: pray that I may use it aright. My future course is determined, and when I am able to think again, I trust that God will support me and grant me resignation, and will reward my efforts.

But the empty place in every room, the vacant places everywhere which once were his! . . . Oh! everything is terribly changed. I often feel as if I did not even know my old self any longer. . . . I only live in trying to carry on the work he left me to do, and though I have strength for it, I have little pleasure in it. . . . How different it would have been if I had a child of his! . . . How I miss not having my dear one to tend and nurse, and the glance with which he so lovingly thanked me! How I miss the love that understood mine, the intimate confidence which my dear husband bestowed upon me, the heart which was wholly mine, and the charm of his society, his counsel!—oh! I miss it all. . . .

The Reusses are at Stonsdorf and often come over. Count Gessler is here. He understands and sympathises with my sorrow.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

November 8.

My poor orphaned Buchwald shall continue as hospitable as of old, for its master would wish it to be so; but the signs of happiness, . . . the silent signs of a dear, noble husband's love and of a wife's joy, these are no longer here, and will no longer greet the guests who come. It can never again be what it once was. Life is duty for me henceforth, and memories of the past. The future has lost all charm, and I only look forward with hope to eternal reunion, with which God will reward me in His own good time.

You don't know how I suffer at times, though outwardly, perhaps, I am calmer. From the first day I was able to act, because I felt that I alone could carry out my husband's wishes. . . . I am quite able to work, for I know I must. I try to do all that he would have me do, and to act as he would have acted. I can't make up my mind to ask advice where Buchwald is concerned; besides, I am sure to find counsel from his own hand, if I look for it. Thank God, all his papers and directions are by me, all left in order by him, and they contain all the help and guidance that I require, and they are a great consolation to me. . . .

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

December 27, 1815.

You don't know how hard it is to say good-bye to 1815. I had six happy months in it, six months with my husband, and 1816! . . . Now comes the making up of accounts, the new state of affairs. What a desolate feeling they give me! No one to persuade or to dissuade me from anything.

Alas! when I used to read or hear about a broken heart, I never thought that it could be more than what I felt when my father died, and my mother and my sister. Ah, how different it is now!

Thus ended the sad year 1815, and at the beginning of the new year, 1816, the Countess writes:

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January 1, 1816.—Alone, desolate, bereaved of my best friend! I am without his advice, but, thank God! I am under his blessing and protection, and thus do I enter upon this new year, and God alone knows with what an anxious, sorrowful heart. God bless my sisters, who now and always show me such faithful and devoted affection!

January 7.—Worked with Herr Wendt at the same table at which you sat to draw up the deed which made me mistress of Buchwald. You thought of me with such great affection, for you read in my heart that your Fritze cared, not for the possession itself, but for the care, the trouble, the consolation, of carrying out all your wishes with regard to it, and for all this she thanks you.

January 15.—"Don't let your heart run away with your reason," my dear husband used to say, and I often repeat his words when I feel inclined to be too yielding and to resign a right.

February 2.—My good miners in Tarnowitz Hospital have received a little assistance from friends, which I am to spend for them, and which will be a help to them.

I am working at the leases. How often am I deeply moved by the many evidences of affection and unceasing care to which each building bears witness! What have I done in return for so much love? Ah! I have loved with my whole soul in return, and every

day of my life, please God, I shall continue to love him. I am collecting the papers relating to the mining and smelting departments. What a labour, what a wealth of experience they show! If I had had a son to profit by all this accumulated knowledge!

George von Riedesel, with his wife and little daughter, came to help and comfort his widowed sister at the beginning of March. She became more than ever devoted to Marline, and already had thoughts of making her the heiress of Buchwald. Writing in her journal, she says:

March 2.—George arrived at nine o'clock with his wife and child. Marline is such a joy to me and such a comfort! . . . Ah! if only my husband could have seen her he would have decided for me. Marline is more to me every day; she comes with me when I am attending to household affairs, and delights me with her remarks.

Arranged with Exner about the charities for Quirl. We agreed not to spend the small capital, but to rent a room with the interest of it for the poor, which, with my mite, will be a lasting benefit, I hope.

Worked at the Bible Society Report. I wish I could avoid pedantic phraseology, and yet give our association a certain of dignity, because my husband founded it, and no seed of his sowing has ever failed to bring forth good fruit here below. What a harvest he must have reaped above!

March 21.—My brother with his wife and child left. Marline's sorrow at parting moved me deeply. Had my husband but said a word to me about this child, I should have acted with the certainty of his approval; and I should have had an object in life again.

To her Sister-in-law

. . . How her gaiety and happy childish nature refreshed me! I appreciated it all more this time than I ever did before. I put a great restraint upon myself not to show my feelings at the sight of her grief at leaving. Her tender, affectionate ways, and the clasp of her hand at the last moment!—"Tante, don't forget Marline. Tante, let me know how every-



Madline von Riedesel zu Eisenach.

afterwards Freifrau von Rotenhan

thing goes off on the 23rd"; and then, "Dear Tante!—dear, kind Tante!" The words still ring in my ears, and touch my sad heart.

The 23rd was rather more painful than the days before or after it. The sadness is the same, and yet, that day is a peculiarly precious one to me now, . . . for without it, what would my life have been? Had there not been this particular 23rd of March, how much poorer the world would have been in good deeds and noble acts of mercy, and what a glorious example missed for all time. All sympathy is a comfort to me, and it is a consolation to me to feel how much lasting good I was enabled to do for others on that day, all through him. From him comes the good which my hands carry, and through him from God. My dear Caroline was, as always, a help and support. God bless her!

April 23.—I sowed the seeds in the hot-bed. Made the paper-bags for the seeds, wrote the names on them, and had my heart and mind fully occupied with memories of former happiness; but no one called me to tea, no carriage drove up to take me for a drive with my dear one, no beloved voice called me with the well-known question, "Wife, will you come out with me?" My heart was sore; may God grant me endurance!

. . . I work with a will, for he began the work which I have now to carry on, and all that he has left is precious to me; . . . no one can know how precious even the pencil is which is now before me, because it was used by him. And so his work is not a fatigue, but a benefit to me.

May 12.—Days such as these shorten life, for many memories throng on me at the same moment. I sat by my dear husband's tomb, whilst the school children were singing in the Pavilion, and I heard their hymn across the lake quite distinctly. I could bear to sit there better than in the Pavilion, and the place brought me composure and peace, as it always does, so that I was able to partake almost with calmness of the consolation of the Holy Communion for the first time without him.

The devotion of the people in the parish has been

a great gratification to me, and their endeavour to ascertain the wishes of their good master and to fulfil them has touched me very much.

Lotte von Riedesel became engaged in the summer to Herr von Schöning, and her bereaved sister was much affected by the event. It brought a good deal of change into the quiet life at Buchwald, which was more trying to Countess Reden than she would allow to those about her. Writing to her sister-in-law, she says:

Lotte's calm and contentment convince me of her happiness. She will bestow happiness and will therefore be happy herself. . . . There is plenty of coming and going, but it does not interfere with my way of life. Visitors of this kind often worry me, because they interrupt my work, and do not understand me. . . . How shall I live through these eventful days? Every hour is different from those of last year. God grant me strength. You think I have so much. Ah! you don't know what a broken heart feels like. . . . I dare not, cannot cease from active work a moment, from doing that which my husband placed in my hands with such complete reliance. I ought not to feel my lot a hard one; but ah, how weary I am of life at times! I ought not to feel this either, and the incessant struggle is weary work. It can't be different, and must be endured with patience.

Countess Reden made the acquaintance of Colonel von Miltitz in the summer. He was an officer in the Saxon army, but entered the Prussian service afterwards. She writes:

July.—I have become acquainted with Colonel von Miltitz, and I like his earnestness, though outwardly he is not attractive. He met my husband in 1800, and never forgot the impression he made upon him. I can see that he sympathises with me, and it is pleasant to talk to him about my husband.

Lotte's wedding took place at Buchwald in Sep-

tember. The day before they all received the Holy Communion at the Abbey. Countess Reden writes:

October 2.—Parting from a good sister. May God be with her, and may my husband's blessing rest upon her! I am so happy about her future, that I can hardly permit myself to miss her.

October 23.

I feel how much I loved and still love. I feel just as I used to feel, only the object of my love is removed from my eyes. I love my sisters and my brothers with my whole soul, but there is so much about which I cannot talk to them as I could to my husband. He understood me, and I read in his dear face his sympathy. Nothing is harder to me than my independence, the having to act without him in this desolate world. The very air seems harsh, and persons' expressions indifferent, and all nature changed. I used to live in the atmosphere of his love, it warmed and invigorated me; and now it is all cold and changed, and I am like a stranger here.

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November 8.—Countess Carmer arrived. We had our Bible meeting, and many members were present. It opened with a beautiful prayer, then the reports were read.

November 12.—Colonel von Miltitz has been writing on business matters all the morning for me. He has also advised and helped me as much as he could with my plan for preserving my treasure, Buchwald.

Field-Marshal Count von Gneisenau bought the estate of Erdmannsdorf about this time, and it was the beginning of the most charming social relations for Countess Reden, and which ripened into warm friendship.

December.—Our kind neighbour General von Gneisenau has become more and more friendly. I could not help laughing yesterday when he came to talk with me in the garden, and asked quite naturally and simply if he might stay on, as he

wished to ask my advice about his plans. Then he went on talking about astronomy with enthusiasm, politics, and, finally, about Napoleon's genius, which he ranks very high. He stayed to tea, and did not leave till nine o'clock. I said to myself, "Here is the most favoured and honoured of heroes, before whom his enemies trembled, and whose name is known throughout the world, sitting here with us enjoying our simple life because he finds at Buchwald that food for mind and heart which its founder created."

December 31.—The clock is striking twelve; the long, old year is gone, a new one is beginning. Will it end before I am reunited with my husband? My God, Thy will be done! Grant me to live and work so that I may go to him who was and is my all.

January 8.—Christmas and its festivities are past (there is no end to them in Silesia), but I have no more pleasure in the day, and am glad when it is over.

Colonel von Miltitz met us in church on Christmas Eve and went with us to the school, where I gave a supper to one hundred and ninety children, and distributed medals for good behaviour. When we got home, I presented my little gifts to Countess Carmer, Colonel von Miltitz, his son, and to my dear Caroline, to whom I gave Müller's engraving of Raphael's Madonna. I put it in a corner with a wreath of flowers on it with lighted candles in front.

In the year 1817 there was a terrible famine. Those who lived through it still tell of the dreadful distress all over the country, and how the poor ate potato peelings and such-like scraps. The poor of the Riesengebirge must have suffered fearfully from the high prices. Countess Reden's energy found plenty of calls upon it, and she had a great deal to do in organising means for helping the poor. She established a soup-kitchen, adopting Rumford's method, and dispensing it to the poor direct from the kitchen. Then she sold bread to them at a low price, and assisted in collecting for other districts.



FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON GNEISENAU.

(Painted by Gebauer.)

[*To face p.* 116.

The Countess had not been able to tear herself away from Buchwald since her husband's death. It seemed impossible for her to leave the place where his body rested, and where his feet once trod as he went about his work. But she conquered her reluctance to go, for Caroline's sake. Her sister was longing to see their sister Lotte, Frau von Schöning, but would not go alone, so it was settled that they should make a visit to Schönrade, in the Neumark.

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *January* 24, 1817.

I write to you to-day, my dear, good Caroline, because I must talk to you about my sisters and the arrangement I have agreed to, after many tears and struggles. I am going with Caroline on a visit to Lotte for a fortnight. . . . I see that Caroline longs to go every time she receives a letter, . . . though she has never said a word about it. But God only knows what it will cost me to go. No one has an idea of this, least of all Caroline. . . . After I have despatched the coachman to order relays of horses, and when everything is settled, I shall try quietly to tell her on the 30th to pack and get ready for the journey. . . . But how shall I ever be able to tear myself away?

After the Countess's return home she writes:

Buchwald, *March* 7.

How I rejoice to see Buchwald again! and yet how sad it is after my seventeen days' absence! I can't begin to express what it is, my dear Caroline, and how I trembled as I entered the house where I no longer find my life's joy. . . . Although I enjoyed my visit to Schönrade very much, I feel more than ever that my world is here.

There was the usual coming and going at Buchwald during the summer. Lotte von Schöning was there for several months, and her first child was born there, and baptized Elizabeth. The Reuss family were at

Stonsdorf, and Countess Reden's niece Linchen was married there to Prince Friedrich zu Schönaich-Carolath.

Countess Reden writes:

September 30.

It seems at times like a dream the number of people we have had here since May. Many more than one hundred have stayed with us, and in August and September more than twenty-four at one time were guests in the house. It has been sometimes rather too much for me, and the quiet of my little room has been a real relief. My family look upon it as my sanctum, so I can always have rest and quiet in it. Only my Marline has almost shared it with me. During her stay her father and mother left the dear little thing entirely to me, as if she were really mine, and we were inseparable. She is a remarkably sweet child, and so loving and lovely.

The losses in our circle of friends, especially that of Constantin Stolberg, have saddened us all deeply.

During the visit of Baron and Baroness von Riedesel the question of their cousin Dorette going to live at Buchwald for a time was discussed and settled. She had had many troubles and sorrows, and it was partly an act of kindness, and partly the desire of having her companionship for Caroline, that induced the Countess to offer her a happy home in her house.

Writing in October, the Countess says:

To her Sister-in-law

My faithful one (surely that is a sufficient description, without any other name for my dear Caroline) has written about Dorette. Thank God, we get on very well together. The dear soul comes here for rest, and she shall find it, as well as the sisterly sympathy she has been accustomed to receive from us from her youth up. She is older now, and has gained in sweetness of character. Her conversation about Italy and Switzerland is most interesting, and proves how thoroughly she has seen things. She is

as fond of a joke as ever, and her observations show her sense of humour. I have heard the two cousins laughing so heartily for the last half-hour, that they cannot come to lunch. Thank God for their cheerfulness; it is a real pleasure to me.

To her Sister-in-law

November.

I think there will be several more changes in Prussia, and those at the University are approved rather than the reverse. They say that the Chancellor is going a long journey for an indefinite time, but I doubt it.

Our Dorette is quite one of us, and is introduced into everything, and shows the greatest sympathy in all that concerns us and interest in all that goes on. I try to occupy her with all sorts of things that may interest her, and get her to do various little things which are also a help to us. Her eyes are too weak for her to sew or read, so she prepares and packs the herb tea, makes the little paper bags for the seed, or the bandages or compresses for my miners, etc. She enjoys it all very much, and is falling into our ways.

Countess Reden decided to visit her brother at his charming place Neuenhof, near Eisenach, the one which he made his chief residence. It was good for her to be with them, and especially to be with Marline, but she returned home to keep her husband's birthday there.

Her nephew Septi,[1] who was peculiarly dear to her, paid her a long visit in the spring, much to her delight. He took the liveliest interest in all her pursuits and occupations. She writes:

Septi is the nicest of guests, quite one of us, sweet and sympathetic, and helpful about everything, and always busy with something or other. He is a great botanist.

June 11.

I am writing in the summer-house, my dear George. Septi, Caroline, Countess Carmer, and Pauline Röder,

[1] Heinrich LXX.

who have all lunched here in the summer-house, have gone to the Bush Farm, and then to the dairy farm, and on to the top of the mountain. I am just back from inspecting fields, escorted by the shepherd. The supplies for winter promise well, and the white clover is excellent for the cattle. The summer-house is very gay at present with jasmine and roses.

To her Sister-in-law

July 30.

I am thankful at the prospects of a good harvest, but how delighted they would have made me in times past. . . . Buchwald is now in exquisite beauty. . . . We always breakfast in the orange-room, and the fragrance of the flowers, roses, orange blossoms, lavender, lilies, fills the room.

We had supper yesterday in the orange-room by the light of the alabaster lamp only. The day before we were in the Pavilion, and remained until half-past eleven, and it was as warm as at midday. General von Gneisenau, who often comes to see us, appeared about eight and stayed till ten—two hours were rather long, however. He was so charmed with the fairy-like look of the place by lamplight, that he seemed unable to tear himself away.

To her Sister-in-law

Farm House, 10 P.M.

Here the three cousins are sitting, and we shall stay till eleven and return by lantern-light. We took half a dozen little girls across the lake at five o'clock to gather herbs, and I went into the harvest-field while they were busy, and found every one hard at work and a fine lot of sheaves. . . . I had ordered supper to be served here at nine, and they were all delighted with the little surprise. The room was lighted, and decorated with garlands of hops and nasturtiums and sweet-smelling creepers.

August 18.

. . . Otto and Fritz von Münchhausen are here, . . . also my orphan boy Kalckreuth, whom I make very useful, and who is a great pleasure to me.

This Fritz von Kalckreuth had been recommended to her, and she took a motherly interest in him. He was being brought up in the Orphan School at Bunzlau, and the Countess had him to spend most of his holidays at Buchwald.

To her Sister-in-law

All those who knew and valued my husband and who were acquainted with us in the old days have shown me real sympathy, which I much appreciate, although seeing them again for the first time since my sorrow is very painful. I felt this on my return, when Thaer and his family came to see us, and the day before, when Knuth called. The former is head of the Agricultural Department, and the latter chief of the Industrial Department. I never saw Thaer so pleasant and friendly, nor should I have thought it in him to be so enthusiastic about the beauty of scenery. He has become a great sheep-fancier, and he thinks he will be able to rear two thousand. He is much concerned about the cattle disease, which could not have appeared at a more unfortunate time.

The Crown Prince and his brother called twice when on a little tour in the mountains. They had a large retinue, among whom were Count Anton Stolberg, Carl Röder, and Prince Pless.

To her Sister-in-law

October 17.

We enjoyed the Princes' visits, as our minds were free from anxiety about Caroline (who had been very ill) when they came. Their pleasure at seeing the mountains at last, and also Buchwald, was quite touching. Dorette has described their visits, and will have told you how kind and good the Crown Prince was to me, and how he asked to see the Abbey, and afterwards expressed his deep sympathy with me. It is unusual to find a prince evince such feeling. I shall always treasure the letter he wrote to me on leaving.

THE CROWN PRINCE TO COUNTESS REDEN

October 9.

I was unspeakably delighted and touched by your kind thought of me, my dear Countess. Believe me, this is no idle expression, and I thank you most sincerely. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the first evening with you, of whose regard I am as proud as ever. And I also enjoyed the walk in the morning all about beautiful Buchwald. This place was the goal of all my youthful desires. Everything bears witness to your good husband's work, and, indeed, to that of his truly noble, German wife. My kindest regards to your sister and cousin. Do not forget me. Wish for my speedy return half as warmly as I shall. Pray God that I may become what you wish me to be, and believe me, honoured Countess,

Your faithful friend,

FRITZ.

JOURNAL

January 1, 1819.—A new year and not yet with my husband, to whom my whole heart clings. He has gone to that home to make ready for me. Do I deserve it? Must I not strive and toil to earn it? May God give me His blessing and strengthen me, and may my husband speak to my heart and tell me what I am to do! May I have a firm will and a willing mind! May I persevere, and ever show a patient, loving consideration for others!

The days passed in a busy, earnest discharge of duties, interrupted only by a journey to Görlitz and Jänkendorf. Septi was stationed at Görlitz, and was aide-de-camp to General von Miltitz.

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January 19.—I divulged my plans to my ladies (Caroline and Dorette) to-day, and they seemed pleased, which is what I wished.

I am very much interested in experiments for treating the lambs, and I hope that the disease will not be as bad as in former years.

January 30.—I gave the codicil to my will to the

lawyer to-day. It is a great comfort to me to know that if I die, nothing will be left undone, or unfinished.

BUCHWALD, *February* 21 (*Quinquagesima Sunday*).—The sermon on love was from the preacher's heart. I wish I could repeat it all, but alas! my heart has no words left since the object of its love is no longer here.

February 16.—I began the geographical arrangements of my plants, which is more difficult than I fancied it would be. I am very busy weighing and sorting yarn, and the result is highly satisfactory.

March 16.—Those who wonder how people get through the long winter in the country should see our life here. I am so busy that every visit is an interruption. I am setting both my sisters to work to paint and write on my garden labels. The scientific part is for me, and I am doubly glad, as it freshens up my geography.

Caroline von Riedesel went to her sister Frau von Schöning at Schönrade when the next child was born, and the Countess followed her. She was much occupied before she went in making improvements in the garden, in which she was assisted by her husband's nephew Herr von Münchhausen. From Schönrade she went to visit her relations at Trebschen.

Among her guests on her return home were two botanists who went to Buchwald to add to their collections, and Herr von Stein, from Breslau, with two of his children. "A charming interruption, but an interruption all the same," she writes.

One of the farms was burned down in July, occasioning the Countess a great deal of work and worry; but fortunately an arbour, which Count Reden had had built for her, was uninjured.

Countess Reden was very much touched at being asked by General von Miltitz to take charge of his three daughters after the death of his wife. They

spent the winter with her, and she secured the services of Frau Schwartz, the widow of a friend, as their governess, though she had, in the meanwhile, undertaken a great part of their education herself.

Countess Reden's dear friend Eberhardine, Countess zu Stolberg, paid her a visit in the spring of 1820, and again in the summer. Eberhardine's diary gives a pleasant picture of life at Buchwald.

BUCHWALD, *April* 24, 1820.—We arrived safely, and our dear friend received us with all her old affectionate warmth. We breakfasted upstairs, in the green-room, and stayed chatting till it was time for lunch. We went to the conservatories afterwards, and found them full of splendid flowers, and many things coming into bud. There are delightful new paths on the left of the house, and a good deal of the thick wood has been thinned out, so that the house has more air, and is drier. My husband drove with the Countess to the farm, and I went with Caroline to the Abbey, and looked at the fine old fountain which the present owners of Fischbach gave Fritze. Auguste von Miltitz appeared to-day. She is a very pretty girl of fifteen, and Celestine and Editha are very nice children. They are all three in the best possible hands here, but they give a good deal of work.

Countess Reden is extremely active and busy, and takes much pleasure in everything now, which she began to do from a sense of duty. She is building a nice inn at Quirl, and the sale of beer will be transferred there. . . . After the visitors had left, we spent the whole evening talking, and it is a real treat to talk to this dear, sympathetic friend, who is always the same.

BUCHWALD, *July* 3.—We arrived at one o'clock, in beautiful weather, and were affectionately welcomed, though this is a very sad day, being the anniversary of Count Reden's death. Poor Fritze has a worn expression, but is indescribably sweet to every one. We enjoy being here alone with the sisters and children.

July 6.—We breakfasted in the garden-house, where the Countess has made great improvements. . . . Everything is much improved, especially in the house itself, where the carpets and covers were falling to pieces from wear and tear. Countess Reden won't have things changed because of old associations, which is very excusable, thus many things remain as they were, for she cannot make up her mind to renew them. Still, it is very much tidier indoors since Bornemann has admitted that she is not up to her work, and Caroline has taken over the management of it. Mühlmann is just the same, and the crowd of little serving-boys are still here. One of them is being trained for Septi. I do admire the Countess's talent for training these children and giving them occupation.

Countess Reden writes:

September 6.

. . . I enjoyed the half-day Knuth spent with us. He has been making a tour through Silesia for the last two months, to inquire into the condition of trade and manufactures, and what will be the best way to improve them. Perhaps the true account of the condition of the poor which I was able to give him may be of use. I shall certainly profit by all that he told me, and I have already written to some Englishmen about a possible market. If this be feasible, we can then help the poorest among us here at Buchwald, and my husband's wishes will be carried out, as well as a plan of mine for buying flax, then having it made into yarn, and then sell it to the spinners here, who will reap the benefit, instead of the grasping middlemen.

Among the many visitors at Buchwald that summer was Frau Schubertin, the poetess. She was the wife of a weaver, but very gifted, and Countess Reden liked and admired her immensely. She was often employed by the Countess as her secretary in the Bible Society work.

Through Sir James Riddell, Countess Reden had a great but melancholy pleasure about that time, which she mentions to her sister-in-law.

October 14.

I have received a box from Sir James Riddell containing one hundred and thirty-eight engravings of Caroline's portrait of my dear husband. They are excellent, except a slight fault in the nose. Caroline is charmed with the work. I can't tell you how deeply I was touched when I opened the case and saw the picture. It is also a pleasure to me that I was not deceived in my impressions of the young man who has done me this kindness. The beautiful picture has a short Latin inscription beneath the name: "Finis vitæ eius nobis luctuosus patriæ tristis extraneis etiam ignotisque non sine cura fuit."[1]

The box also contained twenty-seven nice school books and children's books. I have set some aside for Marline, and I shall, if possible, translate some this winter for the Religious Tract Society, of which I am a member, and which, in my opinion, almost always fails in its choice of proper publications. Frau Schubertin, excellent creature, spent four days with us, and I was very much interested in her. She seemed more genuine than ever. I will enclose one of her last poems and one she wrote yesterday and dedicated to Caroline von der Reck.

December 9.

We spent yesterday evening in Rome at my desire, by means of Count Gessler's pictures, and they were all the more interesting to us as we are reading Kephalidis's "Travels in Italy and Sicily." We dined at the Schafgotschs's on Thursday, and Frau von Richthofen[2] was here with her interesting daughters.

Countess Reden seemed to have seen a great deal of the Gneisenau family that winter, and to have given the daughters lessons several times a week. She writes:

January 4, 1821.—The Gneisenau girls came for the first time: they are willing to learn, which is the most I can say, though that is a great deal. We are only too glad to do something that may please their good father.

[1] "His death was painful for us, sad for the Fatherland, and not without sadness for strangers and foreigners."—E. R.

[2] Frau von Richthofen was a Princess of Holstein-Beck.—E. R.

January.—The Recorder told me, to my great joy, that there is not a single case against any one in our parish at present. If we could but manage to do without him altogether, and always live in peace and quietness!

There were always several gardeners and boys working under the head-gardener, Walter, and when the boys had had sufficient training, the Countess found good places for them.

I showed Kunecke and Manger some pictures of beautiful English country places, and I criticised and praised some hotbeds and the kitchen garden which they had laid out, and which were not at all badly done.

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I was at the doctor's and made some sausages for them, for which they were very much obliged, and which I was delighted to do for them.

At the end of February Countess Reden paid a visit to Jänkendorf. From Görlitz she writes:

How many recollections crowd upon me here! . . . Two years ago General von Miltitz and Septi met us, and the General's wife was apparently in flourishing health. She died, and the children, such strangers to us then, came to live with us for a year, and now he is married again.

It was during Countess Reden's visit to Jänkendorf in the spring of 1821 that she first met Bishop Reichel. He lived in the neighbouring town of Niesky, and she had frequent opportunities of learning from him something of the joy and blessing there was in the life of a true child of God. The living faith of her old friend Count Reuss had already made a deep impression upon her. Her earlier interest in foreign missions revived, and she urged her friends to unite in contributing to the work. A small committee was

formed, probably made up of Count Reuss, her sister Caroline, and possibly the secretary, Prause.

JÄNKENDORF, *March* 2.—Bishop Reichel, who has been a missionary in North America for thirty-seven years, dined here to-day, and he attracted me greatly.

March 4.—We called on Bishop Reichel, who is quite charming with his two little sons, Levin and Theophilus. We also saw the two Hastings, who were missionaries in Labrador.

March 8.—Beautiful farewell service this evening. "Peace, peace be with you," was sung, and the dear Count's words seemed like a blessing. We said good-bye with regret after prayers.

BUCHWALD, *March* 21.—Uninterrupted preparations for the Bible Society Report, with which the Missionary Society is to be joined. What a comfort it is to think that my husband's work may be promoted by it! Let me not be weary in well doing.

March 23.—A really blessed day. . . . Excellent Bible Society meeting. . . . Interest excited in missionary work.

CUNERSDORF, *May* 11.—A beautiful morning. The nightingales waked me up at five o'clock. I feel so much at home in the old rooms, but less so with the people, who are often too much engrossed with the world's doings to understand that our interests are on other lines. We took some long drives, and inspected the seed collection.

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

BUCHWALD, *May* 16.

My return and my birthday were celebrated together. We were received under triumphal arches, and garlands, and the dear house, to which I so gladly return, was decorated with flowers. What a profusion of flowers, and what perfect foliage, and how beautiful the mountains are, and how friendly all the people are! How thoroughly well my dear husband understood where to choose a home for perfect enjoyment and rest.

I never experienced this feeling of tranquillity in

Berlin, and which is such a necessity to me if I would live as my husband wished me to live—a life of beneficent hospitality in the place he loved. There is the unfettered position of being responsible to no one, under no one's orders. The duties which are imposed upon me, and the sacrifices which they demand, are a comfort to me. To be the widow of Count Reden is the sorrow, the honour, the consolation of my present life.

Summer brought its usual circle of guests and relations. In July Countess Reden was hurriedly summoned to Trebschen, where Septi lay dying. She left a house full of guests, and devoted herself to nursing him.

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Trebschen, *August* 8.

You know, dearest Countess, what brought me here, what I found and lost, and with what a crushed heart, empty of all joy, I now return home. Our beloved Septi bore the journey fairly well, but on the 29th and 30th he suffered terribly with pain in his lungs, and I hastened here on the 2nd, to find him dangerously ill. It seemed as if his feeble life just flickered up in a final effort to revive me with a warmth of love which I can never forget. It was granted me to nurse for two days, and to be with the dear child, which were his last. His death was blessedly easy, and hardly perceptible, and was both to him and to us unexpected. It was the death of the righteous, and a beautiful, heavenly smile rested on his face. His dear father is wonderfully calm, but the first moments were distressing. . . . He was my husband's darling, and the dearest comfort of my life; but I am thankful that God has spared him long suffering, and for thus taking him early to Himself. He was ready for eternal life. We laid him in his last rest yesterday beside his mother, whose love has welcomed him above.

Countess Reden paid a visit to her old friend at Jänkendorf in December, . . . and thence she went

to her brother at Neuenhof and Lauterbach for two months.

There is no journal for the year 1822, and nothing concerning her inner life, but her deeds show that God had work for her to do.

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *March* 8.

I did not like thinking of you in all the turmoil of the great world yesterday, for it does not suit you three, thank God. We, on the other hand, sat comfortably by the fire and were very busy.

I made extracts of the hymns and tunes for evening prayers which we shall commence in a few days. Then we chatted about you, and when we should meet again, if God wills, and of our dear child. Tell me how she likes Berlin.

March 16.

We had evening prayers for the first time this evening. We tried over the hymns yesterday, and they were a great success. My twelve-year-old organist did his part well. . . . You must think of the devout little assembly gathered together in the office at eight every evening, the Hausfrau in the midst reading out the verses and singing with them. A chapter of the Bible is read, and one more verse of a hymn follows, and we quietly disperse. I hope it will be a blessing to every one who lives with us. The pleasure they take in it is very gratifying.

April 12.

I don't read much, because I don't get much chance to read anything except missionary reports, a "History of Silesia," and the morning newspapers. We are reading "Waverley" aloud in the evening, and to my mind it is the best of Walter Scott's novels. I have a great deal of writing, dictating, and revising to do, and I am out of doors as much as possible, and endeavour to turn my time to account as well as I can, now that we are quiet and alone.

I received a beautifully illuminated diploma yesterday as honorary member of the Prussian Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture. I might have

said with Blücher, "You may make me a doctor, if you will make Walter[1] a chemist."

Countess Eberhardine zu Stolberg spent several months in Silesia in this year, and she writes about a visit to Buchwald:

BUCHWALD, *April* 14.

We were most affectionately received on our arrival at seven o'clock in the evening, but that, I need hardly say, is invariably the sweet old custom here. Countess Reden looks, thank God! particularly well and is quite lively, and I may also say that she is busier than ever. It is astonishing how much passes through her hands, and how many opportunities she faithfully employs for doing good. She does an amazing amount of work in the affairs of the Bible Society, which is increasing very much and is doing more and more good. Only a few weeks ago it received three hundred thalers from the head society in England. Countess Reden collected five hundred thalers for the missionary fund in two years, and thus God blesses her untiring efforts.

Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, a brother of King Friedrich Wilhelm III., bought the neighbouring estate of Fischbach about this time, and Countess Reden was not at all pleased at the thought of having these royal neighbours, as she dreaded the distractions in her regular way of life, and the various claims which a small court of that sort would make upon her. She had then no idea how much Fischbach and its owners would become to her and she to them. For the present the Prince only was there and for a very short time. He did not omit a visit to her on her birthday.

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

The 12th was celebrated as usual, and I was thankful when the solemn hour came to close the day with evening prayers. I went to church and thence

[1] Walter was the head-gardener.—M. B.-L.

to the Pavilion, where the school children, servants, and people on the estate had met. Walter's decorations of the hall, the lovely flowers, the alcove where my beloved husband's bust is always placed on this day, charmed me very much.

There was a simple breakfast afterwards, but very grand as to quantity, for it was so generously spread that there was enough for the halt, the lame, and the spectators, and reminded me of the seven loaves in the Bible. One hundred and eighty-six children received books, white bread, and apples. Their report was read aloud amid general jubilations. I dined quite alone with Caroline. The Miltitzes came about four o'clock—that is, the daughters. Count Gessler came somewhat later, and brought me a superb folio Bible with bronze clasps. The General came later still; and last of all, and quite quietly and unexpectedly, Prince Wilhelm dropped in with his nice little son Adalbert and warmly congratulated me. His manner was so simple, and his pleasure at seeing us and in being our neighbour, his delight in becoming the owner of Fischbach, was all so unaffected, that I soon became friendly and *à mon aise* with him. As he evinced a great desire to see the place by day and in fine weather, I invited him for Tuesday, and he accepted with alacrity. No one could have been more confidential about his concerns than the Prince was with me. He begged for neighbourly advice as to dealing with the tenants, and expressed the liveliest desire to do well by them. He spoke very often of the Princess, and was charming to his son. In a word, if he is always like this, he will be a good neighbour, and a welcome one to us. If things only remain as easy and natural when the Princess and her court are here! When we were quite alone, the Prince invited himself again for Thursday. The weather was lovely, and we dined in the salon, and had coffee in the Hain arbour.

The Countess writes about a visit to Jänkendorf:

BUCHWALD, *June* 12.

We intend leaving at five o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and hope to arrive at our dear Count's by midday on Friday, where we are awaited with open arms. Pastor Siegert is going to escort us there, and we



THE PAVILION AT BUCHWALD.
Built by Count Reden in 1804.
(From a photograph by Liebig, of Alt-Kemnitz.)



FISCHBACH, IN THE RIESENGEBIRGE, SILESIA,
Residence of Prince and Princess Wilhelm.
(Photographer unknown. Photograph at Buchwald.) [*To face p.* 132.

shall be glad of his company, for we mean to learn a great deal of Church history, and something about the Fathers, from him, and to have many difficulties cleared up. We are going to bring Bishop Reichel and his two children back with us. The dear old man's fortnight with us will bring us, God grant, both happiness and blessing.

It was during this visit that Bishop Reichel spoke to Countess Reden of his readiness to go whenever God should call him, but that he felt very anxious about leaving his two little boys. She promised him that, so far as it lay in her power, she would take the place of a mother to them, and this promise she kept for thirty-two years.

Field-Marshal von Gneisenau's eldest daughter, Frau von Scharnhorst, died when staying with her father that summer, and this sad event gave their friend at Buchwald an opportunity of comforting and helping them in many ways.

July 27.

Freiherr vom Stein arrived with his charming daughters on the fourteenth, and his fortnight's visit has passed only too fast. I have, at least, the satisfaction of feeling that we have not lost one hour, and that in our long, quiet walks and in our drives many interesting subjects have been considered and discussed. He is entirely at home here, and is touched at being in his old friend's home once more. He is going away to-morrow, but would gladly remain longer, were it not for some business which he must attend to. It is easy to get on with him and Therese. She is gentle and good, with a clinging nature, and he is full of heart, cheerful and sympathetic, and his manners are extremely agreeable and punctilious. I have enjoyed his society very much here in the midst of our simple, regular life. Count Gessler and General von Gneisenau dine with us nearly every day, and our royal neighbours give us variety.

They arrived at Fischbach on Saturday, and were received with great respect and much demonstration by the people. The Prince wrote me a cordial note

the next day, and invited the Minister and ourselves to tea on Monday, as a happy omen of the future. We were greeted as real friends and neighbours, but princely formalities prevailed. They were all here yesterday, and saw the Pavilion and admired it very much. The Princess took my arm all the way, which is a thing I don't much like; but she is really very sweet and gracious, and was so charmed with things. However, we shall see how matters go on. To-morrow Princess Luise Radziwill [1] is coming to Ruhberg.

Ruhberg is near Schmiedeberg, and had been bought by Prince Radziwill. A warm friendship grew up between the Princess and Countess Reden, and there was much intercourse between the two places. The Countess became very attached to Princess Luise's eldest daughter, Princess Elise. The next daughter, Princess Wanda, was not then grown up.

The Stolberg family, consisting of old Count Christian Friedrich and many of his children, spent part of the summer at Jannowitz, and the Buchwald party saw a great deal of them.

Countess Eberhardine, writing about this time, says:

JANNOWITZ, *August* 31.

We arrived at lovely Buchwald about half-past eleven, and George von Riedesel received us at the front door with dear Countess Reden with her usual indescribable cordiality. . . . Conversation turned on Frau Schubertin, who had only just concluded a visit there. She had been most graciously received by Princess Wilhelm the day before. Her poems are sweeter and prettier and she is as unaffected as ever.

September 25.

My husband and I drove to Buchwald, where every one received us most affectionately. Harry Reuss and Heinrich XXXVIII. arrived almost at the same

[1] Princess Luise Radziwill was a niece of Frederick the Great's, and therefore a cousin once removed of Friedrich Wilhelm III., the reigning King of Prussia.—M. B.-L.



MARIANNE, PRINCESS WILHELM OF PRUSSIA, A PRINCESS OF HESSE HOMBURG.

(Lithographed by Locillot de Mars. Artist unknown. Copy at Buchwald. Photographed by Van Bosch, of Hirschberg.)

[*To face p.* 134.

time as ourselves, and the Goldmann family, from Niesky, soon after. Count Gessler and Ferdinand Stolberg also called. There were two tables in the white hall, at which the party of twenty-five were excellently served. Countess Reden thinks that this arrangement makes the waiting easier and the party more gay, and I think she is right. We had ten at our table, and the conversation was lively, to say the least. I can't really imagine how the dear Countess manages to have so many guests staying in the house all summer, and to entertain them so well. And with it all everything at Buchwald is not only well preserved but improved. The Stonsdorf party went home after tea, and then we had evening prayers, at which Georgine performs the office of choirmistress.

Prayers that evening were the occasion of some unpleasantness with the pastor. It must be remembered that it was a period of rampant rationalism, even of rank unbelief, which invaded both pulpits and lecture-rooms. Movements to bring the living faith more to the people were regarded with hostility. Thus it chanced that evening prayers at Buchwald, which were attended by the bailiff and others, were very much disliked by the pastor of the parish, and it was stigmatised as a conventicle. He forbade the assistant pastor to be present and play the hymn-tunes on the piano, on the pretext that he himself would have read prayers had he had time. The Superintendent inquired into the matter, and his opinion was in favour of the Countess. He reproved the pastor, who retorted with hard words about hole-and-corner worship.

Summer and winter passed in pleasant intercourse with the Fischbach neighbours, and with the old friends at Stonsdorf and Erdmannsdorf.

The Countess had some instruction at Steinseiffen in the preparation of medicinal herbs and roots for

the benefit of both people and animals, and she taught one of her pepins all that she had herself learnt. In January both sisters went to nurse Lotte at Schönrade, and afterwards paid visits to Trebschen and Sabor.

To her Sister-in-law

January 7, 1823.

I have settled a great many things, closed the accounts, covered the pictures, and am taking plenty of work with me to do at Schönrade. My little bag will be quite full of papers concerning Buchwald. I have determined to give two hours a day to this work, as well as teaching Elisabeth, which duty Lotte has handed over to me during my visit. Then I must give two hours to letter-writing, and two to reading, as well as two to reading aloud—ten hours of regular work in all. The rest of the time belongs to Lotte and her doings, sleeping, and eating. Caroline and I are like two Grey Sisters on their rounds. May God bless the work at Trebschen and Schönrade!

To Countess von Itzenplitz

Buchwald, *March.*

I cannot tell you how comfortable and nice it is to be at home again, where everything interests me and life is filled with duties. The confidence I have won as Count Reden's widow has enlarged my sphere of work. Sometimes it is rather too much for me, and I wish I had more strength; still, one can do a great deal with health, by getting up early and keeping steadily at work, especially if one throws oneself into it. You and your mother first set me the example.

Journal

Palm Sunday, March 23.—I recommenced our evening prayers, in memory of my beloved one, on this his birthday, with deep and grateful feelings. Several visitors during the day, and, thank God, many kind faces to greet us on our return. I went to the Abbey after church, gave alms, and found comfort in praying by my husband's grave.

There are many notices about work for herself and

others in the journal; of drives to Fischbach with her gardener, Walter, to advise about improvements and planting, and it speaks of the place as still being a chaos. There were many improvements carried out in the park at Buchwald, for "It is the first duty of a gardener not to allow things to deteriorate."

May 4.—To church, and dedicated the day to visiting the sick. In the afternoon to see the shepherd's wife, and to old Kriegel and old Schiller, who have been knocked down because they gave evidence on the side of the estate in a dispute about boundaries. They are not so seriously hurt but that my wine and lotions will set them right.

Although Countess Reden alludes to not feeling well in the spring, and of being nervous and irritable, her work seems to have gone on just as usual. She inspected fields, sowed flower-seeds, made soap, and spent a day at the sheep-shearing as heretofore. She published about that time a small volume of Frau Schubertin's poems by subscription, and a little cottage was built for the poetess with the proceeds.

The Countess writes:

My undertaking in reference to Frau Schubertin's poems has succeeded beyond my expectations. I sold four hundred copies for her directly, and I have received some presents for her as well.

Among the subscribers were the King, the Crown Prince, Prince Wilhelm, and Prince and Princess Wilhelm of Prussia.

Prince and Princess Wilhelm arrived at Fischbach with their children in August, and Countess Reden wrote them a note of welcome. The next day they announced that they would come to tea, and from that time a very frequent interchange of visits was established between Fischbach and Buchwald.

August 30.—Count Gneisenau came in late this evening with an invitation for to-morrow, which was not quite convenient for me. This sort of thing is getting too much for me, and is such an interruption to my work, in the doing of which lies my only happiness.

September 25.—I found the day a very long one, because I did not have much to do and could not get out.

October 8.—As busy as possible. Cut up five bushels of apples with the help of seven pepins, and collected a good many herbs.

December 12.—I have settled down to my comfortable, old winter routine again. I can write letters and dictate at the same time. Kriegel is drawing up a list of the grain, and I am dictating the dates, while Friedrich is entering the fishing notes in the register which I have extracted from the fishing journal.

We have had Prince and Princess Wilhelm with us very often, to our great delight, for both of them seem to us people of real worth, and they are so unassuming and kind; besides this, they are very gracious to us. I am overwhelmed with letters and parcels, and I have some writing on hand for Princess Radziwill which takes up a great deal of my time, and has made a call upon my good nature. Is it desirable to have a reputation for obligingness and proficiency? I am beginning to doubt it.

BUCHWALD, *January* 5, 1824.

General von Gneisenau, who never forgets anything, has sent me again three ducats for Fritz von Kalckreuth, and I am carefully saving them up with the rest for him. We are very much pleased with his behaviour this time. He is coming to us at Easter for his last holidays, and then we shall get his outfit and hand him over to Count Gessler.

Countess Reden made a long journey in January, going first to Jänkendorf, then to Neuenhof, and afterwards paying short visits to various friends and relations.

To Princess Wilhelm

We had hardly got settled in our little rooms when our brother came for us, saying that he could not put off giving us our Christmas presents any longer; and as there were a variety of things large and small, he insisted upon our going with him at once. He led us to the hall, and a curtain which hung across one corner was drawn up, and a most lovely group was presented to our astonished eyes, Frau von Schöning and her children, whom we soon clasped, laughing and happy, in our arms. Feelings of joy and gratitude were on every face, and my much-loved brother was amply rewarded for his great kindness. We are all in the little house, for rooms have been added to it, and as contented minds always have all they require, we have space enough, and are quite comfortable. Life passes very pleasantly, for I am teaching my sister's children—lovely little people!—in the morning, and I give Marline English lessons in the afternoon. I am reading aloud to all the young people here "The History of Thüringen," and I dictate extracts from it. We are reading Herder's Life in the evening.

March 2.

We had a great and unexpected pleasure on Caroline's birthday, for my brother George had hunted up William Clinton's eldest son at Weimar, and invited him over for the day. We gave presents to him also. He is rather like his uncle, but not strikingly so, and he seems a very affectionate, kindly, straightforward fellow. We celebrated the evening by a little play.

Countess Reden's great affection for this young Clinton is a remarkable episode in her life. Old memories certainly contributed a good deal to it. It is probable that the uncle, Sir Henry Clinton, who is often mentioned in her letters, had a warm regard for Fritze von Riedesel as a young girl when they were all at Mastricht, Lauterbach, and Brunswick, or perhaps he cherished a love for her which was

not returned. He never married, and it is of course impossible to know the truth, but there seems some such cause for the relations which so quickly sprang up between her and this young Henry Clinton. He was a tall, nice-looking young man, with fair hair, and a winning manner when he was not out of humour. But that was often the case with him, and his old friend was frequently much tried by his temper, though she always treated him with great consideration. Then he would express regret for his ill humour, and she would exhort and comfort him, and this invariably touched him deeply. Such scenes were of frequent occurrence.

Countess Reden wrote to General von Gneisenau on his behalf, and also to the Duke of Cambridge in reference to some promotion for him in his military career.

Though Countess Reden was unable to spend March 23 at Buchwald as usual, it was a day of great pleasure to her, bringing, as it did, a visit from Freiherr vom Stein. She writes:

Freiherr vom Stein's arrival on this day and his pleasure at seeing me again was a real comfort to me. He enjoys a simple way of living with those he values, and we are glad to find him so gentle and so kind when people do not annoy him, and this, of course, we take care not to do.

After his visit Stein wrote her:

We certainly have the richest source of comfort and refreshment in the Holy Scriptures, and when all earthly things fill us with disgust and weariness at their insufficiency, they elevate and console us.

In the country we have great need of wise and pious spiritual guides instead of the shallow, dull chatterers, so one is obliged to try to help oneself with books of devotion. Let me call your attention, my dear friend, to Conrad's sermons, and to a paper

published in Hamburg, called *The Messenger of Peace*, and to Müller's "Hours of Spiritual Refreshment." He was Pastor of Rostock at the end of the seventeenth century.

The sisters left Neuenhof on April 9 for Freiberg, in Saxony, travelling by way of Rudolstadt in order to visit the Princess there, who was a sister of Princess Wilhelm. The Countess writes about her visit to Freiberg in Saxony:

I shall not attempt to describe my impressions of Freiberg, where every hill I saw, every miner I met, recalled past happiness, and filled me with melancholy. My beloved husband was a student there for a time.

She writes:

April 28.—I went with Henly to the school garden after dinner, where the first lesson in clearing and planting out the annuals was given. Five children were chosen for the work, and one hundred little trees were transplanted.

Countess Reden was accustomed to give little cherry trees to the young people who were confirmed, and to the respectable young married people she gave pear trees.

Young Clinton[1] was at Buchwald in May, to the pleasure and torment of his hostess. She read with him, and he worked at some studies with the pastor. She would persuade him to accompany her to the school, and to interest himself in her garden, and by means of fresh interests to ward off his fits of ill humour. She used to send him on little expeditions, take him to visit her friends, etc. Life at Buchwald resumed its usual course. The Countess writes:

May 17.—Frau Pastor Glaupitz spent the day with

[1] Colonel Henry Clinton, grandson of Sir Henry Clinton, Commander-in-Chief in the war with the American colonies, and elder son of Sir William, married late in life died in 1881.—M. B.-L.

us, and Count Gessler dined here, and those two original people entertained us greatly, and enchanted Clinton, who, thank God, is as natural in his amusements as in his troubles.

May 31.—How thankful one ought to be to have plenty to do, each according to one's capacity! How could I endure life if this were not the case with me? It is often rather too much, and I should be glad of more rest, and to be able to enjoy Buchwald more; but it is doubtless better for me as things are, and I willingly endure the days that are not pleasant. Our welfare does not depend upon everything happening as we desire, but that everything is as a Higher Power thinks well for us.

July 2.—Our beloved Eberhardine arrived at five o'clock. We clasped her to our hearts with joy and emotion.

The intercourse between Buchwald and Ruhberg was as frequent as ever, and even more frequent between Buchwald and the royal neighbours at Fischbach. . . . The presence of the King there with the newly married royal couple, and the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorowna[1] and her consort, afterwards the Emperor Nicholas I., brought a great deal of distraction to the neighbourhood. But Countess Reden carried on her work as usual, and looked after her gardening, though at times she was far from well.

August 15.—A great many visitors, but with my severe headaches it is rather too much for me. I wish I could impart some self-control to Clinton when he is bored. Henly is quite well and enjoying having the management of his property in his own hands.

September.—Glorious weather has come, and the oat harvest is progressing rapidly. All superfluous labourers are employed on the roads, for the royal family are coming to Fischbach from Breslau by way of Landshut, Schmiedeberg, and Buchwald, instead of through

[1] The eldest daughter of Friedrich Wilhelm III. and the beautiful Queen Luise.—M. B.-L.

Jauer. Caroline has her hands full with Linchen's, Eberhardine's, and my toilettes as well as her own. I am having a new black silk dress, *gros de Naples*, made *à deux mains*, with *crêpe* cloth and the bodice high. I have had the material for some time. I shall wear silk shoes and white gloves, so I am all ready and can quietly await events. There are all manner of festivities in honour of the Crown Prince, and at the entrance to every village triumphal arches are erected. Our parish, or rather Walter, has put up two which are really very tasteful. We have selected the best places here, where, as they come along the *allée*, the entire meadow, the Abbey, the lake, and the Warte can be seen. The parish agreed. The Landrath has settled that there are to be addresses, and the prettiest girls are to wear white with blue sashes like town folks, and are busy making wreaths. I begged to be excused from all this. The good people are quite ready to follow the lead of others, not knowing themselves what ought to be done, so they will shout "You are heartily welcome" when the royalties approach, just as they do when I return home after being away. The girls look very neat in their week-day gowns with sleeves, and red ribbons in their hair, the national colours.

September 4.

We were at Fischbach yesterday about three o'clock, and were received as naturally and heartily as ever. General von Gneisenau and his wife, the Radziwills and their suite, were also invited. I wore my new gown, and it fitted me very well. Linchen wore a lace one, and it was very pretty. As soon as the Grand Duchess saw me, she embraced me and said, "Ah! here is our dear Fritze." She talked a good deal to me before and after dinner about her children, who are in Russia, and of my life, etc. She is still very pretty, but is very pale and seems delicate. Her head is small and her mouth is not pretty. Her manners are exceedingly natural and unaffected. He is a handsome man and was very gracious, and mentioned America, whom he had seen at Doberan. They seemed charmed with what they had seen of Buchwald in passing through on their way to Fischbach. The Grand Duchess is coming to us to-day between the

dinner at Fischbach and the soiree at the Radziwills's. Prince Wilhelm wishes us to show her the hall for a moment, and then we shall drive her direct to the Pavilion. I ordered the carriage here. As it is so hot we shall only have lemon ice there, and she will go on to Ruhberg from the Pavilion. I have had the grass plots and bushes watered early this morning, and as my reception takes place to-morrow, I shall have the road from the house to the bridge watered as well. I think I could not do anything which could set off Buchwald to better advantage. My dear house is very prettily decorated.

She writes later:

The Crown Prince's court stayed with us, bringing a long-forgotten court life beneath our roof. They all treated me with great kindness and affectionate sympathy, which, however, is the result of my position, independent but without pretension. I seek and desire nothing, and I am so placed that it is easier for me to give more than I receive. This must always be the case, as befits Count Reden's widow, who is above all things obliged to honour his name. The King was particularly pleasant and easily satisfied, and his popular manner won all hearts. The Grand Duchess came to Buchwald several times and was very gracious, and so was the Grand Duke Nicholas.

Countess Reden's time and sympathy were bestowed on the people of the small mountain village, Kupferberg, which had been destroyed by fire. The miners always had a special place in her heart, for the sake of her husband. She writes:

October 14, *Evening.*

I drove with Caroline and Herr von Mielecky at half-past seven this morning to Kupferberg, the latter having been there yesterday to take the people necessaries, and he brought me such an account of the disaster. Those who have never witnessed such a scene can have no idea of the sadness and distress of it. The castle stands uninjured in the midst of the ruins of the village. I found Count Anton and Count Matuschki there, and I was received with great

kindness by them. They said it seemed as if I had heard them call for me. They led me to the place where the little committee was sitting, which consisted of themselves, the two pastors, the tithing officer of the mines, the burgomaster, and the bailiff, and they begged Herr von Mielecky and me to join them. I felt abashed but touched, and I thought, "Your husband sees this gladly." Everything was discussed, and persons who were to receive and distribute the contributions, and the manner of the assistance, was carefully considered. Every two days food will be distributed at the castle, and a cart will be sent to the three adjoining villages, where so many of the unfortunate people have been taken in. Shoes, stockings, and coats are the things most needed. The money for rebuilding and for procuring the raw materials has been deposited. After making these arrangements we went to see the miners, the wounded and the uninjured alike, and I shall never forget my reception nor how the name of Reden was uttered. They kissed my hands and my skirt, and they really encircled me. Ah! it made me both glad and sad. I never thought to come here after seventeen years without the beloved chief, nor to set foot on the burnt ruins of the house where we had so often stayed. And yet in seeing it again there was much to comfort and encourage one.

October 23.

A famous buying of shoes at Warmbrunn, whither Henly accompanied us. I bought sixty-one pairs of boots and large shoes with the money Princess Radziwill gave me.

October 31.

Count Egloffstein and Prince Adalbert came to tea on Tuesday, and stayed to supper and prayers. The Prince was very nice helping me make herb tea, and to make, fill, and label the seed bags, and enjoyed it all into the bargain. This evening Prince and Princess Wilhelm with the children and suite came and remained till ten, and were gayer than I have seen them for a long time.

We showed them Caroline's drawings of Heinrichsburg, and after that Princess Wilhelm sat in my room with me and got up courage to read English,

and not at all badly, and she translated it fairly well. She would like to have this practice oftener, but neither of us know how to manage it. We wound up by having charades and riddles, and the royalties laughed till they had to hold their sides.

November 11.

We drove to Stonsdorf, and all the royalties were there to afternoon service. They were as unaffected and kind as the dear old host himself, and pleased to be allowed to come. We were a large party to tea, and we chatted very sociably together. The Count saw every one in turn. We did some knitting for Kupferberg, and the Prince and Princess thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and so did the Count. . . . I was alone when a very kind invitation came from Princess Wilhelm asking me to join them and the Radziwills in an expedition to the Mariannenfels while the weather was so fine, and to dine at the Swiss châlet. We reached the châlet towards five o'clock, about sundown, and found a fire flickering. We had dinner very cosily, however, by its light, and after dinner I played with the children, and the third Radziwill added to the fun by starting "Old Witch" and "Blind Man's Buff." We went down the mountain in the calm warm evening air, and were at home by eight o'clock. I worked till midnight at the Bible Society business.

At the beginning of December the Countess and her sister travelled for a time and spent several months with their brother and his family at Würzburg, where Marline was undergoing a course of treatment.

To Princess Wilhelm

I must just add a few words about S. Sebald on Sunday, the 12th. I very much wished to hear the hymns in that majestic house of God. We went first to S. Lorenz, which is very fine, but I was touched beyond words at S. Sebald's. The large, quiet congregation sang "Glory to God in the highest" to a beautiful organ accompaniment. I stood by the fine font and saw the preacher's face by a bright light as he entered the pulpit, the congregation being

in darkness, for the weather was dull and the stained glass windows shut out the light. The effect was wonderful—the bright light within, while that without was veiled and magical. I asked the preacher's name, and learned that he was the celebrated Dean Veillodter. We went nearer, and a kind member of the congregation made room for us, so that we were able to enjoy the excellent sermon on the text, S. John iii. 18.

It was really soul-stirring, and our simple service speaks so to the heart, and it was beautiful in that house of God, and very helpful. At Eger our thoughts were for Wallenstein only, and his ignominious death. We had our Schiller, and followed the story of the sad night from the old castle to the Burgomaster's house.

The Countess visited every church and cloister and every hospital at Würzburg, and she chose the inscription over the door of the Julius Hospital for her Infirmary at Buchwald. They left Würzburg on February 12, and went to Neuenhof for a few weeks, where they had the pleasure of meeting Eberhardine again.

To her Sister-in-law

April 5.

I saw the first violet on March 23 as I entered the Abbey, and Hackel's children gave me a nosegay of them by the vault. Ah! dear Caroline, it made me both sad and happy. The 23rd is *the* day of my life, for on it my dear husband was born, and through him I have all I possess, and everything that can delight, improve, and lift me up to higher things.

April 7.

I am reading a chapter in Hebel's Bible to my pepins every morning, and then they repeat the verse they have learned in the hymn-book the day before. Kriegel does sums and writes copies till eight o'clock, and Caroline Hackel does her housework. As Caroline thinks it desirable, she is to begin her regular duties on Monday, to her own great delight. She and Friederike will be enough for us till midsummer, so she can get on till a second new servant

comes. She is getting her clothes ready, and her preparations for the important day are quite comic.

The clerk of the works at Fischbach came with a message from His Royal Highness to-day. A covered gallery is being built to the house, and the Prince's library is being fitted up and hung with red cloth, which will try the eyes and harbour moths.

Henly Reuss, the Countess's nephew, married the beautiful and charming Countess Clementine von Reichenbach during his aunt's absence, and Neuhof became in the real sense an affiliated house, and the young couple afforded their aunt ample opportunity of helping them by word and deed.

Clinton appeared again, and was as usual a torment and a pleasure to his friend.

The Countess lost her accountant, Illgner, about this time, and his death was a real loss to her, especially as she did not fill his place, but undertook all the large increase of work upon herself.

Bishop Reichel's death on April 18 was a great sorrow to her, and she felt for the desolate state of his sons.

The interests and occupations in May were most varied and numerous. The Countess corresponded with her niece Marline in English and French, and corrected the answers as well. There is a notice of a visit from Count Gessler, who sought her intercession with the Minister Schuckmann[1] on behalf of the town of Schmiedeberg, the financial condition of which was in a depressed state. This, of course, entailed extra correspondence. In this connection she alludes to her husband's opponents in the town, adding:

[1] Friedrich, Freiherr von Schuckmann, Minister of Religion and Education. Out of office in 1817; from 1819 to 1830 in the Polizeiministerium.

And so I am to heap coals of fire on their heads. I shall act as God directs me, and not follow my own way. . . . I will never shrink from whatever duty may demand of me, nor strive anxiously after fresh ones.

The outdoor work also claimed much of her attention, sometimes calling upon her to spend a day in the sheep-field, as well as in the garden, where all the work was practically under her direction.

Providence brought to the Silesian mountains during the summer a man whose coming proved a blessing to many. He was Johannes Gossner, formerly a Roman Catholic priest. Exiled from St. Petersburg, he lived at Leipzig, and from there went about among friends like-minded with himself. Thus it chanced that he stayed with Count Reuss at Stonsdorf, and there Countess Reden made his acquaintance, and he became her guide on the path to eternal life.

JOURNAL

August 17.—Dined at Stonsdorf. Very glad to see the Count again and to make Gossner's acquaintance. He is a noble, unaffected, attractive character, and his heart is full of the love and teaching of the Saviour —he overflows with it, and he does not lack words to express it. We had a service at six o'clock, and just before it began a young man arrived who had followed him from St. Petersburg. Their meeting was quite touching.

August 21, *Sunday.*—To Stonsdorf at twelve o'clock. An address full of unction from Gossner at five o'clock, upon the words, "He hath done all things well." He has an abundance of spiritual feeling which appeals to one, even though he repeats himself often.

September 1.—Dined at Stonsdorf. I had some blessed hours with Gossner, Caroline, and Prause, from three till five o'clock. He told us about his life, his persecution, his work as chaplain at Fenneberg, and his imprisonment.

September 6.—In spite of the rain it is bright sun-

shine indoors, owing to Gossner's presence. Anton Stolberg and seven children are with us. Caroline made a drawing of Gossner while we sat in the next room. I had the hall prepared, and the royalties from Fischbach, the Ruhberg family, and Field-Marshal Gneisenau, and Henly and his wife came. A sermon—and what a sermon!—on the text, "I have found the Lord," and S. Paul's words to the keeper in prison. Unction, sweetness, love! After the party left, we had a charming talk with Gossner and Prince and Princess Wilhelm till half-past nine, and continued it by ourselves till eleven.

September 13.—We spent Sunday at Stonsdorf, Caroline going early to finish Gossner's portrait. He concluded his course of addresses with one worthy of the seven other ones. I have never known a more gifted teacher of God's word, nor one more full of real Christian faith and charity. I think those who have made his acquaintance and enjoyed his conversation have gained something to remember all their lives.

Count Gessler and the artist Rösel dined here yesterday, and I drove the latter about the place for a few hours. He had not seen it before, and selected some spots to sketch in the afternoon. We refused an invitation to meet a large party of royalties at General von Gneisenau's. I pickled cucumbers and enjoyed the quiet time.

September 29.—The purchase of Ruhberg will be settled on October 3. Princess Luise is most anxious to possess the property, and I wish her joy of it with all my heart.

This wish was fulfilled, and the Radziwills became near neighbours. They showed Countess Reden many proofs of their affectionate friendship, which she warmly returned.

Among Countess Reden's circle of friends at Buchwald was the Roman Catholic family of Count Schafgotsch at Warmbrunn. She was interested in their son Leopold, and particularly in his young wife, Josephine, a daughter of Count Ziethen.

December 4.—We spent a very pleasant day with young Countess Schafgotsch. She is a really unaffected, sensible, and well-meaning woman, and evinces promise of becoming a great blessing to a wide circle. She likes our evening prayers exceedingly, and she discusses religious questions far more than is good for her peace of mind, considering her position and narrow creed.

The Countess writes later:

I am often surprised that we old sisters can be objects of attraction to the young Countess. She has a naturally simple and noble mind, and it often seems to me that her creed does not satisfy her now, and the teaching of her Church about the Virgin Mary, etc., seems to offer difficulties. Ah! why does she not cling to the Son only, Whose divinity is so undeniable?

Wednesday, December 21.

The anniversary of our father's and mother's marriage sixty-three years ago. I heard that Kriegel, at Hain, the man whose wife died three years ago, had lost his cow last year, and that he had many troubles. The children were said to be in rags, and that no woman will go to such a place to help. His only earnings are from piece work. On learning all this, Caroline gave materials for clothes, and five pairs of stockings which my store could not supply. Complete suits of garments were made, and I selected for him one of our cows of the third class which will soon become number one (for the man has good fodder for her), and then we prepared sausages and warm food, and drove off, Caroline and the bailiff coming with me. . . . The man was out at work, and when everything was ready, the bailiff made a pretext for fetching him. The children sat at a well-spread meal in good clothes, and the cow was standing by a well-filled crib in the cow-house. I went to meet him, and said that people had been gossiping about him and said that his children were ragged and his cow dead, but that I now saw everything to be exactly the reverse of all this. He seemed petrified, and owned that they had not said too much. I led him into his nice house, where all was changed, and his delight, surprise, and gratitude no words can describe. You can imagine it all. I thanked God

and my husband for having given me the means of bestowing so much pleasure.

Fritz von Kalckreuth arrived this evening. I told him last holidays that he must secure his promotion as ensign before he came again. The service, the strict discipline, the study, have done him all the good in the world, and he is very much improved.

The Countess was greatly interested in the Tsar of Russia.

To her Sister-in-law

January 8.

So Nicholas is Tsar. The news came by courier from Berlin on the 3rd, and Prince Wilhelm left in the evening. May he reign over his country like S. Nicholas, but I have my doubts of that. . . . There were no end of congratulations on Sunday. We gave a dinner to ninety-five school children from Quirl. The feast consisted of three-quarters of a calf boiled with rice, bread, of course, and some beer. I gave them some little booklets. . . . I made sausages, ninety-nine of them, with Clementine on the 4th and 5th.

The dear Kreppelhof people are here still, Luise[1] with her seven children, and all are so busy that not a minute is wasted. I give the elder children arithmetic from eleven till twelve, and after that they read with Caroline, and have a music lesson and go to dress. At half-past six they have a lesson in botany from Curie's system,[2] and then some games. . . .

January 24.

I am reading "Francis I. of France" and find it very interesting, and also a clever and amusing English book, in three volumes, "Sayings and Doings." . . .

I have to go and inspect the sheep every day. We are keeping part of the flock without hay, to find out whether it is the fodder which makes the milk too rich for the lambs, and thus causing the lameness. We are awaiting results.

[1] Countess Anton Stolberg.

[2] *Easy Lessons on Field Flowers*, by R. G. Curie (Görlitz, 1823).—E. R.

To Princess Wilhelm

Some one who has not yet been found out tried to burn our farmyard on the 17th, but, by God's mercy, attention was attracted to the spot in the most wonderful way just as the fire had begun. We were at prayers, which were later than usual, as we had returned from Erdmannsdorf rather late, and I had not been able to resist reading a letter from Gossner, which had just come. His blessing and good wishes for my quiet household were fulfilled, for not a hair of our heads was injured, and the fire was extinguished at once. It has been simply a cause of thanksgiving and praise for our wonderful preservation. It has had, too, a cheering result. Our evening prayers have always been attended by my family, servants and guests; now every one pours in—shepherds, steward, labourers, and maids from all four farms. It is really a pious movement, and when I behold this small but ever-increasing congregation, I feel ready to fall on my knees in praise and thanksgiving to God for His goodness. The fire did not take hold of my property, but of the hearts of my people. May it burn brightly and inextinguishably!

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *March* 25.

. . . I am now very happy in the possession of Luther's works. They have only lately been published in a small edition, and are selected with a view to meet the needs of the day. I read something in these blessed works of that true man of God every day with the greatest enjoyment. What a wealth of simple, Christlike feeling, what strength, what a depth of knowledge, combined with the liveliest humour and finest wit and most far-reaching views of life! I find just the things that are suited for reading aloud at Sunday evening prayers, and my listeners, accustomed to Luther from their earliest days, are all attention, and say that "they are so clearly expressed, that any child could understand them." I can't tell you how Gossner reminds me of Luther in his conversation, opinions, liveliness, and in his stirring sermons.

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

April 28.

I wish the war against the Turks would begin. It would be an act of humanity. How I pity those poor Greeks! There is nothing further in the newspapers to-day about Missolonghi, and I hope there will be nothing more, and that the horrors are fabrications.

June 16.

We are delighted about the "Excellency," particularly so because you forgot to write to us about it, which shows that you do not attach undue importance to it, and George is so really excellent that he does not require a title to make him so. That is what he said to me on a similar occasion, and as the remark is still expressive of the fact I repeat it to you.

Countess Reden always had the windows and doors of her house painted white, because her husband had done so and liked it. She writes about the painting:

August 8.—I have prepared the wash for the woodwork myself, and it has turned out a great success, and has cost very little. I used a special mixture for it.

August 12.—I mixed red paint for the tiles, and picked the beans, doing both in the most satisfactory manner. When I am able to do nothing else, I shall fall back on mixing colours.

During the summer and autumn there had been a good deal of society at Buchwald, while the royal neighbours at Fischbach became nearer and dearer friends.

Some members of the Moravian Brotherhood stayed at Buchwald at this time, one of whom was the missionary Kohlmeister, whose acquaintance the Countess was glad to make, but it filled her with sorrow that these good Christians should have so much of the old Adam left in them. She writes of two who could not get on together;

The relations are just the same between N. and M., and it distresses me a great deal. Such a state of things ought not to exist between these good men. If two such people cannot understand one another, and if their relations together are always strained, where then can charity be found? O God, give me deep, heartfelt love for all men, . . . and no misunderstandings!

The winter was cold and there was much snow, and the poverty increased greatly through this cause. The Countess endeavoured to help the poor in every possible way, and to lessen their sufferings. She began to give out potatoes and flour, and to sell them flax at a low price, and this she continued doing for many years. She was also busy preparing for founding the so-called Infirmary, till it was furnished and opened in 1829.

Journal

January 25.—I was obliged to commence drawing up the papers about the Infirmary, and with a prayer for God's guidance I began my work. The beginning was easy; may the end be the same!

To Princess Wilhelm

February 16.

I have had my dear husband's delightfully comfortable sleigh done up, and the coachman drives me out in it every morning from eleven till one o'clock, and after a little trouble I manage to get to the farms and poorest families, and old people, to find out what is needed and to help as best I can. They make scarcely anything by spinning, and this is their sole means of existence, at least for most of them. So I have begun a yarn business, and am therefore able to help them a little. But what I am to do with the yarn afterwards, God and time only can show. Still, this is the only way I can manage for them. I often feel touched and embarrassed at the pleasure and hope my presence seems

to occasion. May God bless my poor efforts and help me in fulfilling my duties! How much I would do for them if I could!

I was deeply moved yesterday by the delight and affection with which an old woman of eighty-four received me. She is dying, and her happy waiting for the end, her trust, and her sweet, bright expression touched me inexpressibly. I am so glad to be able to help and to soothe her for even this short time.

JOURNAL

February 25.—There were twenty degrees of frost when we went to church at eight o'clock this morning. I did not feel it much, for one's heart is so full at the Lord's Table that one is not very conscious of outward things.

In March Countess Reden lost her niece Leonore, while nursing her nephew's wife at Neuhof.

Frau von Schöning and her family left Buchwald in the autumn, after nearly a year's stay.

The New Year was greeted by Countess Reden with "special joy":

I again dedicate myself and my house to God. May He take from me all self-will, and lead me onwards.

She gave up a great deal of time to helping the poor help themselves, buying flax and meal for them, having the flax spun, and sorting it. In January the sisters went away, first to Jänkendorf, and on to visit their nephew Harry Reuss and his children at Dresden, where they met their sister Countess von Bernstorff. Then they paid a visit to Princess Wilhelm's sister at Rudolstadt, and finally to their brother at the dear old home, Lauterbach, where they saw many of their Riedesel relations.

After her return home in April the Countess was ordered to take the baths at Warmbrunn.

JOURNAL

May 12.—I have nothing to ask for, or even wish for, except that I may be among those with whom God is well pleased, and that He will pour upon me the consolation of His Holy Spirit. There is no day, I think, in the whole year so lonely to me as this, nor any upon which I stand in so much need of comfort from above to soothe my sorrow. Though I strive for entire resignation to God's will, the recollection of my dear husband's love fills my poor heart. I can but pray that He Who is my all will grant me the strength and comfort which I so much need.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF COUNT REDEN'S DEATH

July 3.

I was thankful to be alone at the Abbey from seven till half-past eight. My heart has been there since early this morning, and there I poured out my prayers and longings, and felt through and through that the love, the tenderness which our poor hearts so sorely miss are found in Him, and that a time will come when I shall again be with my beloved husband in that place where partings are no more. At this price who would not willingly stay and suffer here awhile?

What a change these words denote in her inner life! Sorrow and longing are still in her heart, but the longing is founded on eternal life. Self-righteousness is gone, and gone too is that worship which had been well-nigh idolatry. She had sought and found healing for her wounded heart.

Her brother-in-law Count Reuss XLIV., with his daughter Linchen, Princess Carolath, and her children, were at Buchwald in the summer. Another very welcome guest was Freiherr vom Stein, whose presence was always a source of special pleasure to the Countess. It is sufficient to mention his name with those of Prince and Princess Wilhelm, General

von Gneisenau, and the Princess Luise Radziwill, to know how interesting the society must have been at Buchwald.

JOURNAL

July 5.—We sat in the nursery garden and prepared everything for our visitors from Fischbach. They came about seven o'clock, and the Mariannensitz was given them.

This is a bench under the trees on the right side of the house, which after this time was used a great deal.

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

August 2.

You are quite right to be glad for us that Minister Stein is here. He is so sincere, so domesticated in his tastes, so large-minded and so much gentler, so distinguished, it is a delight to have him with us. Our daily walk from half-past nine till eleven o'clock has become a necessity to him, and is a delightful time for me. We live in the past, and he opens his heart and gives me his confidence. The royalties from Fischbach were here on Sunday and remained for evening prayers, which were very comforting and helpful. I read a beautiful meditation from Johann Gerhardt. The Radziwills and the Fischbach royalties emulate each other in wishing for our Minister Stein to go to them, and often take him away from us. Except for these visits, he has always spent the evenings with us.

FREIHERR VOM UND ZUM STEIN TO COUNTESS REDEN

My warmest thanks for your kind indulgence of my irritability and bad-tempered impatience, and for the effect of your goodness upon me.

The King was at Fischbach in September with his young wife, the Countess Liegnitz,[1] the Crown Prince, and other members of the Royal Family.

[1] The second wife of Friedrich Wilhelm III. by a morganatic marriage.—M. B.-L.

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *September* 11, 1828.

Fires are burning on all the mountain tops, and the guns are still being fired. Your Prussian heart would be delighted at the people's loyalty, and mine would be very much touched if I were the King. He passed through the parish about half-past five in one of Prince Wilhelm's carriages, and the suite kept passing till eight o'clock. Buchwald is *en beau* when it is illuminated in the evening, and crowds were collected by the brewery and in the village. So much for the public rejoicings! We had our Crown Prince, attended by Major von Röder, and accompanied by our dear Prince and Princess Wilhelm, with us from eleven till half-past two. The weather was superb. The Schnee Koppe could be seen quite distinctly, and I took them all about the place, as the Crown Prince and Prince Wilhelm desired it. The whole party were *en négligé*, and very friendly. The whole house was decorated with flowers. Lunch was served in the Pavilion, and then we drove in three carriages to the Observatory, which the Crown Prince had not seen, and after that it was high time for them to return to Fischbach. I managed to adorn my *département extérieur* quite nicely, in spite of the numberless things I had to do from early morning. I hope I shall get on all right to-morrow, when I am going alone to dine at Fischbach. Our gowns are all ready for the occasion, and Caroline thinks I shall be quite fine. My silver-grey poplin has been done up very simply and trimmed with white satin piping with two broad flounces of point lace, and I shall wear Princess Radziwill's pretty cap. *Voilà tout!*

She added:

The Crown Prince has the tenderest heart and plenty of brains.

Journal

September 13.—Incessant coming and going—it's lucky that it does not often happen. Bright but windy. Valentin von Massow came to breakfast about seven o'clock, and Anton Stolberg with his two sisters about ten o'clock; then C. Röder, Prince Wittgenstein, and

the Crown Prince to say good-bye. Prince Albrecht also called. After these visits I had to drive as fast as I could to Fischbach to dinner. Princess Liegnitz was unaffected and sweet and as fresh as a rose.

December 5.—To the Infirmary in the afternoon, where there were various things to attend to. The nearer it is to completion the more my heart beats with pleasure and also with anxiety, for I am but a weak instrument. May God help me!

Countess Reden heard from her sister-in-law that a young Frankish nobleman wished to pay his addresses to Marline. He was a Freiherr von Rotenhan, of Franconia, near the Palatinate, and although he was a man of high character and distinction, Baron von Riedesel would not consider his proposal, nor make it known to his daughter. He had such a passionate love for his child that he could not endure the thought of resigning her. She seems to have rather guessed at the young man's feelings, however.

Considering all that Marline was and would be to her aunt, as her heiress, the Countess felt that she must make Freiherr von Rotenhan's acquaintance. He accepted her invitation, and arrived unexpectedly on December 7. His noble bearing and handsome presence made a favourable impression, and his frankness won her, as well as his interest in Buchwald, though he only saw it in its winter garb. The news of her niece Linchen's illness reached her during his visit. Linchen died on December 21, and the Countess writes of her to the Princess Wilhelm:

I do not deserve all that your kindness ascribes to me. Our Linchen was not led to the Lord by us; bodily suffering, a very sensitive temperament from her earliest youth, a rather difficult life, Gossner's visit and his conversation, all combined to draw her heart to God, and endowed her with

that heavenly patience which won many souls to Him. We could only watch her with joy and thankfulness.

The Countess's maid, who had been in her service for many years, was married towards the end of the winter, and she writes concerning the event:

JOURNAL

March 2.—A full day, but a happy one. The "Hochzeits Mutter," as they call me, was very glad to do what she could for her old servant, and is very thankful that God has given her the means. To the very last Emilia was the same simple, reliable servant, and I was perfectly satisfied with her. She dressed in my room, and I led her down to the assembled guests, when they all had coffee before going to church. The address was rather long. There was a substantial tea afterwards, and prayers at seven o'clock, which were largely attended. Then came supper and the removal of the bridal wreath, etc. There were twenty-seven guests.

March 10.—I parted from my companion at two in the afternoon. Her regret at saying good-bye made it harder for me, though I tried to restrain all outward signs. A sacrifice, however difficult, should always be a cheerful one, else it is not worth anything.


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CHAPTER IV

NEW JOYS AND CONSOLATIONS

1829—1837

COUNTESS REDEN had brought back with her from Jänkendorf, Mathilde Gaul, the gardener's daughter, to fill the place of the maid she was losing, and the girl remained with her for years. She considered the well-being of her servants, sympathised with them in their joys and sorrows, and allowed them to share hers. The expression "My whole house rejoices with me" often occurs in her letters. Her housekeeper, Bornemann, had been in Count Reden's service before his marriage, and was almost incapable of any work for many years, but she was looked after most assiduously. The Countess kept an eye on the families of her married servants, and trained their children as her "pepins," till they were old enough to go out to other service.

The Infirmary, which had been commenced two years before, was opened this spring. It was intended as a home for the old and sick people on her estates.

JOURNAL

April 18.—I am out of doors a great deal, seeing to the planting out, and helping Walter, who is very busy and who has a good deal to worry him. I have also been to the Infirmary. It is being thoroughly scoured, and the house-mother moves in to-day. Things will be finished and settled on Tuesday or

Wednesday, and on Thursday, my dear Septi's birthday, the infirm old people are to move in. This has been my wish all along. It will be a full, but God grant, a blessed, week.

April 21.—I went to the Infirmary early to see the matron, and began hanging up the things, and arranging them as they were brought to the house, with self-examination and thanksgiving, and prayer for the success of the work. The provisions arrived and were paid for, and everything was methodically entered.

April 22.—Got on with the furnishing of the Infirmary, and the inventory was taken, as well as an inventory of the effects of the six inmates, which had been brought in. . . . Some planting-out was done, and at the end of it all I was very tired but happy, and full of hope that God would not allow His work to suffer in my hands.

April 23.—My little Infirmary is dedicated. I went there at ten o'clock, and found the inmates all ready. The invited guests arrived: Caroline, Henly, and, by degrees, the servants and school children and village officials and the pastor. . . . The dedication was a hearty but solemn service. My beloved husband was mentioned as the real founder, and in the address they were all exhorted to dwell together in kindliness and unity. Then a good meal concluded the proceedings, and it did one good to see how much it was enjoyed.

May God grant that they shall never want, and may the small sum required to keep it up be always forthcoming!

To her Sister-in-law

May 1.

Just a few words more about my Infirmary. Up till now its success has far exceeded my hopes—*i.e.* while giving the people plenty to eat (three ample meals a day, with afternoon coffee) there is no extravagance in the use of the provisions, as the housekeeping lists and bills show, and the happiness, harmony, and orderly behaviour of the inmates could not be better. The chief articles used are bread,

soap, oil, and wood. I have good reason to know that the first-named article is the most used: I get it supplied by contract by the miller, so that the institution shall not be a burden upon my housekeeping, and at the same time to avoid giving the old people black bread. We saved a quarter of the amount by this arrangement in the first week.

I went through the inventory after church on Sunday with the man in charge of the Infirmary. I showed them how to keep accounts, and I had a receipt given to each person for the things they each own and had brought with them. I was present three or four times at meals, and once at the Bible-reading, for which I choose the hymns every week. It is a great pleasure to me that it is satisfactory.

Countess Reden was obliged to go to the baths at Warmbrunn for over a fortnight in May.

To her Sister-in-law

May 14.

You will have thought of me at Buchwald on the 12th, in the midst of my two hundred and ten school children, and the schoolmaster. I thought this of myself on the 11th, and everything was arranged for us to drive over at seven o'clock. But it poured in torrents all night, and at six o'clock the water had risen so high and the rain was still coming down so heavily we could not start. We waited, hoping for a ray of sunshine, till one o'clock, but we were strongly dissuaded from attempting the drive, and therefore gave it up. The road was under water. I felt it rather hard at first, for your Fritze had never had such an experience before, nor indeed had she ever dreamed of such a contretemps. And yet when one comes to think of it, why should S. Pancratino not play his tricks on the 12th of May as well as on any other day? Ah! such disappointments are good for us, and so I recognised the same day, and I feel it even more strongly to-day and am thankful for it.

Warmbrunn did not seem to have done her so much good as she hoped, for she was ill all the summer,

though she never permitted this to interfere with her work nor hinder her hospitality.

To her Sister-in-law

May 29.

The bricklayers are still at work on the foundations of the house. I am sitting on the corner bench while the gardeners are clearing up, sweeping and tidying around me. Caroline is indoors, as busy as I am here. I am having the older pepins place twenty-one seats. I prefer to be in the garden to any other spot. If you could but see the troops of children who keep on coming here with lilies-of-the-valley, to-day especially! Every room is full. Mathilde keeps the book and pays the money and ruins me, she considers; but this is the sort of almsgiving I particularly like.

Countess Reden had been connected with Hermannsseiffen, a small Evangelical community, ever since 1817, when it had at first begged her for Bibles and tracts, but her warm heart did not stop there. Christian friends in England who were well off sent her gifts for her fellow-believers. She had an excellent book of Gossner's translated into Czech by the Pastor of Hermannsseiffen, and distributed in his parish. And her English friends also enabled her to give a considerable contribution towards the building of the school, which the pastor and churchwardens fetched from Buchwald. She and her sister carried out a long-planned visit to Hermannsseiffen in 1829, driving from Upper Schmiedeberg to Gränzbaude, and staying a night at Johannisbad.

Journal

August 23.

August 23.—An unforgettable day! We left Johannisbad about half-past six in the morning, escorted by Pohl, who told us about the parochial affairs of Hermannsseiffen. The village extends for about a mile up the valley, but the meeting-house fortunately is at the entrance, and next door to the Pohls'. We first

went to see his little sanctum, where a prayer meeting is held on Sundays and on Wednesdays. It was eight o'clock, and they all stood at the door to welcome us. Pohl was in the seventh heaven of delight, and so was his wife, and they almost forgot their present dreary condition. We had brought luncheon with us, and we shared this lovefeast with them. We next went to the parsonage, where we were very kindly received, and then on to the church, a nice, clean building. The large congregation was attentive and devout, and the hymns were beautiful, and the sermon, from the Gospel of the day, was excellent. There was a celebration of Communion, and the service was a very touching one. We reached home, by God's protecting care, in the evening.

Marline became engaged to Freiherr von Rotenhan in July, and she came with her father and mother and her *fiancé* to Buchwald in October. The engagement and the visit were both very depressing, owing to Baron von Riedesel's state of mind. His jealous affection for his daughter made her engagement a trying time. Countess Reden did her utmost to try and influence her brother, for she knew how hard he made things for Marline.

The whole year was one of constant worry for the Countess, and she often expressed a longing for rest. But this, however, she never gave herself, for indefatigable activity and intercourse with people were a necessity to her. Household affairs of all sorts and all the gardening came under her supervision, and she attended to a great deal of parish work, and had also many social duties. With all this, she still found time for books and the daily papers. Her letters and journals mention Sir Walter Scott's novels, Cooper's, Victor Hugo's, and various biographies. Her old friend Count Gessler died in 1829.

December 4.

Our meeting with Princess Wilhelm on Saturday

was exceedingly pleasant and sociable. We were together from twelve till four. She brought some of her sister's letters, and she talked to us a good deal about her father, her youth, and the old maid-servant who used to dress her. She was indescribably sweet and winning. We had to tell her about Linchen's death, and she even begged me to read her some of my journal. A stranger might have thought us three sisters, so much has she become one of us, and so little was there of the princess about her. . . . Prince and Princess Wilhelm and their suite came in the evening. I am reading Walsch's account of his journey to Constantinople and across the scene of the last war as far as Vienna, and we had a lively and agreeable conversation about the book. The Prince was particularly gay. He had received the order of S. Stephan that morning.

The very severe winter gave the Countess very much to do in relieving the distress of the poor. She had a great deal of correspondence with Count Anton Stolberg at Kreppelhof about it, and he obtained help from the King to buy flax and potatoes for the poor in the mountain districts. The Countess often alludes to her ill health, though it did not lessen her activity, and she bore it with exemplary patience.

JOURNAL

January, 1830.—On the 15th and 16th I wound up the accounts of the savings bank. May God bless the work! Gave the matron of the Infirmary provisions for a month. To be able to help one's neighbours in this way widens one's sympathies, and it makes me feel humbled that God has, in His mercy, chosen me to do Him this service.

I never can help thinking, when I am serving at the dinner table, and there is enough left for some four or six people to have an ample meal, that it is like the widow's cruse of oil, increased by distribution.

February.—Still very cold and windy. I often sigh for the poor, and wish I were able to help them all. We give wood to the poorest and lend it to others;

wind the flax and procure cheap potatoes for all, and so we extend helping hands according to Oberlin's[1] advice, though there is no ready money.

The weather is milder, thank God, so perhaps a weight will be lifted from our hearts. There is plenty to do. We have just packed and despatched to our miners at Waldenburg a few Bibles, food, and some bath herbs.

To her Sister-in-law

February 4.

Our chief object must be to help the destitute in these hard times; but with the best will in the world we cannot do for all this large population. Every effort must be made to keep them from begging, for that is a sort of gnawing cancer founded on idleness, and a habit once begun is difficult to discontinue. I am thinking about it day and night, and I pray God to show me, His weak instrument, what is best to do. To give them everything gratis lowers them immediately, and in a way makes them beggars; while to pay for what they get has the contrary effect, and not only elevates them, but encourages industry, which is a safeguard against many evils. One hundred and forty-one pounds of flax were paid for and fetched away on Monday, and this increase in the demand shows it is good, and that they are making by it. I would not exchange my drawing-room on Mondays and Wednesdays for any palace, though my visitors are only the lame, the halt, and crippled. I assure you that on those days I wake and get up earlier, because I can hardly wait till it is time for my guests to come. I am almost ashamed when I receive them, in that God deems me worthy of giving my mite, and their gratitude humiliates me, for it is I who should be thankful at being able to give.

My day now is as follows: reading and writing in my room from six till ten o'clock, when I breakfast. Then I am busy in my sitting-room with my pepins, cutting out and arranging work with two girls and

[1] Jean Frederic Oberlin, Pastor of Bom-de-la-Roche, born 1740, died 1826. He did much for his parish in founding schools, and in promoting agriculture and manufactures.—M. B.-L.

two boys till twelve o'clock. I go out, if possible, then, very often to take a look at the sheep, which, so far, are very satisfactory. Then I write and dictate and teach my young folks till five o'clock.

February 15.

I am very much occupied with arrangements for having a real descendant of Luther's brought here. Documents have been found in the archives of the Martin's Institution which clearly prove that a grandchild of Paul Luther, our Reformer's youngest son, became a Roman Catholic through Jesuits who carried him off to Bohemia one hundred and fifty years ago. The Director of the Institution, Herr Reinthaler, was at Carlsbad a few years ago, and, on information which he received, travelled almost all over Bohemia, inquiring everywhere for the name of Luther. At last, at Stöcken, a little place not far from Deutsch-brod, and twenty-four[1] miles from here, he found the descendant. *He* also had documents proving the descent. He is a poor belt-maker, and gratefully accepted the offer of a home for his little son Anton in the Martin Institution, when he should be a little older, and he had no objection for him to be brought up in the faith of his ancestor. Then came the question of getting the boy here, and to send him on to the Institution. I was delighted to offer my small assistance through friends at Hermannsseiffen, so everything has been arranged, and we are daily expecting the little Anton Luther, and are ready to give him a kind welcome. Thus the Lord permits the wandering sheep to be lost for a time, but He, the good Shepherd, seeks it out at last and brings it home to the true fold.

April 2.

Yesterday it was a real pleasure to see the little Luther dressed quite *à neuf* from a shooting-suit of my dear husband's. I thought of it all of a sudden, and felt he would have wished me to use it in this way. It succeeded capitally, and the child was in raptures when we took off his few rags and dressed him from head to foot in new clothes. Caroline gave him shoes and stockings, for the poor little fellow had none of the latter, and his worn-out boots had

[1] About ninety-nine English miles.—M. B.-L.

rubbed his feet raw. I added a nice cap, and there he stood, a little living image of S. George of the Wartburg. My eyes overflowed with tears of gratitude at the sight. He is a very nice, good-tempered child of eight years; he has a little square figure, and a round head like his ancestor. He came with good Pastor Bensch on Tuesday, and to-morrow an empty carriage will come to take the travellers to Herr Holzschuher at Breslau. I had another pleasure a short time ago. My old friend Latrobe, in England, sent me a cheque for £30—that is, two hundred and five Reichthalers. Twenty pounds of it came from a benevolent lady who asks me to give it to the good pastor as a widow's mite. She had seen in my account of our trip to Hermannsseiffen how poor his living is, though his contented mind is quite satisfied with it. The other ten pounds is to be added to the funds for the school which was founded with the money sent from England.

Countess Reden was very ill towards the spring with erysipelas. She writes:

March 31.—A rather restless night again, full of forebodings, which occasioned me earnest thought. The first thing I did when morning came was to arrange my paper and seal for a codicil to my will, and, by God's help, to make it. Read a very helpful and spiritual meditation by Bogatzky. Yes, I wish to live as long as God wills, but only under His guidance. May He take all my unworthiness from me!

Two Roman Catholic priests wrote to Countess Reden from Upper Silesia thus:

Thanks be to God, a desire for His Holy Word has been aroused, and the poor people come to Kosel from long distances and beg the Director in the most touching way for "Books of the Holy Father," as in their childish simplicity they call the New Testament, and each person promises to do some service in return, according to his very small powers, if he will but accede to their request. They fairly besiege his house, each one trying to get the book first, and feeling happy if he can only hold it in his hands first.

This longing for the New Testament has arisen not only in and about Kosel, but all over Upper Silesia. Ah! may the poor souls not be kept waiting too long, lest they cease to feel the need of it. We set our hopes on you. God will move your heart to send us help. They are too poor to give more than two and a half silver groschens for a New Testament. Up to this time our small means have not permitted us to do more than partially supply a few schools, for in most of the schools there are no Bibles at all. Now they also are asking for them, and every family needs one. The Commandant of Posen begs more frequently and pressingly for some for the soldiers. What a prospect! How many idle hours will be made better by having this treasure in the house!

Countess Reden was also in correspondence with "dear old van Ess," the Roman Catholic translator of the Bible. He recommended her to apply to an English agent named Pinkerton, who lived at Frankfort, and she received a letter on the same day from him full of kindness about her efforts. She writes:

I have thanked him, and told him that as he has sought me out and made the first advances, he has only himself to thank for having come across a person who is so insatiable with regard to Bibles.

JOURNAL

May 12.—Thus far has God, in His mercy, brought me. For fifty-six years He has been my Guide, and has remembered and helped me, as Bogatzky says.

May 17.—A great sheep-shearing, at which I was unable to be present. I felt it rather hard not to go, but I must conquer this as well as many other things. After all, when I think seriously, I can but recognise and adore God's great love and mercy to me in every way.

The Countess was very much occupied about the departure of the Landrath at this time, who had been somewhat of a stumbling-block to one so given to good works and who was so untiringly energetic

as she was. He had often thwarted and hindered her in carrying out benevolent projects. Count Matuschki of Kupferberg succeeded him, with whom she was on good terms, and whose only drawback was that he was a Roman Catholic.

June was a stirring month, owing to the sojourn of the King and Empress of Russia at Fischbach. Among the numerous royalties with the King were Prince and Princess Carl, who were the Countess's guests from the 4th till the 14th, as was also the Grand Duchess of Weimar. The continual stir, the coming and going, were often fatiguing to Countess Reden, but they were also a source of much that was pleasant to her.

BUCHWALD, *June* 9, 1830.

The King passed quietly through Buchwald about six o'clock on Saturday, followed by several carriages, and, at about eight, the Empress and Crown Prince. Prince and Princess Carl drove over to Fischbach at noon. We waited till nearly half-past twelve at night for them, and conducted them to their rooms. She still gets tired easily, but he is very lively, and always wishes to stop and have a chat, so that our breakfast lasts about two hours. We had it in the Pavilion yesterday, and in the Orangery to-day. As Prince Carl wished to go to church at Fischbach, we breakfasted with him early, and when Princess Carl came down I was not ready. I was just pouring out her coffee when Princess Auguste arrived, with Frau von Jagow in attendance. She is not nearly so pretty, but far more vivacious, and her little *chiffonnée* face is very pleasing, I think. She was enchanted with the house and everything about it, and wished that she was staying here. We were followed to the Pavilion later on by, first, Prince and Princess Wilhelm, and then Prince Carl. The two former were to have gone on to Ruhberg, but they were here too long to do so, and after they had been three-quarters of an hour at the Pavilion, we got a message to say that Princess Radziwill herself was at the house.

Fortunately a carriage was waiting, and I suggested driving to the house. We found the Electress[1] and her daughter there also. We had a cold *déjeuner*, which Kriegel and the hired servant managed to serve quite nicely; Kolbe being ill, I had to have a stranger. Imagine my astonishment, for I had made no arrangements, except to order iced water and wine. I made inquiries afterwards, and learned that Prince Carl had ordered something to be brought up. What do you think of his *sans façon*? He makes up for it by his great friendliness, and by his assurances of how much he feels at home with us; but all the same it was rather odd of him. On our return to the Pavilion at a quarter to two a messenger from the King rode over, asking us to dinner. Neither my dress nor my lace were ready. Just fancy the hurry. We got there in time, however, and were received by the King in the courtyard, where a formal court was held. After that we went upstairs for a moment, and then across the covered bridge to the immense hall, where the heat was fearful, but everything very grand. Music during dinner, and great splendour, but poor food and a scanty supply of that. We wished to leave after dinner, but Princess Wilhelm invited us to go to her rooms, so we remained with her and her family till half-past six. The King was very gracious, and talked to me for quite a long while, and all the others were very friendly, but it was rather a dull affair, I thought. There were a great many interruptions yesterday. We took a short walk after breakfast, and had lunch in the salon with the additional guests: Count Brandenburg with his wife, Alexander von Humboldt and Prince Wittgenstein, and at last, when everybody had left, the Gneisenaus appeared at half-past two. Then we had quiet till eleven at night, when we saw our guests to their rooms and I had a quarter-of-an-hour's talk with Count Gröben.

To-day at twelve to Ruhberg. Received with a real warm-hearted welcome. Called on the Electress; she talks far too much, and annoys the Radziwills by her mistakes. Yesterday we were quietly at supper when in came Prince Wittgenstein again,

[1] Luise, daughter of Friedrich Wilhelm II., wife of the Elector Wilhelm II. of Hesse.—M. B.-L.

stayed to supper with us, and proffered the following request: that I would purchase from five to six thousand thalers' worth of home manufactures in linen and damask for the Russian "suite." The King was of the opinion that "Countess Reden would manage the matter better than any one, if she would but undertake it." Of course I will gladly do it for the sake of charity, but the responsibility is a heavy one, and how shall I find the time?

To-day the weather threatens to be stormy, and it is oppressively hot. We breakfasted late, and then drove to the Ameisenberg, where Prince Wilhelm had sent on *déjeuner*, and now Anton has just announced that the King and the Empress wish to come to tea this evening. Where? That has still to be decided. Sixty persons, and Kolbe ill—it is a little too much.

June 10.

Yesterday we had an unfortunate evening which I shall remember for some time. Happily such things do not much affect me. At five o'clock tea was ordered in the Pavilion, and all the requisites—tea-service, milk, all kinds of cake, and ice—were sent there. The things were set out quite charmingly on the table, with a bust of the Queen in the centre, surrounded with flowers. There was a thunderstorm coming. I waited in the garden-house till half-past seven, when the royalties came, and with them the rain. The Empress and the Hereditary Grand Duchess drove on before us; then I came with the King and the Crown Prince, walking slowly under umbrellas, and the greater part of the company behind us. Instead of a view of the Schnee Koppe, we had a thunderstorm. Tea and milk were served while we were thinking of the other guests, about twenty-five, who had not come, and to whom we could not send anything. The peals of thunder soon became more violent; everything was in confusion, and the rain came halfway into the Pavilion. The King took it all in very good part until nearly nine o'clock, when he desired to return home. Meanwhile we sent to the house, Caroline acting as messenger during a fine interval, to explain how matters stood with us. Prince Carl took upon himself to do the

honours, procured lights, and was very charming. I had two *chaises à porteurs* prepared, and the Empress, the Electress, and others were carried to the house in them, and never gave a farthing of *Trinkgeld* to my good people afterwards. I followed last of all, and got back, with the aid of an umbrella and goloshes, dry. It was like a night at the opera—every one was shouting for carriages after the King had gone. All our covered carriages were ordered, and by ten nearly every one had returned to Fischbach. The Radziwills and the Electress stayed till eleven and were exceedingly lively, so that, after all, it was most amusing. Princess Wilhelm, the Crown Prince, the Radziwills, and several ladies had remained in the house. We had our lunch at the farm to-day, and old Wittgenstein and several gentlemen came. Then a visit to Erdmannsdorf, and we drove on to Neuhof. After dinner to Schmiedeberg, and shopping with Clementine. Kriegel arrived breathless about half-past seven to say that Anton had come to announce the King and all the court. They wanted to see all over the estate. We rushed home, Caroline to make preparations, and I to change my dress; but on getting there, the whole party were at the Abbey with Walter. How I thanked God that I had arrived too late, for I never could have taken them there, and yet how could I have refused? About half-past eight Walter came, saying that every one had expressed interest, and that the King was much impressed and delighted. He waited there with Princess Liegnitz and talked to her very earnestly—so Prince Wittgenstein told me—for he had received a few hours previously the news of her mother's death, which she is not to hear till she returns to Berlin.

June 11.

Yesterday was taken up with preparations for the reception of the Grand Duchess of Weimar. The number of persons *passe la permission*, ten lackeys, a courier, a hair-dresser, two maids, a wardrobe keeper, a ladies'-maid, Countess Fritsch and her maid, two gentlemen, and a physician. Everything is all ready, but the confusion was fearful at first. The physician came straight to me, and was very civil; he and the courier are lodged at the steward's,

but their meals are served from the house. The servants are boarded at the brewer's at so much a head, and the King pays. There are sixty-one cups of coffee made early every morning for the whole party, including ours. We are now expecting the Grand Duchess to arrive. Everything is in readiness. I shall be glad when all is quiet, and still more so when everything is over.

June 12.

The Grand Duchess and her daughter arrived at a quarter to twelve last night. Prince Carl came in a quarter of an hour earlier. They entered through the brilliantly lighted hall, where twenty minutes were spent in conversation, and she said more in that short time about the kindness and the trouble I had been put to than the others had said in a week. . . . She stayed over three-quarters of an hour with me to-day, and was very pleasant and friendly. She spoke with great affection of you, and she talked of her daughters and their different characters, and of their husbands. After that she had some writing to do. We breakfasted with her children in the salon, and she came to it.

Princess Auguste came with her husband, and she sat with her mother while the two Princes came to me. We walked to the farm, the garden house, and the Pavilion, where we received a message saying that the King, the Empress, and the rest of the party were at the house. We hurried back, and all returned together to have a lovely view of the Schnee Koppe, which enchanted them all. A splendid *déjeuner* awaited us in the salon, and by half-past one they had all left. Caroline went to Hirschberg with Clementine, and I went home, literally worn out.

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June 14.—The Grand Duchess and Princess Carl left us at eight o'clock, with the whole lot of thirty people, and then I set to work upon the business which the King has entrusted to me, one that will bring happiness to so many people, troublesome though it will be to me to accomplish. I did not leave it all day, and was at it still till eleven o'clock at night, and all the time visitors were calling, and other interruptions occurred.

June 15.—Engaged with my business, only interrupted by a few visitors. Sent off couriers and messengers. Wittgenstein came late, and brought 6,000 thalers.

June 16.—Still busy paying out money from early morning, for the first time for a long while. I have spent so much! Happily the accounts tally with the forty-one recipients.

Marline's marriage took place in June, and her father settled the date of it such a short time beforehand her aunts could not possibly be present. They joined their brother and his wife at Carlsbad in July, and passed a very agreeable time there. They enjoyed the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Bishop Sailer during their visit. This pious Roman Catholic prelate was so unbiassed, so little inclined to Rome, that he recommended the writings of Zinzendorf to his Evangelical friends. He and the sisters had many serious and edifying conversations.

The carriage broke down on the return journey while driving through a Bohemian village, and whilst it was being repaired Countess Reden entered a cottage and engaged in conversation with a labouring woman, whom she found surrounded by her children. The woman confided some of her troubles to her, especially how, owing to her poverty, she was not able to give her little boy any proper education. The Countess was interested in the people, and especially in the little boy, Fränzel, and she offered to take him with her and to send him to school and to provide for his future. And he actually went with her to Buchwald, became one of her pepins, and was consequently able to earn his bread.

The political news from all quarters upset the tranquil life at Buchwald very much, and there was danger of disturbances consequent upon the Revo-

lution in Paris. Relations and friends in South Germany seemed threatened, and to the more intimate circle of friends this eventful year brought important changes.

Prince Wilhelm was appointed to a military post in the Rhine Provinces, and Count Anton Stolberg was ordered to accompany him. The Prince's illness detained them in Berlin, and Count Anton's large family, already prepared to start, found a hospitable reception at Buchwald.

To Princess Wilhelm

Buchwald, *November* 2.

Ah! I feel with your Royal Highness, from my own blessed experience, that such a day of trial spent in tending our loved ones is a great blessing, and brings us in closest communion with the Lord, to Whom the weary and heavy-laden are ever dearest, and the granting of our heart-felt petitions is shown in little things as well as in great ones. There is an inner happiness which leads us to silent prayer when one may not be able to express what the heart feels, and it is better, too, that we should store it up in its inmost recesses, like a precious jewel. I am often drawn towards you—perhaps my dear neighbour will let me come to see him for a few moments—but what matters bodily nearness? Am I ever far from you? And I think, indeed, that my dear neighbours must have felt me nearer, for common prayers and supplications unite us in spite of distance.

The Polish Insurrection and the army mobilisation gave rise to increased anxieties and labours of love towards the close of the year.

To Princess Wilhelm

Buchwald, *December* 10.

The bloody revolution at Warsaw has been the cause of many tears and lamentations in this valley. We learnt the terrible news on the 6th, which confirmed, alas! that which the Princess Radziwill received on the 4th. The 7th was quiet, but during

the night a despatch-rider arrived with the news of the hasty mobilisation. Sixty-one men from here, most of them married; from the farms alone, two bailiffs, two writers, shepherds, three labourers, and the steward himself have been called out. Messenger after messenger, gendarmes, and orders, have followed one upon the other in quick succession, and in a few hours all were marched off, their poor wives following in order to bring home their husbands' miserable clothing, after they should have got into their uniforms. There was such a rush, and such leavetakings! Everything was quiet at last, a desolation and stillness which had an extraordinarily saddening effect. I drove to Schmiedeberg early yesterday, where all had to be drawn up and inspected; and as soon as my people caught sight of my cream-coloured horses they surrounded me, each one wanting a last grasp of the hand, and a word of blessing. They were in excellent spirits, but felt the parting with their wives and children; all expressing the same wish: "If only our steward might stay behind with you, for your sake and ours!" and as it is, he really is to stay, for Major Stösser, who has shown the greatest zeal and ability, has given over the 7th staff company, which is to remain here, into his hands, and left all his affairs under his care. It is a great comfort from a political point of view also. May God grant that everything remains quiet, and that a law-abiding course may be maintained here in Silesia!

JOURNAL.

December 17.—A communication for the pastor with respect to a rescript from the Government about the distribution of tracts (from which they fear that disturbances may arise). I have done a good deal of service, so I hope that I shall not be interfered with. Ah! the cause of the present unrest lies deeper, and should be sought elsewhere. The Government ought to look to itself for the reason.

In January, 1831, Countess Reden decided upon a long journey. She first spent some pleasant days with her old friend at Jänkendorf. Then the sisters arrived at Wernigerode on February 5, on a visit

to Eberhardine, Countess Stolberg. From there they went to Langensalza to visit their niece Luise von Brandenburg, *née* Bernstorff, where also they found their sister America, Countess Bernstorff.

Countess Reden took the keenest interest wherever she was in studying the life of the people, and in learning something of the condition of the place itself. We find a chronological account of Langensalza in her journal. They went to Lauterbach on the 21st, where Marline was on a visit to her father and mother. The Schönings followed, so that there was a large assemblage of Riedesel relations in the place, for many lived close by. In April the sisters paid a visit to the Schönings at their home at Gedern, in Vogelsberg, and went with their brother afterwards to Neuenhof, and thence to Carlsbad. There they met many old and new acquaintances, including Bishop Sailer. They returned home on the 20th of the month, and resumed their wonted occupations.

People were in great dread of cholera, which seemed likely to appear in that part of the country. The Countess seized every opportunity to insist on precautionary measures being taken. She was aware that the poor, ill-fed mountaineers would have no chance of escaping this fell disease, and she hastened to provide good and nourishing food for them by opening a soup-kitchen.

The Crown Prince paid two visits in the summer, and from this period dates the close friendship and intimacy which henceforth existed between him and Countess Reden.

To her Sister-in-law

The Crown Prince answered me by saying with great modesty [the Countess had offered him the hospitalities of Buchwald during a tour in the

mountain districts] that he should never have ventured, however much he might have desired to come to her, to come with such a troop, in waggoners' smocks, and boots probably in holes, and he begged me to reconsider what I was offering to undertake. It was no light thing to suggest, and he would not accept, were not the desire to see his dear Buchwald and its honoured mistress stronger than his hesitation. He had intended to have stopped for a moment after sending his party on.

Just fancy, dearest friend, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, Count Fugger, brother Carl, Herr von Frohreich, Prince Friedrich of Hesse, Prince August of Würtemberg, Count Gröben, Edward Hufeland, and your humble servant, perhaps Count Brandenburg also, and each one with an attendant, eighteen or twenty in all.

P.S.—I have forgotten one of the party, Herr von Radowitz, whom Prince August recalled from Fürstenstein, and who will see the mountains for the first time. In this way you can easily imagine that the number of the party may mount up to twenty-two.

We are getting everything ready, and I think that it can all be managed very nicely, and without too much expense. More about our arrangements later on.

It will be a merry party no doubt, and they will be having quite a wild time of it in Johannisbad to-day. I ask myself how much will be made good —surely this unexpected providing of lodgings will not be gratis.

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August 8.—Our guests arrived at half-past seven—the Crown Prince, Prince Carl, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, Prince August of Würtemberg, Prince Friedrich of Hesse, Count Gröben, Ferdinand Stolberg, Count Fugger, Edward Hufeland, Herr von Radowitz, and thirteen servants. We went straight to the Pavilion for tea, the evening light very beautiful though not brilliant. Then a long walk to the farm and lake—the appearance of the house when all lighted up was charming—supper at half-past ten in the hall, and to bed at half-past twelve. Had a

very interesting and serious conversation with the Crown Prince, spoke much of Stein. I was pleased to see how much the subject moved him.

The death of her old friend Freiherr vom Stein was a great blow to Countess Reden. She received both in this sorrow, and in another which was a great shock to her, the warmest sympathy from the Crown Prince, who was at Buchwald with his consort on August 25.

The Countess writes of their visit:

August 25.—Everything was ready in good time, and we had glorious weather. The suite of the Crown Prince and Princess arrived at half-past three, and they themselves soon after, and as friendly and kind as possible. The President, the Landrath, Count Gröben, Count Döñhoff, Fräulein Borstell and Brockhausen. A very good dinner, and every one in high spirits. But how they were damped by the sad news of our dear Field-Marshal Gneisenau's sudden death on the 23rd!

The news has caused great and general sorrow, and I feel so deeply both for his relations and for myself. Gröben drove straight to Erdmannsdorf. I took a walk and had tea in the Pavilion. Every one was quiet and sympathetic. Quite a domestic evening. We had prayers as usual, and the Lord blessed them to us. My dear Crown Prince was very much touched by them.

August 26.—Breakfast all together at half-past eleven. Then our dear guests left us. Both were very kind, but I particularly admire the strong personality and intelligence of the Crown Prince.

To Princess Wilhelm

Buchwald, *September* 1.

How we are longing for our dear friendly neighbours to be again at Fischbach! It always seems to me that many of the trials which time brings to us would be less if we could confide them to one another and talk them over together. Our dear, good Crown Prince and Princess, whom we had the delight of

having with us for a day, sympathised with us about your absence, and felt it on their own account also. Ah, how much his soul has been influenced for good at this solemn time! I have had a good deal of conversation with him on both occasions of his visits here, and I cannot sufficiently assure your Royal Highness what a happy impression he made on me. He takes this time as it ought to be taken; he recognises Who sends it and why it is sent; and he knows where to go for help, and his heart is turned thither. His dear, good heart—how tenderly it feels for the universal distress, and how he longs to help in all directions! What a sympathy he shows for every one's troubles! . . .

To her Sister-in-law

September 3.

We hope to get the barley and rye in to-day. In these gifts of God, which He has so abundantly and in sufficient measure sent for the support of the people in our mountains, I find a consoling pledge that He will still leave many in this valley to enjoy them.

Bishop Sailer to Countess Reden

Regensburg, *September* 30, 1831.

Yesterday, the day of my namesake, S. Michael, brought me the most welcome of gifts, your handwriting. Your letter reached me unopened, but perforated as if it were plague-time. Though I greatly desired to receive news of your work and responsibilities, yet I must own that your longing for a letter from us was simultaneous with my own, if indeed we did not anticipate you.

The universal epidemic threatens us also. . . . The finger of God is plainly in it, and we pray and trust Him with submission. Your home is marked as a Christian household by the blood of the Lord, and the destroying angel will pass over it. Amen.

In consequence of her exertions and various worries, including her dread of the cholera, which she always tried hard to keep under, Countess Reden developed a serious illness in the autumn of 1831. Fever and

constant nervous depression weighed her down both morally and physically, and her journal shows in a touching way how her vexed spirit strove after consolation and peace. Caroline nursed her faithfully and tenderly, assisted by the bailiff's wife, Frau Gläser. The presence of her nephew Henly was a great support to her, and he undertook the night watching. For weeks the invalid could not sleep unless he held her hand, and for a time his family lived altogether at Buchwald.

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October 31.—I close this day and month with humble thanks to God. I have been through great suffering, but His grace and mercy were greater. How much love and blessing I have received from my dear ones—Caroline, Henly, Fritze, all my people! Grant me, O God, a heart to feel this and keep it in my remembrance.

November 18.—I got up for the first time from half-past ten, and remained up till half-past three, and again from half-past six till half-past nine. God be praised! The Henlys are a great comfort to me. Caroline bears up better than one dared to hope. My heart overflows with the great mercies of God. . . .

December 17.—I was able to get up at nine this week, and took my second cup of coffee with Caroline. I was often able to do a litttle business, and to dictate to my bailiff and Kriegel, as well as to do some tapestry work and knitting. I also read more. I have Southey's Life of Wesley on hand now. Here I am busy, as far as weakness permits, bruising flax and weighing it, and reckoning up accounts.

December 20.—I closed my soup-kitchen on November 30, to open it again (D.V.) when the weather is better, and it will be less bad for the people to come so far for it in their miserable clothes, and will be less waste of time and money.

Every one has got firing and potatoes now, and is busy spinning, getting the flax at a cheap rate. . . . May it be the Lord's will to restore me! Let me leave all to Him.

To her Niece Marline

December 30.

I am writing again for the first time since my illness, in my dear little room, which is well heated by ten o'clock. I stay alone till noon, if I have had a fairly good morning, and my weakness and pallor do not make my faithful nurses too uneasy. Then I have some caviar or tongue and settle down in the large room, where, with the sun and fire, there is a delightful temperature. I go into the breakfast-room at half-past four, and am ensconced in the big armchair till ten o'clock, with an interval of walking the length of the three rooms, the doors of which always stand open.

Everything is arranged for my ease and comfort, and I am overcome with gratitude, often far more than I can express. I rise at eight, having read from seven in bed, have my coffee at seven, and another with Caroline at half-past eight. Then we read together in the Old Testament, and I remain quiet, sewing perhaps till ten o'clock. You can hardly imagine your old aunt like this, but so it is, and in calm submission to the Lord's will I am strengthened, instead of being tired. My soul derives comfort and edification from our evening prayers, which we have recommenced in the gun-room again. We began them on Monday, and I was not fatigued; indeed, they were a real refreshment to me. May the Lord grant me His mercy, that I and my house may continue to serve Him all our days!

Countess Reden's serious illness in the year 1831 was an epoch in her life. Thanks to devoted nursing, she recovered, and by God's help she was enabled to resume her wonted activity; she even increased the scope of her work in the course of the year, but she was never again perfectly strong. She suffered greatly at times, and one needs to know this to understand the occasional complaints which now and then occur in her letters and diaries, to be able to measure the amount of self-control that she exercised to enable her to accomplish all she did as mistress

of property, mother to the poor, hospitable hostess and friend and relation to a large circle. The relations between the sisters perceptibly strengthened in tenderness during the Countess's illness. Caroline had not her sister's energy, nor was she so gifted; but she was a humble, unselfish creature, and under Gossner's influence there developed within her a deep inner life which bore noble fruit. This remarkable pair of sisters may be likened to Martha and Mary—but this active Martha obeyed her Lord's commands, and, full of toil and care, there were times when she sat at Jesus' feet. She had chosen the better part, the one thing needful, and her heart burned to share it with others.

Journal

January.—I was able to relieve Caroline of a good deal of work, and to make things brighter for her. Dear Saviour, I pray Thee, be Thou her great reward.

February.—I have ordered a trifle from Dresden for Caroline which she will like. Ah, would that I could guess her every wish! Oh, what mercy I recognise in her preservation in health when she was in such trouble and anxiety about me! She almost lives upstairs with me, though I give strict orders for her own room downstairs to be kept always heated. I often feel how hard it is for her to be exiled to this room alone with me, without hardly any other society, only sharing my sufferings. But she accepts everything with such loving trustfulness that my heart is filled with constant praise. Oh, what a mercy to be able to occupy myself again! In one way we women have the best of it in sickness, for we can work with our hands when our heads are tired. . . .

February 3.—I know, my dear ones, that you will rejoice to hear that I went out to-day for the first time for four weary months. I got on better than I expected; getting downstairs was the worst. Kolbe and Kriegel carried me across the bridge [in front of the house], and dear Caroline and the bailiff's

wife drove me to Quirl and down to the mill. God's mercy moved me deeply. Every object seemed new to me, and the friendly greetings of the people were so comforting.

The pastor showed much sympathy during my illness. He had prayers for me in church without my knowledge. I cannot describe the many tokens of affection and interest which I receive, and I can but pray God to preserve in me a grateful heart.

February.—I drove on Saturday to see the pastor and to the Infirmary. I had the eight old women and the only man now there come to the carriage for inspection.

We are busy with the Bible Society. I am distributing my husband's gifts to the poor here, and the recollections of the day itself are never without emotion for my heart, but the Lord can make all things easy for me.

Marline's first child was born in the summer, and named George.

To Marline

March 31.

Should you not, dear child, observe a greater exactitude in ordering your days? It seems to me you need it doubly now as a mother. I only answer your regrets on the subject, for as I unfortunately cannot see your actions and manner of life, I am only able to judge of them according to your own confession, and I think that with your good strong will, and your earnest desire to accomplish much, you might with perseverance realise your aims where circumstances permit, and thus gain much leisure. In gaining three-quarters of an hour, just as in saving useless waste of a penny, lies the secret of true economy, and both are not unimportant to those who recognise that they are merely guardians of their time and money, and that they must one day render up an account for them. Have you not drawn up a written plan which you can strive to follow and keep in view as well as you can? I found this very helpful in my youth.

Journal

June 1.—Our dear neighbours arrived at Fischbach

on Monday at noon, and they were all here on Tuesday, and the Henlys also. It was a continuation of the life we had lived together, as we settled it should be when we parted in September, 1830, only there was more cordiality, if possible. The delight at meeting was touching, and with our mutual experiences since we parted, conversation did not flag for a moment. I felt less fatigued than I expected, but I could not sleep at first. We went to service at Fischbach yesterday, and all the royal party waited for us at the Redensbank, and received us as children might have received their mother on her restoration to health. I am moved as I write of it.

Theophilus Reichel is sitting with me. He is spending his holidays here, and his brother comes from college to us. A visible blessing rests on these children. They both desire to be clergymen, and to return to America later on.

Countess Reden had learned to bear her great sorrow in a spirit of cheerful looking-forward to the invisible which is the eternal. On the anniversary of the Count's death, July 3, she writes:

I could not get to the dear place [the Abbey], but God be praised! he is not here, but in heaven, where my Redeemer in His mercy will unite us again.

The year 1832 brought with it a number of deaths in the circle of friends, which the Countess felt deeply. Her old friends the Rosenstiels in Berlin were called away, one soon after the other; then Bishop Sailer, and also her faithful doctor, Neigenfind, and then the widow of Field-Marshal Gneisenau. Her brother-in-law the Forty-fourth Reuss died in July, to her great sorrow.

As fresh cases of cholera occurred, the two sisters went to Jänkendorf in July, and remained there several weeks with Countess Ernestine Stolberg and her daughter, and as Harry Reuss LXIII. and

his wife were there, the visit was filled with a variety of interests.

To her Sister-in-law

Jänkendorf, *July* 29.

Since we have known that we should stay on here a little longer, we have made out a regular plan for our daily life, which we all follow. I do an hour's English with Marie Stolberg in the morning and again in the afternoon; she is eager to learn, and I find it is a great pleasure to help her. . . .

Jänkendorf, *August* 16.

We went to communion at Niesky on the 13th, at seven o'clock. We read Spangenberg's "Communion" together beforehand. We had tea with the dear Count at the inn at five o'clock, and then he read aloud some beautiful passages from Gossner's "Treasury," and prayed with us in a way that went to our hearts. We went with Hasting into the mission-room, where we sat, as usual, on the lower seats with the working women. The service itself is most beautifully conducted, and very edifying, and the hymns were lovely; but I prefer the service in our own church, where it is more simple, and with less outward observances. But be this as it may, I pray God to bless the food to our hearts now.

The sisters returned to Buchwald on August 25, and found their neighbours at Ruhberg again. . . . Prince Boguslav Radziwill married about this time Countess Leontine Clary, and Princess Wanda married Prince Adam Czartorysky. The Countess took a lively interest in all these events. Her great favourite was the elder sister, Elise Radziwill, whose well-known love-story she followed with the deepest sympathy.[1] Wanda, who was much younger, she did not care for in early days, thinking her stiff, self-willed, and unfriendly; but later on she became very dear to

[1] Kaiser Wilhelm I. of Germany loved her, and his love was returned, but for reasons of State the marriage did not take place.—M. B.-L.

her, and was quite one of those she counted among her adopted children.

The chief interest in the autumn of 1832 was the appointment of a new pastor to Buchwald, the existing arrangements being unsatisfactory to Countess Reden. She undertook the choice with much conscientiousness, humility, and self-denial. The past year seemed to have brought much advance in humility and self-knowledge. It appears that she recognised a weakness in herself, that of becoming immoderately interested in certain people, and, because of her interest in them, being unjust in her judgments and actions. It was perhaps owing to this that she distrusted her decided preference for the gifted and eminently intellectual Herr Schneider, and did not attempt to get him elected. The pastor chosen, Herr Haupt, a true and faithful man, but without talent, was received and supported by the Countess, and she always sought to bring forward his good points, and to help him by furthering his intercourse with the remarkably intellectual people who were constantly at Buchwald. At all events he never crossed her, but was entirely subservient to her wishes, allowing himself to be completely influenced by his patroness, who was fond of saying that the ideal of the "good pastor" was fulfilled by him. She appealed to his judgment upon matters concerning the Kingdom of God and those of the parish, but it was her opinion which he adopted. In later days she often fell asleep during his rather tedious sermon, and then would say that the sermon pleased her, much to the secret amusement of her nephews and nieces. It was often asserted that the parish took the side of Pastor Haupt out of conscious opposition to her domination, as is frequently the way with peasants.



PRINCESS ELISA RADZIWILL,

Granddaughter of Prince Ferdinand Hohenzollern, and great-niece of Frederick the Great.

[*To face p.* 190.

When the tide turned, and Pastor Haupt was out of favour with them, his noble patroness sided with him in a high-handed manner against the parish.

To Princess Wilhelm

Jänkendorf, *December* 31.

We found our dear Count just as we left him in August, but rather more feeble, and we cannot help trembling when we see him totter from one room to another. Our being here seems to make him very happy, and he assures us that it is just the thing for him, and a Christmas joy, while it is a real blessing and Christmas joy for us to be in his society. We have heard three splendid sermons at Niesky, and one preached yesterday by the young brother Kleinschmidt made the greatest impression upon us all. It was for the close of the year, full of devout feeling and earnest experience. He spoke of the memorial stone of the Prophet Samuel, and from that he went on to the one set up by Joshua, and then to the one by Jacob at Bethel, and finished by setting up in like manner a memorial stone in our hearts, to mark the close of the old year and the beginning of a new year. The four inscriptions on the stone would certainly be found in each heart: 1 Sam. vii. 12, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"; Gen. xxxii. 10, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast shewed Thy servants"; Psalm xcv. 6, "O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker"; and Heb. xiii. 8, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." These four texts were the key-notes of his beautiful words, and he concluded by repeating the last inscription twice. After the sermon we had the hymn: "So lange Jesus bleibt der Herr wird's alle Tage herrlicher." We began by singing "Mit einem tiefgebeugten Sinn fall 'ich vor meinem König hin."

This sermon made such a deep impression on Countess Reden, that she had Theophilus Reichel make a drawing of the memorial stone with the four inscriptions. She had it lithographed, and distributed copies.

To her Sister-in-law on the Birth of a Grand-daughter

Jänkendorf, *January* 10, 1833.

How every one at Buchwald will rejoice, and wherever Marline is known and loved; but who will do so, after you, more than all others? Will it not be I myself, who have loved the dear child as if she were my own daughter from the first time you placed her in my arms, and my dear husband softly said to me, "Now you have a child"? . . . Kriegel brought me the letter in a hurry, and in spite of his childishness he has common sense, and he could not resist waiting at the door while I broke the seal, and then the news ran through the house like fire.

Countess Reden, cultivated woman as she was, had a trick of mixing up words and expressions in the most naïve way, which gave rise to many a joke. For instance, she would say, "Er setzt sich auf die Hinterpferde," instead of "auf das Hinterpferde"; and "Er spricht wie der Blaue von der Farbe," instead of "der Blinde." Again, "Butter auf seine Mühle"—that is, she should have said, "Seinem Maule." Perhaps it was a sign of her benevolence that she could express no worse condemnation than, "Ich wollte, der wäre, wo der Kartoffeln wachsen" ("I wish he was in the potato field").

The busy winter life began when the sisters returned home.

To her Sister-in-law

February 12.

Princess Wilhelm has sent me a present of the hymn book which has come out, with between 16,000 and 17,000 hymns, without any alterations, and with a capital index of subjects, as well as one of the words, so that it will be of the greatest use and value to me in choosing hymns for evening prayers. We sang two this evening which were quite new to me.

There were frequent epidemics of cholera in the Riesengebirge, and very serious ones occasionally, and it was thought desirable to give the school children some practical instruction on the subject, and what remedies should be applied in the absence of a doctor. It was hoped that in this way the parents might learn what to do through their children, and thus some check would be put upon the spread of the disease.

February 23.

We made all the children write out in school yesterday what remedies should be applied first in case of cholera, and where they could be got at once, so that it might be known in all the cottages in the parish. Tea has been sent for, drinks prepared, and green coffee and soup can be had at our house at any time.

February 27.

It is an anxious time, but we rely upon Him Who never forsakes us, so we are not afraid. Oh! such a time is good for us; it leads us to prayer, it brings the Lord nearer to us, it quickens our love for our neighbours, it makes us calmly wait upon His will. How full the churches are! The Lent sermons attract crowds, and what a mercy for us that we have a pastor here who can lead us to Him from Whom our only help can come.

Heinrich LX. (Reuss) died in April. He was a stepson of Countess Reden's eldest sister, Auguste, and he was called in the family, Schock.

The death of Prince Radziwill and the loss of several other friends caused the Countess much sorrow about this time.

Frau von Schöning passed several months with her family at Buchwald, and her eldest daughter was confirmed during her stay.

The Carolath nephews, the two Reichels, and Clinton all visited Buchwald in the course of the summer.

The latter, as usual, was a trial to his faithful old friend by his morose temper, and even by his affection for herself. She endeavoured to bring out his good qualities, though she saw that he was farther than ever from the faith in which alone peace may be found, and she longed to bring him to a knowledge of it.

Another guest this summer was Herr von Stein from Breslau, and in June there were officers quartered at Buchwald. In September Mr. Pinkerton was there, and there was a good deal of talk with him concerning the affairs of the Bible Society, and about the new edition of the so-called "Hirschberg Bible."

This "Hirschberg Bible," a Bible with an excellent commentary by Pastor Ehrenfried Liebig, of Lomnitz, and Oberconsistorialrath Burg, of Breslau, had been published in the year 1756, by Imanuel Krahn at Hirschberg. Unfortunately it had not a wide circulation, and there came a period of Rationalism which produced Dinter's "Schullehrer Bible," and other books of the kind, encouraging widespread unbelief. Large bales of the "Hirschberg Bible" must have been destroyed, and only a few copies were preserved as antiquarian curiosities by the heirs of the publisher.

When a new wave of religious life arose in the early part of the nineteenth century, inquiries were made after the "Hirschberg Bible," which was still used in certain circles. The few remaining copies were soon seized upon, and a wish expressed for a new edition. It seems that this desire was brought to the ears of Countess Reden by a pious teacher at the Bunzlau Orphanage, and she, with her wonted energy, took the matter in hand, and entered into dealings, as to its being reprinted, with the grandson

of the original publisher. But a year elapsed before the work was accomplished.

To her Sister-in-law

Prince Wittgenstein, who has already sent me Zinzendorf's Life, by Varnhagen, has now sent me the "Biography and Correspondence of Rahel," his wife. She was a Jewess, and became a Christian, and was very philanthropic and much sought after in society; but to me she is very uncanny, on account of her abstract ideas and her eccentric personality. God preserve us from such a mother, sister, or daughter!

September 30.

Splendid weather for the harvest, and we are taking advantage of it to gather in the late and frequently wet barley, peas, and aftermath, and are very thankful that it has not been spoiled.

I have not had an easy financial year, on the whole, for much of my income did not come in, and my expenditure was considerable, and sometimes anxieties would arise as to how I should manage. But the Guardian of my heart and my purse came to my aid, and taught me how to save and helped me over my difficulties wonderfully, as well as putting into my head means for supporting various charitable institutions, which astonish and put me to shame. I am not worried as to whence I shall draw the money for my journey to you, for if the Lord permits me to come the means will be there when I require them.

I am spending this morning in the Pavilion. Fritzchen is having, at her own request, French lessons, and Levin is drawing. We shall lunch in the Meadow House, and expect the pastor to come. The weather is like June, but rather windy.

October.

Levin Reichel left early on the 7th for America, as he intended. He is such a dear, charming companion, and such a help in many ways, I miss him very much.

November 13.

Eleven people came to our Bible Society meeting. There were many propositions and decisions, and

a spirit of the greatest harmony and good-will prevailed, as it always has, thank God!

To Princess Wilhelm

It seems to me as though your departure and the parting from you have never been so hard as this last time—we were quite spoiled by those last few weeks, and I could not at all accustom myself to the absence of the dear residents at Fischbach. But is it not always thus, and must it not be so more and more?

Our hearts grow nearer to one another. Yours has always drawn me peculiarly, and the more I know of it (how I love to read it!) the more I thank God that He has let your heart find mine, and come forth to me in such a friendly and indulgent spirit. An alliance founded on the fear of God can never be broken, but anchors itself ever deeper. May this be so with ours!

In February the sisters went away, first staying at Jänkendorf, whence the Countess writes to Princess Wilhelm:

March 24.

Oh, how thoroughly I agree with you about it being a necessity for one to be left quite alone at times. It is a real benefit for one's nerves, and it is wholesome, too, to make an effort not to talk of all one's feelings, nor of all the fancies that run through the mind (often the result of nerves); it is far better to conceal them as much as possible.

There is only One from Whom nothing can be hidden, and Who will give much consolation for one sigh addressed to Him. Very often people do harm, merely by their difference of views and feelings, or by their want of comprehension. Our Lord and Saviour, on the contrary, listens with unspeakable patience and gentleness to our poor weak hearts, and understands how to quiet them. This has always been my experience, and surely it has also been that of your Royal Highness. I notice every day how our dear Count draws upon the store of heavenly grace, for only the Lord can grant such endurance in pain and such cheerfulness in weakness. May I learn much in this way and retain all that I learn!

Countess Reden and her sister paid a visit to Harry and Caroline Reuss at Klipphausen, near Dresden, and stayed over Easter.

To Princess Wilhelm

Your Royal Highness, with your excellent memory, will surely remember the dear young pastor Stöckhardt who was staying with us two years ago, and conducted our prayer meetings, and whose great height you admired when you saw him at Fischbach. His health was set up by a stay at Salzbrunn at that time, and he was a great blessing to his parish and to the neighbouring pastors. A serious affection of the glands showed itself this winter, but was cured. It struck inwards, however, and attacked the lungs, resulting in galloping consumption, which ended his life, a life so rich in blessings. He died on April 17, in his twenty-ninth year.

I went several times to see him at Röhrsdorf, when I was staying at Klipphausen. What a change, and yet how charming he was! He was to have administered the Holy Communion to Harry and Caroline on Good Friday, and we were to have gone with them, but he could not go to church that day on account of the great cold. He held the preparation service in his room, and another minister took the Communion Service. What words he used, he, a dying man, to the living, who yet were less living than he—words of faith and deep import, and of truth and charity. On Easter Day he gave his blessing to his confirmation candidates, sitting in church as he did so. On Monday he went with them to the Communion, and walked to the altar for the last time, from which he had so often dispensed a blessing. What an expression his face wore! He could scarcely walk, and sat down between the receiving of the bread and the chalice; the whole congregation was bathed in tears, and could not sing for their sobs. I went to see the dear man of God afterwards; he was refreshed and felt stronger, and his every word moved us deeply. Oh, how happy must he be now beholding his Lord face to face! But his going home has made a deep impression on me.

In April the Countess went to Rentweinsdorf, in Franken, where she saw Marline a happy wife and mother. On her return journey she writes to her niece:

Before reaching my beloved home I must just answer your dear note, and have a little chat with you. By word of mouth our talks have ceased, but I thank the Lord for those He has permitted me to enjoy, and for the many joys He has granted me in seeing your children, and for all the tokens of your sympathy and love. Oh! you dear ones, need I tell you how I love you, and how grateful I am to you? I think not. Your dear husband's confidence, and his way of seeking the old aunt, ill and often cross though she was, did me unspeakable good. Tell him so. I must repeat to you all, that none of your attentions, not the smallest of them, were lost on me, and they will all be stored up in grateful memory.

The Countess went to Neuenhof at the end of May, and in June to Cöthen, where she saw her niece Auguste as Duchess of Cöthen for the first time, and visited her old governess and friend Mademoiselle Genevois.

In August Gossner, the devoted friend of both sisters, was at Buchwald, and his society was a blessing and a pleasure to the Countess, though she regretted his sharpness and want of toleration. She writes:

August 20.—I soon found out that N. N. and Gossner did not hit it off. What is it? Oh! you dear, good people, what divides you? You both have Christ!

August 21.—We were alone at dinner and had much talk with Gossner. He is so good in every way but his lack of tolerance for others. . . .

Gossner did not seem to have got on well with the excellent but narrow-minded Pastor Haupt. The fable of the ass in the lion's skin suggests itself, but it is too uncomplimentary to the poor pastor. Let

me rather say, that the mantle of God in which he sought to wrap himself did not fit. . . .

But the Countess confided her feelings to her journal, and only writes to her sister-in-law about the pleasure and blessing of Gossner's visit.

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *November* 4.

It seems a greater refreshment than usual to be writing to you all, since you, my dears, have seen and renewed acquaintance here with people, place, and things. [They, Baron and Baroness von Riedesel, with Marline and her husband, had been on a visit to Buchwald.] You can imagine how quiet and lonely the house seemed to us after you had gone. We began a great deal of work the next day: scouring, peeling fruit, and clothes-washing (six hundred articles of underwear), and the things were dried on Thursday and all ready on Saturday. We have been pickling cabbages, which, though small, are so solid that they entailed no end of work. It was like the widow's cruse, one jar after another was brought to be covered, and no one rejoiced more than I myself, for there is more than double the quantity of previous years. The flax has been given out four times to good spinners. I drove to Quirl on the 31st in an open carriage for the first time, and inspected three houses which have been repaired and improved with the legacy of 1834.

November.

Here we are all sitting, each one of us, with pen in hand. Fritz says it could not be quieter nor more industrious in the Landrath's office. Theodore proves very satisfactory, and takes great interest in his work. The table with two drawers which stands in the bedroom has been specially appropriated to his use. Franzel's work is done at one end of the table in the breakfast-room, and Fritz Kalckreuth's at the other end, which reminds him of old times. He is doing splendidly intricate work, with such grand plans for domestic economy, etc.

Kriegel began his duties in the Landrath's office yesterday, upon my recommendation. I had been

wishing to get him some good post, and I could have scarcely found anything better for him than this one. Fritz von Kalckreuth is bursting with delight at being here again; we are making him practise his French with Caroline in the morning, and with me in the evening.

Clinton's presence at the beginning of the year gave many occasions for the exercise of patience. He went with the sisters to Jänkendorf, where they found their old friend very ill.

To relieve the distress among the poor mountaineers the Government had bought large quantities of flax, and established depôts where it could be given out to the spinners, and Countess Reden was, of course, not only the moving spirit of the whole undertaking, but she was also one of the most active helpers in it. She had herself provided for the poor on her estate in this way for a long time, and had found that with a very slight outlay a great deal of good could be done, merely by a cheaper retail sale. That this was proved of equal advantage on a larger scale was a great satisfaction to her.

Church questions were occupying people's minds, and Countess Reden was very much affected by the contest about the Prussian Liturgy, and the separation from the Prussian State Church. But she was especially exercised about the Rationalistic movement, which was spreading from Petersdorf. On the other hand, her liveliest sympathies were with Pastor Feldner, at Schreiberau. Both parishes were under the patronage of the Roman Catholic Count Schafgotsch, who, though an excellent man, and a friend of the Countess's, was unable to enter into these important questions or the needs of the Evangelical Church.

To Princess Wilhelm

March 18.

President Stolberg was here recently, and there was a good deal to hear and to tell him; the religious disputes particularly make him anxious and weigh upon his mind. The Consistorial Councillor Herr Hahn is the only man who has a right view of the matter, and can offer him any consolation. He has calmed the people's minds at Hönigern entirely, and the Lord has marked him out in a special way in these affairs.

Whilst Pastor Feldner is attacked in his office on the one hand, and which he may have defended with too much warmth at first, a society, secretly blasphemous, is growing and is spreading unchecked from Petersdorf, as a centre, under the name of the "Society of Enlightenment" (*Lichtverein*). It seeks to undermine the true faith by the most pernicious writings, and these, unfortunately, find only too many readers among the common people. They hold both the clergy and their teachings up to ridicule, and much evil may be created. I am quite concerned and excited about it. This wicked literature is openly sold at Hirschberg; it is recommended by *The People's Friend*, a worthless paper, which is under the censorship of the Burgomaster, and is written by a schoolmaster named Wander. Superintendent Nagel knows all about it, but has not taken any step. I myself read in the last number his ridicule of Wupperthal's "Tracts," and, what is still worse, his ill-timed jokes upon the expression "Under the Lamb's Throne." Is it not enough to make one weep? Hahn ought to come and sweep them clean out, lest this cancer spot gains ground.

I found dear Siegert particularly depressed over the misdeeds of the Rationalist movement. . . . I got him to tell me all the details, which I did not know, with the necessary documents, that I might bring it all to the President's knowledge. He had not known about it at all. I have ventured to challenge all Christian ministers to send a joint appeal to the President on the subject of this evil, and I hope it will be successful.

On April 9 Count Reuss, Heinrich XXXVIII.,

passed away quite peacefully and happily at the age of eighty-six. Of this event she writes:

Oh! may the Lord reward my friend for what he has done for me especially. Oh that I might give him pleasure, and that his intercessions may still be offered up for me there as they were here, for I sorely need them.

I dare not give myself up to thinking of how much is gone. Our dear friend is unutterably happy with his Saviour Whom he loved above all else. Who could wish him back? We should sin, I think, by lamenting for what we have lost, since his gain is so great.

This death touched her life in another way. Her nephew Henly inherited Jänkendorf, and spent a few months there in the summer, and she missed him and his family painfully. Harry (Heinrich LXIII.) inherited Stonsdorf, and made his first stay there that same summer.

Buchwald again lodged many guests, among whom were Dorette, Herr von Stein, from Breslau, the Carolath nephews, Count and Countess Stolberg, of Wernigerode, Countess Dohna, and many others.

To her Sister-in-law

August 20.

We heard early this morning that the King would arrive at Erdmannsdorf this evening. He is waiting to hear that his daughter has landed. He was not expected till Saturday, and Erdmannsdorf is not quite ready to receive him.

A good part of this event falls to our share, for we are to receive the Crown Prince, at his own desire. He went through Berlin on the 15th, on his way to Pommern, and his review has been put off till the 27th. The Prince and Princess Wilhelm would gladly have taken him in had there been room.

Hedwig Brühl is with us.[1] She is too dear, and

[1] Countess Brühl was a daughter of Field-Marshal Count von Gneisenau—M. B.-L.

so intelligent and charming, and with common sense at the same time. Her husband is commanding a Landwehr regiment in camp. . . . At this moment she is helping us to put up the new damask divan cover, which with its three rococo cushions makes the green sitting-room look very smart. A fine inlaid marble table stands between the windows and the corner chairs. It used to be in the store-room, and my dear husband always wished to have it moved. In the corner of the hall there are two white-covered divans which make a pretty effect. The covering of them, which is dazzling white, cost one thaler and eighteen silver groschens. The new sofa cover in the garden house is very pretty and cost two thalers.

August 28.

Our Crown Prince came over from Fischbach with Röder, and is just the same as ever, except in being more cordial and friendly than any other member of his family. . . . We sat up till eleven, and had a very pleasant talk. . . .

He talked quite confidentially and without any *gêne* about Lutheranism, his good journey, Pastor Feldner, and other things which lie near his heart and ours.

Evening.

I found dear Princess Radziwill very weak and feeble. She kept me a long time, and told me a great deal, and there were many things for her to arrange, in case it should please the Lord to call her hence. But I trust that this will not be yet. May she be spared to her family and to us!

September 3.

I must make a brief note of our royal visit at the Pavilion on Saturday, and afterwards at the house. Everything went off beyond expectation, in spite of the crowd of seventy people.

I got the best of the entertainment, for I walked alone with the King down the hill from the Pavilion to the house, and we went up to my room, which he had not been into since 1800, and where his heart was filled by so many memories that his lips were unsealed, and he became a new creature. We sat on the corner seats, and talked for quite ten minutes in a way I never dreamt of talking to him. Meanwhile,

Princess Wilhelm took the Empress and the other Princesses round the house, followed by the whole court into the rooms as they left them. Then one after another came upstairs, and tea and milk were served. But in the middle of all this an excellent diversion was caused by the news that the Emperor was coming. All the gentlemen rushed out to receive him, and messengers came at intervals saying that it was not he, but the Archduke John of Austria. Fresh rejoicings—the first Austrian prince to visit Prussian territory! Great and delighted notice was taken of this fact. At last the much-fêted one (whom I had long wished to see) appeared, conducted by the King, who had gone to meet him on the staircase. He presented him to the Empress and to each of the Princesses in turn, then came the Princess Liegnitz's turn and mine. Every one received some mark of civility. He chatted a long while with me. Prince Wilhelm said we were two botanists talking together. Things quieted down again, and the King commanded me to come and sit by him, and we had another talk. He went into a corner and looked at a bureau which is like that one which belonged to Queen Luise at Potsdam, and he said that he must tell me how he had been wondering the whole way over whether it was still here or not.

September 5.

I must be brief to-day. We have pickles to make till one o'clock, preserve the Reine Claudes and mirabelles, make marmalade, prepare raspberry syrup, and select the fruits which are to be dried. Four little souls are sitting by me whom I have to superintend. I have notes from Stonsdorf, Ruhberg, and Arnsdorf to answer, to make arrangements for the nursing of a Fischbach woman who has sought help from us, and finally, to dispense the monthly provisions for the Infirmary, and to write to Dorette and you. . . . In the afternoon Princess Marie, Fräulein von Obstfelder, Princess Wanda, and Leontine [Radziwill], come with their husbands.

September 6.

All the Princesses left on Monday. The day before all the Princes left Fischbach. The King and Princess Liegnitz left about one o'clock, he having given a

déjeuner in honour of her birthday. The Crown Prince returned at two, changed his things, and took a cordial leave of us, with the request that we would take him in again later on, and consequently he left various things here. He made Röder write to me from Liegnitz, saying that he took that opportunity of asking me to attend to several matters. I have been able to be of service to many who have appealed to me, and I thank God for it!

September 27.

There was a fishing party on the 24th, and the Brühls came. A courier arrived at half-past twelve and found us on the lake. Count Gröben announced the Crown Prince for breakfast the next morning. He will probably sleep at Schmiedeberg and have supper at Ruhberg. . . . The dear guest arrived at five o'clock, more cordial and engaging than ever. We dressed, and had coffee in the Mariannensitz with our dear old Flottkuchen, whom he had known as a boy, and we had a confidential talk. . . . Breakfast at half-past seven and a long walk till ten. The Prince was both charming and natural. I managed to recommend B—— and to do a service to Röseln, the artist, speaking a good word for others to the right man, and not a single one for myself, thank God!

The Prince asked me if I thought him really less hasty, and begged me to pray that he might become what I wished him to be. He touched and delighted me, and we parted as ever the best of friends. He so much enjoys the quiet and absence of ceremony here, that he had to tear himself away.

October 12.

We had a call from President Rother on Saturday. He is and will be, to my mind, an important man. We gathered up the threads where we had dropped them, and thoroughly discussed the subject of flax and spinning.

At twelve o'clock post-horns announced a fresh movement in the valley, and presently Count Gröben and Dönhoff appeared, and then the ladies of the Court. As their maids arrived too late, and as the Crown Princess is always so gracious and easy-going, the ladies stayed here, and we were nine at table.

We have Lindheim, Louis [Massow—a cousin], Count Dönhoff, Gröben, every day when they can come, and our dear President, Count Ferdinand Stolberg, and a few others as well, who find the evenings at Fischbach rather dull. The hall is heated, and all the rooms are warmed and well lighted, so we do the honours comfortably, and there is plenty of animated conversation. . . .

Sunday, all to church, including Wanda. To Fischbach at noon. It was rather cold, but endurable with spirit-stoves. The royalties uncommonly gracious, especially the King. The Crown Prince the same as ever. I was very much thanked for taking in the Court, which consists of fourteen persons, who are all glad to have fallen to our care, which I can well understand, considering how full it is at Fischbach. . . .

One visitor after another to-day, and now I must change my dress, for we are going to dine at Ruhberg. The Tsar arrived at two to-day—a surprise visit, as usual. He is off for St. Petersburg again to-morrow. . . .

I was soon called to have a long conversation with the King, who, to my embarrassment, distinguishes me by a particular graciousness. All the other royalties do the same, but it does not give me the same pleasure from the others, because, in his own way, the King means more by it, for I am no longer a young girl. The Tzar came in, majestic and yet very simple. He recognised me directly, and came and spoke to me.

November.

I expect Wanda at one o'clock to-day. Dear Wanda! she wishes to keep twelve poor children in the forest hamlet warmly clothed from top to toe, and I am helping her to arrange about it. She is coming to cut out and arrange the work and to have *déjeuner* here. A whole basketful of things are waiting for her to choose from. A shoemaker and a tailor from Quirl have already been up to the hamlet to take measures.

The betrothal of Countess Reden's favourite Princess Elisabeth to Prince Carl of Hesse Darmstadt aroused her liveliest interest, and she undertook to look after the making of the trousseau. A stormy winter with

a great deal of snow interrupted the intercourse with the neighbours, but, on the other hand, the Countess had many occupations, and took up her botanical studies once more. She had the distribution of flax to attend to, and there was a long correspondence with Prince Wilhelm concerning the reduction of taxes for the very poor; she also undertook the negotiations concerning the establishment of a school for cadets which the town of Schmiedeberg was vainly trying to have carried out—all of which things were of great interest to her.

January 28.

I have been writing an account of my dear husband's life, from extracts sketched from his correspondence with Minister von Heynitz. . . . It is a great pleasure, and fills me with admiration. I am again doing a little botany when my mornings are not occupied with business, and I am writing descriptions of the exotic plants which were collected and dried years ago, and which are not yet in my herbarium. I often cannot help smiling at seeing myself working at Fräulein Fritze's favourite employment. Very few of these specimens are not in my collections, and I am glad to place these new-comers alongside the older ones and put them in order.

Prince Wilhelm has given our old Hasting great pleasure by a copy of Captain Ross's "Travels." Sister Hasting writes that her husband was quite beside himself with delight at the present. They felt themselves in Labrador again, and could not tear themselves away from the book. . . .

Every year brings more demands upon my good will and time. This week there were four affairs which had to be seen to and required a great deal of writing. In addition to these, there is much to do in connection with Princess Elisabeth's trousseau, which I do gladly, because it brings money to workers here, though it robs me of many hours.

March 1.

Let me tell you the cheering news of how a more Christian life has been awakened among the people

here during the last three weeks. Six weeks ago the pastor mentioned in a sermon something about the conversion of the heathen, adding that those who would like to read more on the subject could do so by applying to him or to me.

Caroline, for I was not at church, did not think very much of the sermon, but it made an impression all the same. The very next day several people applied to Eisenmenger[1] for missionary leaflets. How readily we acceded!—and now there are fifty-one readers instead of twenty-three. Three weeks ago, when the pastor was away preaching at Petersdorf, the choir-master read a sermon by Hofacker, and it made an incredible impression, and many of the people wanted to read it afterwards and some to copy it out. This was greatly to our pastor's mind, for it contained practical truths which he had hardly ventured to touch upon. I am beginning the Passiontide hymns, and Caroline has given them to all the readers of the missionary writings, and I to all the people who come for flax, and also to those at the farm and Infirmary, and to the garden hands, etc. There was a general rush for them. The next morning they begged for them in the flax-room for their fathers, aunts, and neighbours. Every hand was held out. The people from the wood came; in a word, the demand has lasted until to-day, when I gave out the last two hundred and fifty. Now there remains the joy of reading the Easter hymns at Eastertide, and all are expectant and delighted at the prospect. It is an indescribable joy, and I cannot cease from thinking of it.

March 30.

Little Anton Luther, in whose rescue from Bohemia and from the hands of the priests I was instrumental six years ago, made his Evangelical profession on Palm Sunday at the altar of the church in which his ancestor was ordained priest. As his father died in poverty, Herr Reinthaler has sent for the four brothers and sisters from Bohemia and is providing for them, so that the whole family will again embrace the faith of their ancestor of blessed memory, and be transplanted to their own land.

[1] Countess Reden's cook for many years.—E. R.

The Crown Prince gave his old friend a great pleasure by the gift of his portrait painted by Krüger. He wrote to her and said:

I have ventured, honoured friend, to have myself painted in the clothes in which I appeared on those dear, never-to-be-forgotten, blessed, peaceful mornings at Buchwald. I am in the shabby coat, and the summit of the Riesengebirge Koppe peeps over my left shoulder. I am looking westward towards the Elbe and the Rhine, to the fair districts of the German land. Krüger has not painted me with a cheerful expression, but I do not think I was very much of a *farceur* at that time; I was too happy, and besides, you like me better otherwise, and so do I myself.

The Schönings spent several weeks at Buchwald in April, and with them their daughter's governess, who thenceforward became one of the Countess's devoted friends.

Fräulein Teschner describes her impressions of Buchwald and of Countess Reden and her sister Caroline von Riedesel:

I approached the lady of the house with feelings such as I have never known. Frau Ministerin Gräfin Reden was tall, with traces of great beauty in her noble face; she was unaffectedly friendly to those she liked; her eyes were clever and penetrating; her fine grey hair surrounded a thoughtful brow beneath a close cap; and in spite of her simple widow's weeds, she had a queenly air which many a princess might have envied. Her sister Freiin Caroline von Riedesel, who lived with her, sharing her housekeeping duties, and much interested in the circulation of Bibles and various other noble endeavours of which Buchwald was the centre, was, if not so remarkable and less beautiful, an excellent lady, and the way the two sisters worked together was a fine lesson to every one who had the good fortune to come near them. In a short time it seemed to me as though I saw the ideal of my life realised here.

We did not live at the Schloss, but about fifty paces away, in a small house which the Schöning family always used during their long visits; the eldest daughter, indeed, was born and baptized here. We settled down after a few days, and I begged that breakfast might be sent over to me, because in the morning I liked to prepare for teaching, and also I promised myself all sorts of solitary rambles in this lovely country. And so from six to nine those three hours became a source of great enjoyment to me during the summer. Thus, I usually only saw the Countess just before dinner, but I always had a good talk with her then, and I spent a pleasant time in her society at seven-o'clock tea. Evening prayers followed at nine, and we broke up about eleven, after a simple supper. The Countess made plans in the morning at breakfast for her guests, even before the cook came to see her about the menu, and these arrangements were always practical, like everything else she planned. She knew how to employ every one, and could not bear to see any one idle. The late Minister (Count Reden), who did much for the mining interest in Silesia, had made a collection of beautiful stones, and as the Countess permitted me to have the keys of the cabinets, I determined to make use of the privilege to add mineralogy to my plan of study. We were worst off as regarded music, for both instruments, although often tuned, would not sound: the dear Countess had lost all taste for it.[1]

The Countess writes in May:

My dear Clinton appeared on Easter Monday. He is now a major and has long leave, some of which he will spend with us, and will meanwhile prepare himself for a tour through Austria; he intends to travel the length of the Danube and into Servia. As he wanted to find a quiet spot, I have offered him the Birkberg, and have put the little house in order for him. He has been there since April 30, and is perfectly happy and quite in his element. He is ornamenting and completing plans for several garden beds, and reads and works, coming to us once a day,

[1] "Letters of Auguste Teschner." Published by Naumann, Dresden.

by preference in the morning, when we are alone. He is odd, but an excellent fellow nevertheless, with whom I am alternately angry and pleased, but I cannot help loving him heartily.

May 18.

Fräulein Teschner, who is competent to advise Elisabeth about material for church needlework, drove to town with her for the things I require. I am presenting some to the Roman Catholic church, and as patroness I ought not to grudge giving the help it needs so badly. The work will be handsome and not ruinously dear. The foundation is some of my dear mother's work, and it will thus be of use.

June 3.

We have had very little fine weather, rain every day, and cold, snow, sleet. Everything is backward, and most of the fruit is gone. The corn lies quite on the ground; the clover is not growing at all, and there is a great lack of fodder. This seems almost like a murmur, yet no one is farther from doing that than I am. I feel confident that all is well, whatever happens; but one hears so much grumbling that one has to consider the needs of the people, and relieve them as far as possible, and thus the weather and the crops have become the chief topics of conversation. But I hope there will be a change for the better in the weather, and it has improved somewhat to-day.

June 17.

I am in a continual state of astonishment, and can scarcely believe in the sudden change, and in the way things have recovered, after all the snow, rain, and cold weather. Ernestine and Marie Stolberg were surprised yesterday at the abundance of growing things, at the fresh green, the scent of lilies, jasmine, and night violets which are all blooming splendidly. They spent the day with us—the morning in the Infirmary garden, dinner in the salon, and then a leisurely walk, resting now and again, to the Meadow House, where we all established ourselves and had tea, followed by a most delightful row on the large pond. They left at seven. I am overwhelmed again with business letters, etc., and I am

not having much assistance. I am dictating the Bible Society reports to Elisabeth, and the accounts to Clinton, as he is very accurate; the manual part of the journal to Fränzel, but he does it very inefficiently.

July 1. *In the Nursery Garden.*

My three nephews, Carl Schöning, Ferdinand and August Carolath, are busily writing at the large table before me. Elisabeth is copying church registers for the pastor, and I am dictating to my new pepin, and will try to write myself at the same time.

Countess Reden writes:

I drove to see Clinton on Monday afternoon and had tea with him, which he made capitally. The mother of the four Luthers arrived here; all her children are in the Martin Institution, and as she is very poor, she has followed them. A nephew accompanied her, and she went first to Hermannsseiffen, and has come on here with the pastor from that place, exhausted and without a penny. It was a case where good advice was needed, so I took them to Kretscham first, spoke plainly to them, provided her with three letters of introduction, and as much money, which I collected, as she would require for her journey.

To Marline

Kochelfall, *June* 17, 4.30 P.M.

I am sitting on a rock just opposite the falls, where the path is the prettiest I know, and this kitchen in the rocks most romantic. We warmed our cups of bouillon and oatmeal there, and our stewed meat and excellent potatoes *maitre d'hôtel.* We all helped, and cheers were given for the head cooks, Reden and Teschner. Now every one has gone on expeditions among the rocks, and I am writing to my dearest child, and wishing I had her with me to enjoy it all. Some of the party are sketching and doing fancy work, Prause is asleep, Carl is climbing over the rocks, and every one is pleased and satisfied. The people who pass by do not disturb us.

Annen-Capelle, *July* 22.

In sight of the Kynast[1] and the Warmbrunn Valley

[1] The Kynast is the ruins of a castle on the mountains.—M. B.-L.

—a most successful expedition, and every one is pleased. The weather is very beautiful, though rather windy. We drove off at half-past two, a party of twelve, having dined at one o'clock. We got here at half-past four, and the young folks left us to climb the Gröbelstein, while I waited for them with bilberry tarts. Then we all sought places to sketch, write, work, and read. I have overturned my ink-bottle, hence the smudge. The little girls were fortunately able to get the ink stains out with the currants they had brought. . . .

BUCHWALD, *August* 17.

We dined in the salon, and Herr von Stein had tea with us at the farm. I drove him between dinner and tea along the new road to the Ameisenberg. Our dear old friend has a charming new property about a stone's throw from the Birkberg. My delight at it enchanted him. He is to us the same good friend as ever, but his manner is very cold to strangers.

Countess Reden's sister Frau von Bernstorff, with two daughters, a granddaughter, and her son-in-law Herr von Brandenstein, paid a visit to Buchwald this summer. The Countess had not had a visit from her sister since the sad July of 1815, and naturally felt deeply moved when her sister arrived.

The sisters welcomed their brother and brothers-in-law on September 1, and thus all the family were together again for the first time in twenty-eight years. We find, in addition to these guests, Professor Steffen, Count Haugwitz, Professor Olshausen, and Samuel Reichel from Quebec. Meanwhile the tormentor Clinton was still on the Birkberg, and was not pleased by the numerous visitors, who absorbed too much of his friend's time, and she had to suffer, in consequence, from his bad temper.

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

The dear Prince and Princess Wilhelm announced themselves for this evening, and she said in her own

charming way, that though she knew that she could not fill the blank made by your absence, she felt that they must come and share our solitude. They came a party of five, and we had a most sociable and agreeable evening. A bat made a diversion, and the stories of thieves, which every one told—some thefts at Fischbach having set them going—were listened to with breathless interest. We dined at Ruhberg on Saturday, and stayed a long time, we five ladies alone in earnest conversation. Wanda gave me another commission for the benefit of the forest hamlet.

October 25.

I drove to the forest hamlet on Wanda's business and found the bearers waiting, as well as the shoemaker and tailoress, and we began our little journey in beautiful mild weather. I enjoyed myself very much, and alighted at my old friend Frau Wolff's door and sent for the deputy of the village, and was soon surrounded by at least thirty poor people, all mothers, with half or wholly naked children. I began a close investigation of their needs, sitting before the hut in my *chaise à porteur*, from half-past one till half-past three, verifying and registering, and it was hard work to get at the truth: tricks of all kinds were tried. I had twenty-two children measured for shoes and clothes. We ate our warmed-up ragoût with potatoes which Anna had put up, providing food for the bearers also, and then we started on our return journey amid expressions of gratitude for Wanda, for whom they pray every day in the school. It took us seventy-five minutes to go up and fifty-two to come down. The chaise was waiting, and we were at home by five o'clock.

Fischbach and Ruhberg were empty by October, and it was the last parting from the beloved Princess Luise Radziwill, who died on the 13th of the following December. Writing about this loss, the Countess says:

Her going home struck us like a bolt from a clear sky. Ah! the widespread sorrow there will be for the loss of this woman, so rarely endowed in mind and

heart. To her children and friends and to the poor it is indeed irreparable. I feel it deeply. She loved and spoilt me and confided in me far beyond my deservings. It was a real mother's love which she lavished upon me, and her last work was for me. Dear Ruhberg! what is it now?

She is to be brought and laid in the Annen-Capelle, until the vault at Antonin is ready, and Prince Wilhelm Radziwill has begged me to undertake all the arrangements, and a very sad duty it is.

December 16.

Dear Princess Radziwill's house-steward came on Wednesday. He had been in her service for thirty-five years. The family referred him to me for instructions as to arrangements, and there was much to be settled. My head and heart are full of funeral coaches, dresses, scaffoldings, etc. Henly's horses are to draw the hearse, and my cream-coloured ones will take the sons. The body is to be brought down and placed on a platform in the hall at Ruhberg, and there is to be a guard of burghers in front of the house. The funeral is to be on Monday, and the King has commanded that it is to be conducted as befits a royal princess. If Prince Wilhelm Radziwill approves, the body will be blessed once more by the Evangelical pastor, and the school children with the cross and a band will walk in front. The Roman Catholic priest will meet the procession at the chapel, and the service will be a very simple one.

December 17.

Much sending to and fro between Ruhberg and this place. Yesterday evening at eight o'clock the dear body arrived, and is placed where she stood when she took her last leave of us, full of life and love.

To Princess Wilhelm

Buchwald, *December* 18, *between* 12 *and* 1 *o'clock.*

I am alone at home. Every one has gone to Ruhberg and to the Annen-Capelle, and I, whose heart is, perhaps, the most entirely there, am sitting alone in my little room, lost in thought over this home-going, and my heart turned to God, Who only

can comfort, help, and strengthen. By this time the dear body will have been blessed. Siegert says the prayer, at Princess Wanda's desire, and then the slow drive to the chapel follows. On leaving Ober-Schmiedeberg the school children will sing her two favourite hymns, "Seele was ermüd'st du dich" and "Jesus meine Zuversicht," and the dear remains will be placed in their temporary resting-place.

I know your Royal Highness has been thinking of me in this heavy loss, as I have been thinking of you. How fond the dear lady was of you! and how she spoilt me, what confidence she bestowed on me, and in what a motherly way she treated me! Hers was a rare heart, full of love and real self-forgetfulness. It is a fair inheritance she leaves to her children, and I hope it will bear rich fruit for eternity.

Princess Wanda bears herself, as good Prince Boguslav said to me yesterday, like an angel, and it is just what one would expect of her; trials of all kinds have ripened her early, and she exhibits, as but few can, a truly active Christianity. We are very thankful that she is to be our neighbour, and we shall cherish and care for her in the name of her beloved mother.

Clinton was at Buchwald for the winter, as well as many other guests. The Countess writes:

January 2.

Theophilus and Kalckreuth have been here, one a fortnight, the other a week. They have gone on improving, each in his own way. The former is a particularly sterling character. He conducted evening prayer here for the first time on the 30th, to the edification of the whole house. It was clear, simple, and full of earnest, childlike love to God. It reminded me strongly of his excellent father's words, when, as a six-year-old child, he fell asleep at our evening prayers, and I thought it would perhaps be better for him not to be present. "Ah! my dear Countess, we pray over him now, but I think the time will come when he will fold his hands and pray over us." And now the time is here, and the father's hopes and prayers for both sons have been answered.

We are reading Ranke's "History of the Popes,"

and in the evenings, "Die Verlobten" ("I Promessi Sposi"), by Manzoni, for the sake of both Caroline and Clinton. She is devoted to it, and Clinton has never read it. It is indeed a splendid work, and Goethe's admiration was well founded.

There seems to have been much and varied reading during the winter and spring, perhaps on Clinton's account. The quiet, regular life may have done him good, filled, as it was, with intellectual pursuits, for he does not appear to have tormented the Countess as much as usual. He returned to the Birkberg in the spring, and remained there until he left the valley in July. There were so many guests throughout the summer at Buchwald that it really was wonderful how Countess Reden managed to keep steadily at work with her usual duties. She never permitted herself to be distracted by interruptions in the daily routine of duty. There were fixed days for receiving the deposits for the savings bank, which was under her charge; she superintended the housekeeping—indeed, actively participated in it—visited the sick, and directed the work in the garden with punctilious regularity.

We find Herr von Stein, of Breslau, among the yearly guests, Frau von Richthofen, with her daughters, Frau von Natzmer, wife of the General, and many others. Countess Carmer, the intimate, old friend of the two sisters, was often there, and they saw a great deal of Frau Glaupitz, the widow of the late Pastor of Hirschberg. Mr. Pinkerton, the agent of the London Bible Society, was at Buchwald again this summer, and Kuntze, a pastor from Berlin.

Cases of cholera occurred at Schmiedeberg in August, causing the Countess much anxiety. The two sisters, with Fritz von Kalckreuth and Carl

Carolath, went to Kreppelhof on August 17, having many matters of importance to discuss with the friends there. Countess Reden had given orders for a general house-cleaning to be done in her absence. All the windows had been thrown wide open, the floors and staircases were wet, and the furniture was standing about, when, to the astonishment of the servants, up drove two travelling-carriages, with the guests who were not yet expected.

The Countess writes:

We started at half-past four, and Carl soon complained of a bad headache, which got worse, and he was sick several times. The pain increased, his face became perfectly cold, and a cold sweat broke out. Oh the anxiety and misery!—but what was to be done but to drive on and trust in God? Shortly before we reached Schmiedeberg he felt better; but I begged the doctor to return with us. Thus we got home, I in unceasing prayer.

And whom should we find there but my brother and all his family. Oh the delight, but also the fright lest they should get ill! I placed them on the Saviour's faithful breast, and may He, in His mercy, preserve them!

August 18.—Early this morning my dear ones were comfortably settled in their rooms, and the sight of them filled my heart with prayerful gratitude.

But the cholera spread, and Baron von Riedesel's anxiety became so great that preparations were made for a hasty departure, and the guests left on the 22nd. The Countess despatched the necessary business, placed the convalescent Carl in his father's charge, and with Caroline followed her guests to Jänkendorf, where they all stayed for a fortnight. Clinton joined them there for a few days on his return from Poland.

The sisters were at home again in September.

Countess Reden writes:

To her Sister-in-law

Garden House, *September* 12.

Here your old friend is sitting and thinking that she must have been dreaming. Your arrival, the journey, the twelve days together, the five more at Jänkendorf, the rapid journey back, is it all a reality? And yet there is such a pleasant, happy feeling left in my heart that proves it must have been more than a dream. The end is ever, "Thanks be to God and my dear brother!"

There has not been, thank God! another death, and what is more, no fresh case for four days, neither here nor in town.



CHAPTER V

NEW TASKS

1837—1840

"AN overflowing measure." This is constantly repeated in Countess Reden's letters and journals, whenever a day was particularly full, and there was a pressure either of business, or an extra number of guests. "An overflowing measure." This is what one is inclined to write about her life at this period. But a new task was already waiting for her, and a great one, which she took up and carried through, looking unto the Lord.

From the time of the Reformation there had remained in the Roman Catholic Tyrol, in the Zillerthal, seeds of Evangelicalism, which, although apparently suppressed, still continued to germinate, being nourished by Bibles and old books of religious instruction. Those who held Evangelical views remained outwardly in the Roman Catholic Church, but they kept their books and taught themselves in silence, until in the twentieth year of the nineteenth century some men, urged by conscience, declared before the clergy how it was with them, and begged permission to acknowledge themselves as belonging to the Evangelical faith. No persecution fell on them, as would have been the case in earlier times; but still, many difficulties were placed in their way, and those who declared themselves to be Evangelicals were, in fact,

without any Church means of grace, they could not be married, nor receive Christian burial. Their position became more and more unbearable; a deputation was sent to the Emperor Franz, but without result.

Thus thoughts of emigrating to an Evangelical country arose, and eyes were directed towards Prussia, where, one hundred years previously, the neighbouring Evangelicals of Salzburg had found a reception. Johann Fleidl was sent as an ambassador to Berlin in May, 1837, obtained an audience of King Friedrich Wilhelm III., and laid a petition before him which set forth the needs of the Evangelical people of the Zillerthal, in Tyrol. He did the same by word of mouth, and begged the King to receive them in Prussian territory. The King had sent his head Court chaplain, Strauss, to Vienna to inquire carefully into the whole matter, as soon as he heard of the intentions of these Tyrolese. And Strauss also went to the Zillerthal to investigate the question, and was thus enabled to return with a favourable report to the King.

Thereupon Jacobi, a Privy Councillor, was sent to Tyrol in order to explain to the applicants what their rights and duties as Prussian subjects would be, and particularly the law requiring all male subjects within certain ages to bear arms and to serve as soldiers. They were satisfied with the offers which were made to them, for above all things they desired religious freedom, and Evangelical instruction and church services. Their houses and plots of land were soon sold, and after many bitter partings with those who were left behind, the first contingent of emigrants began the journey into a foreign land. It was decided that they should be settled in Silesia,

and indeed the Riesengebirge appeared particularly well adapted for becoming a new home for these mountaineers. First of all, a shelter for the winter had to be found for the sixty families and seventy-seven single members of the community, their maintenance provided for; and then the question of their settling had to be considered, and the work begun. The President of the Province of Silesia, Herr von Merkel, was communicated with, and a lawyer to manage the affairs of the immigrants was found in Berlin. The so-called "Immediat-Kommission," consisting of the Court chaplain, Dr. Strauss, Privy Councillor Jacobi, and the Minister Count Lottum, was formed. More closely connected with the immigrants was the "Committee for the Zillerthal Applicants," established on the spot. This consisted of the district magistrate, Count Matuschki, a Roman Catholic, the Burgomaster of Schmiedeberg, Captain Flügel, and Countess Reden as president.

To her Sister-in-Law

August 12.

The Landrath and his family dined here, but had to leave us at half-past six, for a gendarme rode over with a letter from Count von Merkel, which fell like a bombshell. He brought one for me too, and what was it about? The affairs of the Zillerthal people (of whom you have heard so much), who have been compelled to leave their native land, to seek a home where they would enjoy religious freedom, and for this they have given up everything. They addressed themselves to the King, and he, like his great ancestor, has received these oppressed people into his states. There are altogether four hundred and five of them.

They are obliged to emigrate on September 1, and the dear King intends to have them settle at Erdmannsdorf, let them have land, where they can

build, and will have them admitted into our Church.

But where are they to be sheltered this winter? That is the great question. The King has the matter much at heart, and is giving it his earnest consideration.

Merkel had to go to Berlin at once, the pros and cons were discussed, and he has been sent here with instructions to consult me. The good man has told me this, and desires an interview to-morrow. The most flattering words in the official order are: "Shelter for the winter in Schmiedeberg, and if there is not sufficient room there, the residents at Buchwald, Fischbach, and Erdmannsdorf, will be able to provide something for the people." This I will gladly do, so far as my small ability enables me.

The Landrath then drove straight to Schmiedeberg with our horses, and returned after nine o'clock, and will remain with us for the night, to be here for the conference to-morrow, which may God bless! I am to arrange with the Burgomaster about the supply of food, and so on. I am ready to do all I can, if God wills it. He will bless the work.

August 13, 6 *o'clock.*

I am going to the conference; may the Lord put the words into my mouth, so that I may only speak according to His will. I think old Kommerzienrath Gebauer can do a good deal for the people with his large empty rooms, and he can easily be bribed with the promise of the Red Eagle of the third class. He has the fourth class already.

What experiences this valley has had! High and low come to it. The well-known honesty of the Zillerthal people, the simple, old-fashioned garb which they still wear, may have a beneficial influence upon our country people who are trying town fashions. The Zillerthal people are chiefly agriculturists, and would be better off in Upper Silesia, which has richer land and fewer people; but the King, it seems, wishes to transplant them from mountains to mountains.

Evening.

The President (of the Province) arrived at ten o'clock. I expressed my opinion, and to the point, and begged that the care of their souls and their

schools might be given over to me with the entire providing of their food. A committee is to be formed, of which I am to be chairman.

The Countess attended a few committee meetings, then left with her sisters for Jänkendorf, to be at a distance from the cholera, which had again appeared. While at Jänkendorf she received the following official order from the King, Friedrich Wilhelm III :

BERLIN, *August* 17, 1837.

I presume that it has already been announced to you that the Evangelical inhabitants of the Zillerthal in Tyrol have received an order from their Government to emigrate, on account of their religion, and I have decided to permit them to enter this country. Schmiedeberg and its environs have been chosen as a provisional residence for them, and the Oberpräsident von Merkel is now occupied in making arrangements for their reception. He will avail himself of your advice in this matter, and having long been acquainted with your noble sentiments, I am convinced that you will willingly receive these new-comers who have been oppressed for conscience' sake, and will be inclined to assist in a work which appeals in like measure to both feeling and piety. Let me recommend this matter to your best consideration, and you may count upon the recognition of my gratitude.

(Signed) FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

BUCHWALD, *September* 12, 1837.

The Burgomaster and the treasurer came from Schmiedeberg at five o'clock, and we had a conference until eight, discussing everything which must be done. The people left Zillerthal on the 23rd, and will arrive next week. Two Zillerthal deputies came with the Burgomaster, men who have been at Breslau, magnificent fellows wearing their own peculiar dress, Herculean figures, lions in faith but lambs in humility. No, you cannot imagine how they express themselves; it made one glad and ashamed at the same time. They confided their wishes to me concerning the religious teaching and instruction in their schools, for both questions lie near their hearts, of course, and they addressed

me as mother. I could fill folios with the things that flowed so simply from their lips. They are going to-morrow to meet the travellers from Zillerthal. Fleidl has been to Berlin and comes one day before the others arrive, when the question of board and lodging will be definitely settled with him. The town of Schmiedeberg intend to undertake this for the first week. I wrote to Merkel in their presence, and begged for instructions as soon as possible, as it is difficult to act without them in such an important matter. The Landrath is away.

September 17.

Couriers and messengers are being despatched hither and thither, and no two hours pass without some inquiry comes which demands an answer. . . . Caroline has told you about the committee-meeting in my sick-room, and of the interview with Pastor Süssenbach at Schmiedeberg in the morning. It was a complete success as to a pastor, and my opinion concerning his reception. It is fortunate that he wished me to put in a word about his desire to be transferred to Trebnitz, and this I have done.

On Thursday Pastor Siegert for a discussion as to what Prince Wilhelm may be able to do. I will speak to him in good time, but there must not be any interference, or confusion will be the result. Caroline has written about Gebauer, of course, and what he is willing to do, and also about my bad letter of eight pages to the King, written, I really believe, in the height of fever, but all the more forcible on that account. I own that I am very curious to know how he will take it, but it was well meant, and this he may perhaps recognise.

September 19.

The Burgomaster was here for some hours yesterday, reckoning up provisions, straw for paillasses, meal, and potatoes. The famous samples of bread have turned out splendidly. Everything depends on how much will be required, and bread is always the chief thing to be provided, and must be sound and good. Walter, whom I sent to Gebauer, has come back quite enchanted with his arrangements, and says that they must have cost him enormously, and he keeps on saying, "Old Gebauer is not so bad

after all; the Frau Ministerin alone has been able to find this out, as I have proved to her."

If the people are travelling to-day, they will have bad weather, for it is raining "cats and dogs," and is very stormy. They will come in detachments, most probably.

The Evangelical people from the Zillerthal arrived at Schmiedeberg unexpectedly, but the Burgomaster arranged with great care and kindness for their shelter. The Countess was delighted with the fine build of the men, and with their old-fashioned national dress, and still more with the humility, courage, and devotion which had made them forsake hearth, home, relations, and country for the one thing needful.

To her Sister-in-law

September 25.

. . . The day before yesterday the second detachment of two hundred and thirty men arrived at eight o'clock in the evening, in torrents of rain. To-day and to-morrow a third detachment is to follow, and in four weeks the last and smallest one will arrive. Wilhelm Stolberg and his wife made us a surprise visit early Wednesday morning. I told them that they must have an early dinner with me at twelve o'clock, as I had to be at the Town Hall by two o'clock to arrange about the housing of the Tyrolese. This suited them perfectly, and we had a lively conversation over our respective experiences. Fritzchen and Wilhelm Gläser also had dinner here. Kolbe has been lying ill with inflammation of the liver for six or seven days, so Wilhelm had to exercise his talents at helping Hermann wait at table. I took them both and also the pepins to town with me. All the gentlemen and the leading men among the Tyrolese received me at the Town Hall. It is very handsome upstairs. The people were standing about the large hall, and the householders who were going to take them in. They had heard that I was the "Mother," and they all held out their hands to me. Many have beautiful expressions, but the costume

of the women is ugly, by reason of the bodice, which only comes under the arms, and the fustian petticoat; but the plaits of hair and the little hats look well. One family, in particular, and a girl attracted me very much, and I may take Elisabeth into my service to help Kriegel.

The doors of the committee-room were opened where the gentlemen were seated on a platform behind a railing, where I also was expected to sit. But I preferred moving about talking to the people, and attending to the business. By five o'clock every one was provided with shelter, and we drove home, where, half an hour later, Herr von Stein arrived.

Thursday rained as usual, and the Tyrolese came and went. They all begged for school and instruction. Life will be put into the first soon enough, for I am expecting a teacher from Bunzlau in a few days, thank God! and I am providing books, tables, etc., meanwhile. This part of the affair I asked Prince Wilhelm to order, and he is earning a blessing by what he is doing.

We had a committee meeting on Friday from three to six, and a great deal was settled, food being the chief thing. We shall require forty bushels of rye a week at the very least, and we don't know yet how it will be provided, so a wise consideration of ways and means is necessary. The only thing wanting is orders in black and white from head-quarters, and so far the only communication which we have received is that "we agree and are perfectly satisfied," in reply to our first report concerning our arrangements.

September 26.

Fleidl dined with us on Sunday—a most dear man, sincere, brave, and yet gentle. His cousin, a man of athletic figure, was also here. His conversation, his ingenuousness, touched me deeply. He himself drew up the letter to the King, and Minister Altenstein had it written out in fair copy. As Herr von Stein very justly observed, how charming is the speech of a man who is clearly aware of what he wants, has grasped the subject, and is able to express it without any adornment or digression; and he is quite right. I am expecting Fleidl to-day to discuss the school

question, for there are some old people who also desire to learn to read and write. I can't tell you how many absurdities are said about the people, and their arrival, etc. Individuals are pleased, but as a whole body they seem *de trop*. But this will all pass away when once they are settled and at work.

To her Sister-in-Law

September 29.

Yesterday was another Zillerthal day, and several of the Tyrolese came in the morning on business. Koland came at ten from Kommerzienrath Gebauer, who will require to be handled very gingerly, if he is to go on with all that I wish him to do.

Evening.

It has been a very full day, and I am exceedingly tired. To the Church festival in church at nine. The decorations were very gay, but the most beautiful decoration was the hundred and fifty Zillerthalers, men and women, who all got on with our people in a very friendly way. As I looked at these devout, quiet folk, these strange figures, full of faith in our Church, I could not refrain from tears. Our pastor was also much touched. Then Geissler brought a dear old man to me, who had left wife and eight children, and is greatly shaken, though he does not regret the step he has taken, and prays that God will send them after him with changed hearts. The priest would not let them come—there is an experience!

September 30.

As the third detachment is not yet here, the processional service will not take place to-day. The conference lasted till two o'clock. There was so much to discuss and report. Fleidl, the director of the new community, came, and I was busy making calculations and consulting with him till eight. He is a real thinker and a noble man.

Countess Reden received another official order from the King.

Berlin, *September* 30.

I am very much obliged for the information which you have communicated to me in your letter of the

14th, respecting the Zillerthal business. The zeal with which you have received the immigrants confirmed me in my confidence in your understanding and courage, both of which qualities are necessary to bring about a satisfactory result. It needs a combination of strength and will to realise the possibility of providing for all these people, and I am in no way oblivious of the service you have rendered in stirring up others to further my views, and I shall make a point, after the affair is concluded, of an acknowledgment to Kommerzienrath Gebauer and others who have shown themselves most energetic in the matter.

That which you tell me respecting a year's religious instruction to be given to the new-comers has necessitated my consulting Ober Consistorialrath Strauss on the subject. The plans made are the result of his views, and as I must declare myself in full agreement with what he says, you may regard his opinion touching this matter as exactly my own. In the matter of your request respecting Pastor Süssenbach at Schmiedeberg, that the vacant living at Trebnitz be offered to him, I have asked for information from the Minister of Church Affairs, and unless there be any serious hindrance to it, I will willingly accede to your wish.

(Signed) FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

In his own hand the King wrote below:

To further everything that is well-pleasing to God in every way, with all your power, has always been the aim of your noble endeavours. This you have proved again in an affair of a highly delicate and peculiar nature, and one in which I am keenly interested. Rest assured, dear Countess, of how thankfully I shall acknowledge your having so fully justified my confidence in you, and in your having understood how to fulfil my expectations with such great circumspection. God will reward you for it!

FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

BUCHWALD, *October* 5, 1837.

Some cases of cholera broke out again quite unexpectedly on the 1st at Schmiedeberg, and two

people there and two belonging to the Zillerthal colony fell ill with it, to my distress, on Saturday and Sunday. What a comfort it is for me that I can safely rely on Weigel to attend them properly. He is Prince Wilhelm's physician. He has cured nearly all the choleraic cases among children, but a boy and an old man have died. A young woman of thirty-six voluntarily shut herself in the hospital to nurse the old man, and Pastor Süssenbach writes me of the impression she made on the hospital attendants by her devotion and her prayers, kneeling by the man's bed and comforting him. He died peacefully. . . . You can imagine what a consolation it is to these good people to have their relations receive a Christian burial, and with the blessing of the Church. An old woman of eighty-four has died of old age, so three among the Zillerthalers are at rest. They themselves say, "We have to fight against four hard things: the parting from our friends and country, the different air, water, and food." This last is so far settled that each household cooks for itself, the provisions being given them at fixed prices, and meat for the most part omitted. Many small families without children maintain themselves in food. They receive two pounds of bread per man, a woman a pound and a half, and a child one pound. The bread is excellent, and is baked expressly for them. For want of definite instructions we are giving the money at our own risk, at the rate of three silver groschens for one person, five for two persons, and so on up to ten persons, who get thirteen silver groschens. They can manage on this, but what sums!—every day twenty-four thalers and seventeen silver groschens, without including the bread! However, if their property, which is now deposited at the Town Hall, and amounts to over 200,000 guldens, is received for purchase and building, it must come up to what my calculations indicate. Still, the whole thing for a year, with rents, firing, and many other things of the kind, would come to between 17,000 and 18,000 thalers for the King to pay. But then it is on such a large scale, so thoroughly done. The money remains in Schmiedeberg, and they are no burden, but a benefit to the town.

Merkel refers me to their own earnings, and does not consider that, however much we should like to do

so, we cannot allow them these, without diminishing our overflow to our own people, impoverishing them and rousing enmity. Now all this remains for me to put in writing, and to represent, so that I seem to myself to be nothing but a daring, impertinent writing-machine.

The hardest and most important thing is the question of religious teaching, and Strauss himself spoils this by his ignorance and erroneous views, rendering everything difficult for me; and yet my opinion as to the high importance and pressing need for a religious minister for them, and of the necessity of solid instruction for the whole community, before they come over to our Church, is confirmed daily. Strauss, although he has been in the Zillerthal, does not know that only seven out of the whole number, and these after a year's instruction, came over to the Church in Bozen; and these agree with me concerning instruction before becoming Church members, unless the greater number are to become Christians with the lips only. I know and feel full well in all humility wherefore the Lord has put it into the King's heart to choose me. I will fight to the last for His cause, and will do so honestly, come of it what may. The King's words in his own handwriting encouraged and touched me, and his "God reward you" did me such good, for the favour of man cannot help me at all.

October 13.

We dined at one o'clock with the pastor, and were at Schmiedeberg at half-past two, having driven over in two carriages, Wanda coming with us. There was a great crowd of people in church, all Zillerthalers. Three verses of the hymn "Wenn Christus seine Kirche schützt" were sung, accompanied by the band. During the last verse we entered the beautiful church. The lower part was entirely taken up by the small farmers; the committee and our party sat in the magistrate's seat higher up. The second hymn was "Auf meinen lieben Gott," which Friedrich Wilhelm I. himself sang at the entrance of the Salzburg emigrants into Potsdam. Then there was a very good discourse and address to the Tyrolese, who were as quiet as mice and were much touched. We concluded with "Nun danket alle Gott." Our people were drawn up

in front of the church, and greeted me with "Muetter, Muetter, God reward you!—God bless you!" Truly one is not worthy of receiving such tender proofs of their gratitude.

A conference with the Landrath and Burgomaster from six till nine o'clock. I was touched by what the former said as to his impressions of the people. He expressed himself like a true Nathanael. Several Zillerthalers came on Monday, for whom I provided work, basket-making and spinning. Three agricultural labourers came in the afternoon and paced out with Ferdinand the amount of a day's work, as reckoned in the Zillerthal; four horses with a broad plough can plough one of these in a day. Tuesday, the distribution of Bibles to the Zillerthalers at the Town Hall, after a fine address by Siegert; Caroline handed them to Wanda, who opened and read out the names and presented them. You cannot imagine the expression, feeling, and gratitude with which they received the treasure of life, of which they have been robbed so often and been forbidden to read, and for which they have forsaken all things. It was a precious moment. We were on the platform where the magistrate attends to his business, a barrier in front of it, and before us the crowd of Zillerthalers. Then I showed my companions the school-house, which is nearing completion.

On Wednesday church was again filled with Zillerthalers—one hundred and fifty, all most devout. President Merkel suddenly made his appearance at twelve o'clock, and stayed till two in continuous conversation about the cause entrusted to us, and a good deal was settled. Siegert also called. Several young men came upon business and to fetch Bibles which were still wanted. The whole committee met yesterday, including the President, and we sat from eleven till two. A comprehensive protocol, important matters discussed and settled as to the disposal of the money. Hard work at affairs of state. Then we had a large dinner party *en fioqui* with silver plate; the President[1] could not be beggarly.

Our good schoolmaster went into his house on Wednesday, and yesterday the children began their attendance at school, when he arranged them in

[1] Countess Reden, President of the Committee.—M. B.L.

classes. There was a really touching and beautiful inauguration to-day. Seventy-four such sweet, clever children sat at their new tables, while the fathers and mothers, lads and lasses, were down in the hall in their best attire. We laid books, multiplication-tables, copy-books, pens, Testaments, catechisms, on the tables, and I had had the doors decorated with garlands of flowers. Wanda came too, and the pastor, as well as Haupt and Siegert in their gowns; the committee were also present, and the President and several people from Schmiedeberg. Süssenbach made a fine speech, introduced the master, dedicated the house, mentioned the King with gratitude, and Prince Wilhelm's kindness in arranging about the school. The Oberpräsident made three more speeches, and ended with "Long live the King!" I left it to the committee to ask Pastor Siegert, and the Fischbach bailiff to convey our thanks to the Prince, and to go to Herr Gebauer for the same purpose. I shall never forget their words to me. They all three seized my hand, looked up to heaven, and said, "He will reward you, Muetter: we cannot." I brought Hartmann, the schoolmaster, and our pastor back to dinner. Wanda was quite enthusiastic, and faithfully assisted me in carrying out my pet project of giving each child a roll and a little book.

October 16.

All the windows of the sky are opened to-day, and we are flooded, so that neither can the sowing be finished nor the potatoes dug up. . . . The flax is rotting, and the sowing is not to be thought of. I have already sold five cows, and shall get rid of some more.

October 20.

The Zillerthalers' school was to have been opened on Monday, and the master was here the evening before in reference to it. The next day at nine o'clock he announced that cholera had broken out in his house. . . .

October 24.

When our people catch sight of me, they stop the carriage with, "Muetter, God bless you!" We found thirty-two girls and women at the school to-day, some of them very pretty. They were beginning

the first rudiments of writing, and laughed and giggled a great deal.

The Fischbach neighbours had come towards the end of October, intending to stay about two months, and the Buchwald ladies enjoyed frequent intercourse with them. The royal couple shared their interest in the Zillerthal immigrants, and gave practical proof of it in every way. Messengers went between Fischbach and Buchwald every day, and the little notes—half sheets of paper folded into the shape that were called "hams" in those days when gummed envelopes and correspondence cards were unknown—give an insight into the inner relations of the two ladies. Here are some extracts:

BUCHWALD, *October* 26.

At length we are to have the great delight of having your Royal Highness in our neighbourhood again. The nosegay[1] will carry my warmest welcome to you. I have a great deal to tell you. I have been called to an important work—may God give me the wisdom, power, and perseverance which it demands, and which I so fail in now. I can hardly wait until I have made you acquainted with the dear people, and have taken you to the school, and begged your advice. I have so often needed it all this time.

October 29.

My Zillerthal committee returned from Fischbach very much delighted with their reception. They are well-taught men for the most part. Heim has a rare knowledge of the Bible, Fleidl has a real gift in speaking, and J. Stock has a heart full of the milk of human kindness. I am learning every day from these simple expositors of the Scriptures.

October 31.

My school is the rage—high and low, old and young, attend it daily. Fancy, there are some old women who

[1] *Emphangs Richel*—the Silesian term for a bouquet of flowers, when sent as an expression of welcome to a new arrival.—E. R.

have learnt to read in six weeks; and among the men, two are distinguished by having mathematical heads; while the second class of children, who have been examined in Schmidt's "Bible History," have been taught it in the form of a narrative, and have made the best answers.

On Wednesday I had my full measure, but much pleasure.

President Stolberg came on Thursday to get information about our cause. . . . Early on Friday a sweet note from Princess Wilhelm, who had arrived the evening before.

A Herr Götz has offered me Rohrbach, between Fischbach and Jannowitz, for the Zillerthal people, and after much consideration, it seems to me it would be the best place, for it is thoroughly supplied with wood, meadows, and sufficient fields, and it has many advantages. Then there is the remoteness from the high road, and the retirement from the bustle of the world. But we must hear all about it, consider, and quietly wait. We are busy now upon the work of the past year, which is to be sent to Berlin.

The committee assembled at eleven o'clock. The President went with the Burgomaster to the school, where the children stared at him with delight. I gave four of the best-clothed and foremost people among the Tyrolese a note to Princess Wilhelm, for it was proper that they should thank the Prince for the many benefits they have received. . . .

Saturday, November 4.

A full day in every respect. I had a kind reply from the King in answer to my letter, in which he announced that the Court chaplain Strauss will shortly take counsel with me in reference to the school, the religious instruction, etc. An hour later I heard that he had arrived at Fischbach, and wishing to see me, he followed me to Ruhberg. He is a highly gifted man, and has great powers, and is agreeable as well, but I should not care to have him for my spiritual guide. Simon Kroll called later on, and how much more he appeals to me with his beautiful, simple knowledge of the Scriptures! He shares Koland's opinion as to a Christian leading an industrious life, and has therefore engaged to work

for a soapboiler, and is also helping the schoolmaster.

Strauss and his son and the Henlys dined with us on Sunday, and the first named was uncommonly entertaining and interesting Our conference lasted from four till six. Incredible graciousness from the King. I pointed out the erroneous measures, with all the force I could, which they had determined on respecting the religious instruction of the dear people. They have judged the matter quite wrongly in Berlin. For political reasons it is much desired that they should attend Holy Communion soon. I will take care that only those go of whose state of mind I am convinced. Strauss said many excellent things, but missed what is best, and forgets, in thinking of the King of Prussia, the King of kings, Who will call us to account if we mar this work.

The Court chaplain was present on Monday at the instruction of the older people in the sacristy, and he spoke to them himself very powerfully, as he did also on Tuesday at my request. . . . The hall was crowded, and the dear people were quiet and reverent. Siegert's teaching was sound, and the answers, though not quick, were all correct.

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *November* 7.

I wish so much to get the dear people settled in soon, and am hurrying on the various proposals to send them to the King, but as they have to be so carefully expressed, it is a tremendous undertaking. And there is another bit of work, the calculation of their money, land, and implements, how much ready money each one possesses—this I especially hold to—and then the economic plans for their maintenance. The "Immediat-Kommission" requires all this, and does not reckon how much time it takes to do practical business with these people. We get a good deal of nonsense from Berlin and Breslau on these subjects. The winter will certainly be over before a decision is arrived at, and the whole time is full enough without it. The school is a little piece of perfection, upon which I may somewhat congratulate myself. Wednesday, after church, is to be

the great reception of the Tyrolese, and there will be a large attendance.

Countess Reden was particularly engaged in considering the question of the admission of the Zillerthal people to the Holy Communion, and with it the entrance into the Evangelical Church. She thought that they should have a course of thorough instruction first, already begun by Pastor Siegert of Fischbach and Pastor Süssenbach of Schmiedeberg. But the Court chaplain, Strauss, came with the King's authorisation to admit them directly into the Church. The great celebration of the Communion at Schmiedeberg on the 12th was very much against her views. All the grown-up people among the new colonists participated. She writes of the matter:

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

November 12.

On Wednesday the 9th there was a two hours' interview with the Court chaplain. His views are not mine at all, and his haste to admit the dear Tyrolese to the Communion without special preparation, and only in order to send a long list to the King, seems to me a great responsibility.

The Fischbach royalties, the Henlys, and the Czartoryskis all came at seven to hear Feldner's address. He made a great impression, particularly upon the Tyrolese, with whom the royalties talked afterwards till half-past ten.

Friday was a comparatively quiet day, though we had the Bible Society meeting, and a party of twelve to dinner. The Ruhberg family spent a quiet evening with us.

I had intended to have driven over to Schmiedeberg yesterday, because Prince Wilhelm and his family were to be there. I should only have gone as President of the Committee, for I do not as a Christian approve of this particular occasion for that service. But I was seized with an attack of cholerine about six o'clock, but I felt much better

after I had taken some camomile tea, so I insisted upon Caroline going. . . . The Court chaplain and his son called between one and two o'clock. We touched very lightly upon the subject of difference, and he, as usual, said many flattering things to me. After giving his ready consent to my giving Spangenberg's "The Celebration of the Holy Communion" to all the communicants, he took a tender farewell. I am giving the book to ease my mind, so that they may get fuller teaching from it, and which some of them may still need. The Lord forgive him if he has made a mistake in the matter. Siegert called on Friday, and is almost entirely of my mind.

November 14.

Yesterday was again a Zillerthal day in *optima forma*. Members of the men's committee came at ten o'clock, and I first read the Crown Prince's charming letter to them, and then let them have it. We had a consultation on various subjects, and commissions were given to several people, each according to his individual ability, for the work of the school, such as making spinning wheels, coverlets, shirts, bread, preparing flax, etc. They received a really fatherly letter from the Burgomaster yesterday evening in reference to nine points in which they had infringed police regulations, either through ignorance or thoughtlessness, and they were very grateful and impressed by what he wrote. . . . The committee was at twelve and lasted till dinner time—in fact, till it was time for me to dress to drive to Ruhberg. Erdmannsdorf with a farm stands foremost so far as all calculations go regarding land and money, and there are some others in view. The details fill fifteen sheets, and it is to be despatched to Berlin with sketches to-morrow, and then all will depend upon the final decision of the higher authorities.

November 18.

. . . Ah! I knew only too well what sort of results the hastily administered Communion, without sufficiently long probation and due instruction, would have, especially on the men, many of whom are so little in earnest. Sixty or seventy, dear Princess, might go every day with real understanding and proper feeling, and more also, in time; but not all

who are over twenty-five years of age, not one hundred and seventy-one at once. What have years to do with it?

Siegert felt this, but Süssenbach did not recognise his responsibilities enough.

November 21.

After the short spell of sunshine, storm and rain followed, during which your Royal Highness drove through Buchwald to the Bible class, whither I would also gladly have gone, had not our good Schafgotsches been so kind as to stay until eight o'clock. It was a pleasure to me, however, for we agreed in many things concerning the Tyrolese, and I believe they left with altered ideas as to the state of our hearts. So it should always be when Christians of any confession have sincere and honest objects in view. They must draw nearer to one another, for our Saviour has the first place with such people.

The following letters to her sister-in-law testify to the variety of interests which Countess Reden had at that time.

November 26.

How much we are all taken up by the affair of the Archbishop of Köln![1] The *Staatszeitung* gives the minutest and most detailed account of it. His removal to Minden the very day of his deposition is a strong measure, and the consequences are likely to be far-reaching. Anton Stolberg had to go to him in the greatest haste, but to no purpose, for he will be a martyr to his own self-will, and against

[1] The law of Prussia regarding marriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants is, that all children of such marriages shall be brought up in their father's faith. On the elevation of Archbishop Clemens Droste zu Vichering in 1836 to the See of Köln, he forbade the priests of his diocese to perform the marriage service between Roman Catholics and Protestants unless the contracting parties promised beforehand that their children should be brought up in the Roman Catholic Church. The Prussian Government interfered without success. The Archbishop was arrested and confined in the fortress of Minden. When Friedrich Wilhelm IV. ascended the throne in 1840, the Archbishop was released, but obliged to renounce his See, as he still adhered to his demand regarding these mixed marriages.—M. B.-L.

the opinion of his whole chapter. Now everything depends on the Pope's decision, and how he will take the affair.

I have ordered the little book about the Salzburg emigrants. My own copy is a present from the author, who never could have dreamt six years ago, when he gave it to me, of the interest it would possess for me. Twenty-one Zillerthalers have announced their intention to emigrate to Steyermark and Carathinia, because they can earn more there. They believe that everything has been made right for them, and that they are now quite free and unfettered—all the result of the too-hasty reception of them into the church. Pages could be filled with this subject.

BUCHWALD, *December* 2.

I had a good deal to negotiate with President Stolberg when he came, particularly concerning the poverty, as we fear a hard winter for the poor, and I am making all the preparations I can for it. My advice was to remit the taxes for the poorest, as it would have the greatest effect outwardly in quieting them, and that money for bread should be given to the householders, who would exercise control over it and spend it. I was able in 1831 to provide for the poorest for four months, by means of the King's present, so that each one received a two-groschen loaf according to contract weight, the King giving one silver groschen, and the poor person the other. Unfortunately, however, most of the householders are too lazy, and leave the expenditure in the hands of the parish council, who find it easier to distribute the money at once, so that no one is really assisted.

To-day was particularly quiet, and I devoted it entirely to Buchwald affairs, and worked with the bailiff, attended to the monthly payments, etc.

December 5.

A long interview with Fleidl yesterday, chiefly about introducing the use of handkerchiefs, or *Schneuztüchern*, as they are called, and of which there is a great lack, the flap of the coat, alas! often being used instead. Want of cleanliness is the special fault of many among them, and this must be improved by degrees.

Half the day at Fischbach, and it was most entertaining. They read interesting letters from Adalbert, who is in quarantine at Triest.

December 15.

Everything is tolerably quiet as regards the Archbishop, but there is a strained feeling of expectation as to what will come from Rome on the subject. I read some details in a private letter from Köln about his deportation; it was a very speedy affair, but seems to have been a necessity. The old man lost himself only for a moment, and called out, as he was driving off with Major Sandart, "The four pounds of tobacco have not surely been forgotten." The military escort merely went as far as the next village. Two gendarmes in livery sat on the box. He was very talkative, and his chaplain was uncivil, and laughed aloud during the reading of the official order, so General Pfuel had him out of the carriage, and he followed in a second one. They reproved the Archbishop's servant for not having provided his master with a proper change of linen; but he said, "Oh! don't trouble yourselves. My master only changes his linen every four or six weeks." That is a nice sort of penance.

December 16, 11 A.M.

Only a short account of the morning's doings, of which I have but an hour left. Some of the people came for medicine, wood, etc., while we were at breakfast; next two Tyrolese came whom I am treating homœopathically, then five more for blankets; after this nine old women and girls to whom the Princess Wilhelm is giving spinning wheels, and who require a card from me to fetch them, and which they call a *Zedel*; I next sent off two letters from the President to the Burgomaster about committee matters; then nine poor children, whom I have entirely clothed, so that they may not have this sole pretext—want of clothing—for staying away from school; and lastly, a woman came from Södrich to fetch some of my excellent grape ointment, which is doing her son so much good. Now I must do as much writing as there is time for. We are going to spend part of the day at Fischbach, and to-morrow

our dear neighbours come here and will remain to prayers, and on Monday they are going away. It will make a real blank to us, and it will be hard for them also to go. They envy us the society of the dear Zillerthal people, with whom they are greatly pleased, but of whom they have only seen the "flower," for there are among them, as there are everywhere, black sheep, who give us two, as members of the committee, here on the spot, much trouble, and it is very difficult to smooth matters down with these hot heads.

December 19.

We have passed a really delightful half-day with our dear friends at Fischbach. After dinner Princess Marie decorated a Christmas-tree for the Rahm and Geissler families, who are favourites of hers. I was very glad that the presents were quite simple, besides wax candles, walnuts, gingerbread, a few earthenware plates and cups, a whip, a doll, etc. Then the second son played really prettily on the Jew's harp, the youngest danced to a national air, and big Geissler, our first deputy, waltzed quite gracefully with Princess Marie. The royalties have shown the Tyrolese a great deal of kindness, and been most gracious to them, of which they are very sensible; but Marie's passion for them is almost too ridiculous, and it is not good for many of them to be so often at Court, so it is just as well that they are going no more.

Several visits after church on Sunday, as usual, from tenants and the Tyrolese. Our Zillerthal schoolmaster to dinner, and a good many things to talk over with him about Christmas for the children. The General Superintendent was here; I gave him two Reichthalers, and Wanda two more. I am contributing, and Caroline is giving the gingerbread and little booklets. Berlin friends have sent some beautiful books and catechisms as well. I have bought seventy-six pocket-handkerchiefs of all sixes, and I am giving a large box of apples and the Christmas-trees and candles. As the children have never had a Christmas-tree, there will be great rejoicings. That sort of thing is unknown in the Zillerthal. In the evening we had the dear Fischbach family here for the last time, and the Henlys also. They wished to be present at

evening prayers; I had the blue room well heated, the lamp was alight, and four rows of chairs, sofas, and benches accommodated over fifty persons. Among them were twenty-three of the Tyrolese, for they wished to take leave again of their benefactors. I read a fine address of Spangenberg's on the text, "To the poor the Gospel is preached."

December 22.

We had Hofrätin Neigenfind here with all her children on Wednesday. One and all are enthusiastic about the Tyrolese, and are intimate with some of the families, and full of their praises. It is but another proof that my good people will lose more than they can gain from this sort of intercourse; for they will learn to drink coffee and eat cakes, and take up town ways, which are all quite unnecessary, and will make them discontented with their village surroundings. . . . One of my favourites came to explain about having felled some young trees on a farm here for a friend, and for which he has been brought before the bailiff. He did not know that it was against the law, as they are allowed to fell as much underwood in the Zillerthal as each man can carry away. He was leniently dealt with, and was permitted to keep the trees, though he had to pay a Reichthaler, which he borrowed from me. The dear old man laughed at having to pay for his lesson, and said it would serve as a warning to others.

I despatched a good deal of business yesterday, concerning flax, samples of spinning, and the contracts with some farmers at Södrich about the purchases for the poor. This year, even if they manage to earn a wretched subsistence by the sale of their yarn at such low prices, we shall have to help them a great deal. . . . I must tell you that I attained a great point for the Tyrolese on Saturday—viz. that the stout undyed cloth of the natural brown sheepswool (which they wear, and which could not be procured from Tyrol without great expense) should be made in the penitentiary at Jauer. After a hurried consultation with the inspector there, I ordered twelve hundred ells, at eighteen silver groschens, and I hope that this material will be more used among our own people, for it is excellent, needs no lining, and is

waterproof. In addition, I hope through this man to find a purchaser for the wool spun here, and I will gladly advance the payment.

December 28 (*on rose-coloured paper*).

The colour of this paper will tell you that it has rosy tidings to announce, and rosy they indeed are, for our Zillerthalers are coming to Erdmannsdorf, and some properties at Schmiedeberg are to be bought also, in accordance, it seems, with our suggestions. There are nearly nine hundred square morgens[1] of forest and some good land. We have got nothing as yet through the "Immediat-Kommission," but, what is far better, a private message from the King through our dear ambassadress, Princess Wilhelm, who reached Berlin on the 20th. She dined with the King on the 22nd, and the dear lady wrote to me directly after dinner, in the joy and fulness of her heart, that the King had expressed himself about me in a most warm and friendly way, and had said that he well knew what he was doing when he chose me, and that I had quite fulfilled his expectations. I only add this, because it is important as regards the cause itself, and I had thought, on the contrary, that he was annoyed because I had differed from him concerning religious instruction of the Tyrolese.

To continue: he was very animated, full of sympathy for the people, and anxious to learn all particulars. And to give me pleasure, he desired the Princess to say that I might announce the good news, and that he was glad to have their village in his neighbourhood, etc. It is a great weight off my mind.

To Princess Wilhelm

December 26.

So my anticipations have been realised, and your Royal Highness is the first and chosen one to convey the long-desired glad tidings to me, and to let me have the pleasure of communicating them to our dear people. I felt certain of it, and said so long beforehand to Caroline and the Henlys, and now the Lord has brought it to pass. I found your dear letter on my return from the distribution of Christmas presents

[1] A morgen of land is about an acre.—M. B-L.

at Neuhof, and its first words told me of the fairest gift of all, coming at the end of a day already rich in gifts. . . . I invited the Burgomaster and the chairman of the committee, without explaining why. . . . When they came and I had told them the good news, the king's gracious words, and the kindness with which you had hastened to make known the message, they evinced the warmest feelings of gratitude and pleasure. At first, the dear chairman stood with folded hands, before he said, "This has been brought to us by the Child in the manger." "Yes," said Stock; "the Child Jesus Who directs the hearts of kings as the waterbrooks." "We have little money," added C. Brugger, "but we have faithful hearts to lay in gratitude at the King's feet." Then Heim said, "This hath the Lord done, and we are glad because of it." They then broke out into the most charming expressions of gratitude to your Royal Highness: "We knew very well she would soon be able to do us a good turn; she wishes us well, that one sees from her manner; she is a true friend to us, an advocate before the throne. May the Lord reward her a thousandfold!" Nor did the old "Muetter" come away empty, but got her share, so much indeed that her eyes overflowed with tears. It was a precious moment, and one that I shall never forget. The Burgomaster was enraptured, and the dear people pressed his hand while gratefully acknowledging his fatherly care of them, although they had often made it difficult for him to act. Caroline and the Henlys shared their happiness: Henly, as cupbearer, poured out some genuine Trebschen wine from the vines of their new Fatherland; Caroline and Clementine touched glasses with him, while Harry (who has been dressed as a Zillerthaler since Christmas Eve) and Marie carried round the "Streussel" and "Striezeln" cakes, real Silesian ones, and we all united in drinking the King's health, and that of the messenger of the good tidings, for this you are to our people in the real sense of the word. . . .

The giving of Christmas presents was on the 23rd in the school-room at five o'clock, to all of the seventy-seven Tyrolese who were well and able to be there.

Four tables were spread in the middle of the room, leaving space enough for the fathers and mothers.

Trees with many candles and hung with nuts and gingerbread made the room as bright as day. The tables were covered with rolls, apples, the necessary pocket-handkerchiefs, books, very pretty pictures, and pencils and paper, and then the children rushed in in high glee. They had never seen anything like it. They were so well-behaved and quiet and happy that it was a real delight to see them. They went to their places, folded their hands, and sang three pretty Christmas hymns most sweetly and quite correctly. They looked at their presents with rapture, and they were afterwards allowed to despoil the tree. There was any amount of thanking and jubilation, and after packing their things, they went home in good order with their parents, to whom I gave pictures of the manger with a beautiful motto. . . .

In the morning I distributed Christmas presents to one hundred and fifteen children in the Quirl school, and the day before to one hundred and twenty-six here.

The dear King's expressions with regard to my feeble efforts to prove myself worthy of his confidence have really done me good and touched me. I will do everything in my power to fulfil and carry out his fatherly wishes. . . .

To Theophilus Reichel

I have often to say to myself, "Bestir yourself, don't delay." Our work—*i.e.* mine—has increased very much since it has been decided that our people are to remain at Erdmannsdorf and its immediate neighbourhood. I have now undertaken to consult every father of a family as to how much he requires. This means that from seventy to eighty persons have to be talked to. The morning hours between nine and eleven are devoted to this business, and it is transmitted to paper in the afternoon. The building foreman has been seen, and things are being hurried on. We hope the men will go to the forest in a week's time, axe in hand, and begin the work of felling the timber; but where that is to be, we don't yet know. We had to protest against the Grüssauer Forest, which is four miles off, on account of transport; now we are awaiting the final decision. Every one is burning with eagerness

to fell the first tree. In this as in everything else, may God give happiness and prosperity.

To her Sister-in-law

December 30.

I have a great deal of business about the flax. I have two great aims in view which require a considerable amount of writing and working—that of obtaining splendid flax from the district of Hainau, where I shall buy one thousand bales, if I am fortunate; and I am ordering twenty bales of yarn at four hundred and eighty Reichthalers (which I have to advance, it is true) for the penitentiary at Jauer. Strict control and hard work are necessary, but I will gladly do anything to keep my poor people from dire misery in this time of scarcity. You can imagine how, waking and sleeping, I think of nothing but flax. Six women are spinning samples to-day, and a portion of my flax is to be weighed out for the first Tuesday sale.

The winter was a severe one, and through the partial failure of the crops and the great cold, the distress in Silesia increased to such a pitch that most active help was necessary. It is easy to imagine who stood in the front rank to help and advise. In addition to all this, there were the Tyrolese at Schmiedeberg not only to support, but to guide and advise in small things as well as great ones. Their settlement had to be undertaken and their houses to be built, and although Countess Reden had the assistance of earnest associates in these matters, she had also open and secret enemies, who used every effort to stand in her way. To these belonged President Count Merkel, a strict bureaucrat, and, as such, already unfavourable to her. In official circles especially her active interference in public affairs was viewed with hostility, particularly when, eluding the committee, she addressed herself direct to the King. But Merkel was also her decided opponent in religious matters. It is said that

he allied himself with one who shared his views to endeavour to suppress all living Christianity in Silesia. And this man it was who had in the province over which he was chief a woman of such far-reaching influence, of such remarkable intellectual gifts, and of such indefatigable activity in employing every means in her power for the building up of the Kingdom of God, and in fortifying living Christianity.

It is conceivable that the President did not at all agree to the settlement of the people who had emigrated on account of their faith. He could not act in direct opposition to the King's commands, but he sought to hinder the Countess's activity as much as possible. The monies assigned were negligently paid, the officials were not appointed at the proper times, and other things were ill done.

Countess Reden's letters give an insight into all this.

To her Sister-in-Law

I kept quite quiet on Tuesday in preparation for the Holy Communion.

January 24, 7 A.M.

You should see me in a very cold room done up warm and snug in my little bed-jacket, reading and attending to my chief correspondence, whilst our dear Caroline is melodiously snoring, and making herself comfortable till eight o'clock. I prepare my seat in bed about half-past six, set the pillows straight, put on my shawl, and wrap a splendid fox-rug entirely round my back and shoulders, and, thus established, defy all cold—often not without shame, when I consider how warm and comfortable I am here, and how very much the reverse it is to so many around me. I cannot rid myself of the thought of the distress which the cold, the dearness of bread, the scarcity of potatoes, and the too scanty gain from the spinning must bring; and yet, I must now first of all try to provide flax, and must reserve my store of potatoes

till the end of February, when they will have come to an end in the poorest houses.

With the help of a small collection from the pastor, I have ordered my two blind people to make some straw mats for the church, which are to cover the stones round the altar where the communicants stand and kneel.

My letter to Wittgenstein went off on Thursday with a description of the dire misery. I trust the Lord guided my weak hand! The members of the Tyrolese committee came about their axes at one o'clock, and they wish them to be after their own pattern. They are very charming, but exceedingly fussy all the same. Kolland has given us great trouble: he cannot and will not believe, much less teach the children, that the sun stands and that we move round it; so he no longer goes to the arithmetic classes, and grieves Hartmann, who was so delighted with his progress and took so much pains with him. It is very annoying.

February 20.

It has been a cold week, always between sixteen and twenty degrees of frost, and to-day again the windows are thickly frozen over. We can bear it very well, but the poor suffer extremely, and in cases where nothing is done for them, there will be unlimited suffering. I have already waited five or six days for instruction about the distress and the Zillerthal house-building. This latter is pressing, for it is high time for the wood to be felled, stones broken, and sand taken to the building sites. Block, the head bailiff, arrived unexpectedly from Breslau on Sunday, and we learn from him that if wood is to be procured in the immediate neighbourhood, our representations will be yielded to, and they will be allowed to fell it here. I am sending to-day to Stonsdorf and Arnsdorf to ascertain how many trees they can supply to each man from the forests on the two estates. It will require an entire wood to build forty cottages, if they are, as I wish them to be, of wood, or even only half wood. I have had a Zillerthal conference every day except Friday until twelve o'clock, and between whiles, a great deal to do in connection with my poor people here, and also in reference to the

Hirschberg Bible, etc. So the days have been fully occupied.

To her Sister-in-law

10 P.M.

What a good thing it was that I wrote early! I was interrupted at eight o'clock by an "Immediat" from President Stolberg, announcing the arrival of Herr von Woringen from Landshut to confer with me about the poverty. He thanked me for having written to Wittgenstein. I got up and dressed quickly, and found the answer lying on the breakfast table. Oh! I could have fallen on my knees, and my hands involuntarily folded in thankfulness as my eyes overflowed with tears. He thanked me for my letter and said: "I hastened to lay your letter before the King; he was moved by its contents, and is inclined to grant the support so wisely suggested by you, so soon as the report of the President comes in. His Majesty commands me to inform the Minister of Finance of your views, and of the great destitution of the people. He received the communication in the kindest and most sympathetic manner, and assured me that he would hasten to send the assistance on receiving the President's report. It is important that your Excellency should urge him to send it as soon as possible. God reward you for all you have accomplished, and may He preserve and strengthen you!" . . . You can imagine how letters will fly here and there.

During the distress that prevailed throughout Silesia that severe winter, it is easy to understand, however sad it may be, that the Zillerthal immigrants aroused much ill-will and envy among the poor. It was partly on this account that the Countess felt such satisfaction and delight in the remission of the taxes for the poorest, and in the assistance which the King granted. She arrranged this business with the Regierungsrath, Herr von Woringen, of Liegnitz, and she was glad to be able to help matters forward.

The Zillerthal people, whom she had adopted with

such tender interest, gave their "Muetter" a good deal of trouble, however. Malcontents, who wanted not only the daily grant of four silver groschens from the King, but also pay for working on their own houses and fields, went to her with their grievances. Other restless spirits wished to move on again, hoping to earn more elsewhere, and, in fact, quite a number emigrated again to Steyermark and Carinthia, where they joined the Evangelical communities in those places.

First of all, wood had to be felled for building purposes, and as the designs were not compatible with the means provided, Countess Reden resolved to have the Tyrolese build a house from the supply of wood, and then reckon everything from that.

The first tree on Buchwald soil was felled on March 27, and the work was then vigorously begun. The Countess writes:

At the end of the first day, when my bailiff told the people that they might stop working, Fleidl took his stand under a fine fir tree and said, "Before we go we must give praise and thanks for having lived to see this day, and that the Lord has protected us from dangers." The eight sawyers and eight cutters gathered in a circle around him, bared their heads, repeated a prayer, and then quietly dispersed. How glad they were to get to work at last!

I engaged Stock with the same number of men to work at the Stangenbusch at Stonsdorf, and the bailiff there was enchanted with my people. Thirteen men, and a woman to do the cooking for them, went to carry wood to a clearing under the mountain. What a good thing it is that there is enough wood for four or five cottages at least!

Fifteen carpenters are working on the house at Schmiedeberg, which I settled that they should build quite alone, with a sufficient amount of wood, as it is the only means of arriving at the objects in view. Four or five are making the broad splints for the

house, two are making the necessary implements in the smithy of a Christian-minded man at Erdmannsdorf, as no one else would allow them to do this work. Geissler went with the others to help at carrying wood at Stonsdorf.

April 16.

There is more than enough work going on now, and the fulness of the next few days rather alarms me. Stock came with a letter from the Burgomaster requiring an immediate answer just as I was going to church. It seems that Jacobi, the Privy Councillor for the district, he who directed the negotiations, both in Tyrol and in Munich, respecting the Zillerthalers, and who is third in the "Immediat-Kommission," arrived at Schmiedeberg yesterday.

April 17.

Jacobi was here from half-past six until nine o'clock, an hour and a half of the time alone with me. It seems that my letter to Princess Wilhelm about the disturbed state of feeling among the peasants here, and their desire to return, raised a storm in Berlin, and the King was exceedingly surprised at the news. Strauss informed him of everything. He will not hear of any return, has granted the people more advantageous conditions, and sent Jacobi off at once, to regulate the colonisation with us and Block. So much the better for all concerned. He is the second man whom I have asked to come here: another person might have been afraid to urge them; but why should I be afraid, since I am doing what is right, and could not act differently? The President of the Province will soon become alarmed when he finds the "Immediat" man here. I am very glad of it. Jacobi said the King had expressed himself thus: "You may have as much land as you want; the castle and garden are to be left for me, and what more do I require?" This must not be repeated, though, or else, instead of an inch they will take an ell, and the evil will go on for ever.

Evening.

It has been a full day. Distribution of flax and potatoes, and I had hardly finished with this when the Schlieffens came with their little girl, and Wilhelm

Stolberg and his wife soon after, but they only stayed an hour. Then there was a committee meeting, I working with it in another room; at half-past two the Geheimrath and his son, who is Kammegerichts-Referandarius, called. Various matters were discussed, and several things explained to the Tyrolese. The request for higher wages was refused, and we got through with a great deal of business. . . . Jacobi and I had a great deal of conversation; he stayed and had a talk with Fleidl and Stock, and is well disposed toward the Tyrolese. He rather dreads the arrival of the ambitious Merkel.

April 21.

President Merkel's reception must have been a stormy one on Thursday, for the obstinate old man fairly foamed with rage. Block, who is the chief official adviser, came at eleven to consult me in private, and the committee met at twelve, President von Merkel and Privy Councillor Jacobi being present. The President opened the meeting with a boastful speech, and I have never attended anything more tedious. The old man quite lost his head, insulted the Royal Commissioner, would not let him get a word in, nor permit any propositions concerning the deeds, and kept on mystifying us just as he has always done. He fell out with every one in turn, nor did he spare me. The gentlemen said afterwards, with a thousand eulogies and thanks, which I will not repeat, that they were astonished at the calm dignity and firmness with which I defended my cause and reduced the old man to silence. This was the Lord's doing, and for which I had most earnestly prayed. The main business did not advance much, owing to the President's chatter, but I fully understood his ominous intentions. Under the pretext of protecting the Tyrolese, he incited them to demand so much more land than they can possibly obtain at Erdmannsdorf and Seidorf, that they will eventually be sent off to the sandy wastes of Upper Silesia, or to Gumbinnen, and then the Commissioner will have to return without having succeeded in his mission.

The conference closed at half-past four, every one being out of tune, though I certainly tried not to be so. They all enjoyed the cook's really exquisite

dinner, except my gloomy neighbour, who was on my right, while Jacobi was on my left, with Caroline on his other side, and Block was on Merkel's right. All at once the last named turned to me and said almost aloud, "That gentleman seems to be cock of the walk, and the honour due to me has been neglected, contrary to all rules of precedence." I thought that I could not have heard rightly, and merely made some sort of civil reply, which, indeed, I was obliged to make, to the effect that the arrangement of the table had placed my sister on the other side, and that I thought I had given him the place of honour, and if I had failed, I was sorry. He was a regular wet blanket on the company. I did not say a word to his murmur of argument, and at last there was a general silence. Then I took up the conversation again, and my weak but proud neighbour gradually recovered himself. He hardly ate anything, and was piqued, though civil, but he kept casting terrible glances at Jacobi. He left about half-past six, and then we all looked at each other in dismay. Every one commiserated me, but I laughed it off. I was so tired in the evening that I fell asleep as I talked.

We were at Seidorf to-day, and returned at half-past five. The Burgomaster appeared soon after, and what was his report? That the President, who wanted to stay over to-day and go to Seidorf, had gone away unexpectedly this morning without taking leave, and here the matter rests. I had the question before me, what was to be done, and was driven to consider it. I think that the minutes of yesterday's conference should be fairly copied out and sent after him for his signature; and if he will not sign, we must consider ourselves as having severed connection with him, and must address ourselves to our committee and to the "Immediat-Kommission," and things will go on better than before.

May 3.

I have employed the precious days since the 1st like a child or a colt which has been let loose, for the moment I feel myself free from the writing-table, from my Zillerthal, from the sick, etc., I go out, and only come in to take a rapid meal and go out again. I have sown more than a thousand seeds—that

is to say, I have written the labels, opened the packets, sorted them, and planted an innumerable quantity. I came indoors yesterday and to-day after half-past seven, because it was so warm. I sat out writing without my jacket, with not an extra stitch on; in a word, it is lovely, and the green lawns are like a parlour. I am getting the village children to pick the cowslips before they blossom, and shall have the hoeing done every three weeks, if I can. We had a pleasant conference on Wednesday. The results of the measurements have shown that in the part of Erdmannsdorf which we wished to divide up at once, there are not eight hundred and sixty-eight acres, but twelve hundred and seventeen, and that is just what I require within a few acres, so all our dear people can be housed right and left of the high road. Thus all desires will be gratified, and, if God will, peace and happiness will be their lot and mine. There is no lack of hearty thanks, nor of their saying that "Muetter's" word has been proved of some value, etc. Thank God! for I should indeed feel the contrary hard to bear. I can but say, "Thy counsel is wonderful, and Thou performest all things well."

May 5.

I am writing on the Mariannensizt, and have been seeing to the benches being properly placed, have measured and given out more Tyrolese cloth, have interviewed seven Tyrolese on business, and also seen the bailiff. The Burgomaster has just gone, at half-past ten. He came at half past-seven to place before me the long and beautifully copied colonisation schedule, which is to be sent at once to the "Immediat-Kommission," and which contains our plans for their approval. I shall be very eager for the result. The Privy Councillor stayed till seven o'clock, and I drove with him to the Observatory and to the farm. He is going to remain till Wednesday. Our last conference will be on Tuesday, when I hope we shall receive exact instructions.

May 8.

I am so thankful that all chatter and gossip keep away from me. I don't know why it is, but I am thankful that such is the case. Is it because of my unspoken principle of never allowing an accusation

to be made against any one, either in my house or in my presence, who is not present to defend himself? A man has nothing, in my opinion, more precious than his good name, and to take it from him surreptitiously, is robbery and is as deserving of punishment as theft.

Our dear Tyrolese have had many hard things to bear lately, and it is those who have been tried who have had opportunity of showing what real faith is.

The Countess writes about her birthday:

The Buchwald children, some two hundred and thirty, celebrated the 12th, according to my dear husband's directions, at the Pavilion in the morning, and eighty Tyrolese children in the afternoon, in the drawing-room under the supervision of their teacher. They were charming and splendidly decked out, with tall green tufts in their hats, and adorned with flowers, so that the little group down in the hall, seen from the staircase above, looked like the moving wood of Dunsinan.

The greater part of the Erdmannsdorf property was first given by the King for the settlement of the Zillerthal people. The committee bought more land at Erdmannsdorf and in the neighbouring parish of Seidorf. This land was partly paid for by the proceeds of land sold in the Tyrol, and partly by the people, who paid it off by instalments. It was divided according to the proportion of each man's means, and the building of cottages, in the Tyrolese style, was begun. The King made Erdmannsdorf into a separate parish, the Evangelical community of which had hitherto been connected with that of Lomnitz, and he built a church. This building seems to have been too hastily completed, for on June 8 the tower fell into the church, killing fourteen persons. It happened a few days before the King's arrival at Fischbach, and caused great excitement. The Crown Prince and Princess came a little later.

IN THE PAVILION, *June* 16, 1838.

I have fled from the house because I could not write eight minutes without interruption. Two separate sets of Tyrolese kept me over two hours, and at twelve the Government architect Oels is coming to see me in reference to the building, for the ominous fall [of the tower] makes us more anxious and careful about everything.

In this dilemma I have proposed to turn the large barn at the new farm at Erdmannsdorf into a place where the prayer meetings might be held, to put in windows, and provide benches. Seven or eight hundred can be seated there. Pastor Roth, of Reibnitz, is to be transferred to Erdmannsdorf.

BUCHWALD, *June* 21, *Elisabethplatz.*

I am expecting the King, who has announced his intention of calling early to-day, so I am waiting for him in my everyday cotton gown and white cap, reading and writing meanwhile as usual. May the Lord give me wisdom to use the right words, and be at my side, not for myself, for the King is very good to me, but for the King of kings! I must not spoil His cause, nor say a syllable, even for the good of those entrusted to my care, except such as He wills and tells me to say. The task is not easy, but it must be gone through with.

Afternoon.

I had got so far when my videttes called out, "The King!" Five-and-twenty handsome Tyrolese boys were playing on the lawn or boating on the lake with their teacher when the carriage drove up. They came without any state—Princess Friedrich of the Netherlands with her pretty little daughter, and Princess Liegnitz, with the King, on their way to Fischbach. I received them as they alighted, and the dear old King thanked me with a kindness and tenderness such as I cannot describe, and he would not allow me to thank him for his trust in me. "You have more than justified it; you have sacrificed yourself to your work. I know everything about it. It has been a religious duty with you, and you could not have acted otherwise," etc. And he said the same during our conversation, which God indeed

blessed, for the King permitted me to talk quite freely, as if to an equal, discussing Church affairs, the malcontents, the tenants, etc. He spoke so graciously and kindly, so calmly and clearly, that I was able to tell him, with lively emotion, how he filled my heart with reverence and devotion. I ventured to touch on every subject, not forgetting those of my Tyrolese who wish to move off again. This was an important matter, and it was a relief to get it off my mind, and I thank God that I succeeded. The King remained talking with me for over an hour on the balcony.

June 23.

Minister Rother was here yesterday on business, and from all that he told me, I feel more admiration for the King than ever before. He said that the King expressed great distress at the destruction of the church and the consequent loss of life, and though he felt severely towards the careless builders, he was most kind to Rother himself. Instead of reproaching him (and he allows that he deserved to be reproached for his over-confidence), the King advanced to meet him when he entered the room, held out his hand, and condoled with him about the accident. The next day the King went to see the wounded, gave them handsome sums, and also to the orphans of those who were killed. Herr Müller, a Cabinetsrath, called in the afternoon, and we discussed the distribution of orders and remuneration among the people at Schmiedeberg who have been specially active in helping the Tyrolese, and we both had a laugh at the importance which people attach to such things. In the meanwhile General Lindheim arrived, but I had him taken to Caroline till we had finished our conversation in the course of the next half-hour. I could not but be sensible of the great condescension of our bigwigs.

July 6.

My third of July, my day of memories which fills my mind with sorrowful reflections, was greatly broken into. I had a letter from the Crown Prince in the morning, asking me whether I could manage for him to see some of my Tyrolese people. He and the Crown Princess drove up punctually at one o'clock on their way to Fischbach, and I had the big boys and

girls from school out on the water in two boats, singing, when the royal couple arrived, and twenty-one lined the road up to the house. They were very much struck and delighted by the sight, and spoke to them before they drove off at two o'clock. I had asked the Harrys to come from Stonsdorf in the evening, and we all awaited the Crown Prince and Princess in the Pavilion, where we had tea and light refreshments quite informally. We came indoors at eight, and the Fischbach and Hesse royalties arrived soon afterwards, remaining half an hour while we worked and chatted. The Crown Prince drew the design of the church at Kreuth for me, as a model for the one to be built at Erdmannsdorf. He told us some interesting details of his youth, which quite astonished us, for his reminiscences go back to his third year. I had a confidential conversation with him during the day, and accomplished much good in various ways for the Tyrolese and for many others, who had requested me to do so for them, and for whom I also asked advice, which was sincerely given me. At prayers, I read a beautiful meditation from the *Sonntagsgast* [a newspaper]. We had supper after prayers for our party of seventeen, and we passed a very agreeable evening till half-past eleven.

July 13.

I have spent this fine day in the two arbours. My Tyrolese found me out, however—three herb and asbestos [byssolite] gatherers—and asked me for a travelling passport, as they intend to come back in the autumn.

Two detachments (thirty-one people) have gone already to Carinthia, amid many tears from the children, who parted from their teacher with lamentations and regrets, as did the parents from me, their affection for me having grown stronger of late. Some of the scenes were really tragic, and yet they won't have things otherwise. The homesickness of the women, and the pictures their fancy paints, entice them away. It is a continual hard fight, but it will pass, as other things have passed.

August.

It is interesting to watch the rise of the colony in the valley, on the mountain side, and at Seidorf, and

I do hope that most of them will be able to get into their cottages before November 1, even if the barns are not finished.

Those who wished to emigrate again are all off, and on that side things are quieter. . . . Others are coming from Tyrol, especially from Schwatz. I have just at this time a woman from Schwatz to look after. I have lodged her at the school-house, and Pastor Haupt is instructing her. She has left everything on account of her faith, and not knowing the Zillerthalers, she feels desolate and forsaken.

September 21.

The fire is blazing up again, which a meddlesome hand has lighted it—whose, we do not know.

I received a very gracious letter from the King on Sunday evening in reference to hastening on the building of the church, so that it may be finished by the end of October. It has come to "his knowledge" that the Tyrolese are likely to spend another winter at Schmiedeberg (we have provided against that, however), and as this must be prevented—he knowing that proper support was needed for our indefatigable labours, for mine particularly—he has commanded President von Merkel to place them abundantly at our disposal, and has also told President Stolberg to provide workmen, materials, etc., on the spot, if required; he has also ordered Rother to bestow all the resources of the Erdmannsdorf property.

The interest and care which the King devotes to this Tyrolese business is really incredible. At first the affair seemed to me to be fated; but after mature consideration of the pros and cons, I felt glad that new life had been put into it, and that others see what we have done, and have yet to do. I told the Burgomaster about the letter when he called yesterday, and he went to Bockshorn, and drove direct to Erdmannsdorf, and ordered the master mason and carpenter to come here to-day. But President von Merkel, only too glad to make it up with us, and help where he can, has saved me the trouble. He arrived yesterday, was put *au fait* of everything by Fleidl, and betook himself early this morning straight to the settlement with the clerk of the works, the architect, and others. Every one was on the spot, and the Burgomaster



FRIEDRICH WILHELM IV., KING OF PRUSSIA, AS CROWN PRINCE.

(*J. Kirchof del. G. W. Lehmann sc.*)

[*To face p.* 260.

brought me the result at half-past eight. I had settled to inspect some building at Seidorf, and drove there at once. On my way back I met the President with two carriages, and he made them stop, jumped out, and testified to his devotion—wanted to report everything to me to-morrow, made a statement of the whole business; and upon my expressing the wish that the work should be so furthered by those in authority as to allow half of the cottages being ready for occupation in the autumn, he replied that his Majesty desired that all of them should be ready—that is, that before the end of autumn all the forty-six must be up, and to this I said "Amen," and went on my way. Now we shall see what his authority accomplishes. I shall be very glad if he storms a bit; all the better, it is all the same to me. . . . You fancy how all eyes were upon us. I hope I did not make a face.

There was no falling off of guests at Buchwald during the summer and autumn, . . . among whom were President von Gerlach with his wife and nephew from Frankfort. The Countess observes:

He seems firmly grounded in the faith, the spreading of God's kingdom lies very near his heart; he belongs to the Church Militant, and is sometimes sharp-tongued, or, to put it better, he is rough and cutting.

MEADOW HOUSE, *October* 1, 12.30.

Here your old friend is sitting: who could have believed it? But what can the weather and love for the two dear boys [Ferdinand and August Carolath] not do? They said long ago that they could not have a greater pleasure than to go up the mountains once more with their aunt. We started at half-past seven in cool, but very fine weather; Caroline and I in the chaise, the Carolaths, Krause, and our pastor in the carriage. Hampel was waiting for us on the height and waving his hat. Four strong bearers met us at Exner, and we set off in high spirits at five minutes to nine. We reached Hampel's house at eleven o'clock, rested for ten minutes, and then went on, the air somewhat cooler, but delicious. The scenery

was sublime, and the horizon so clear that we counted twenty-eight places from Seiffengruben Plateau, where we breakfasted at half-past ten off cheese, fresh butter, and rolls. The three Zillerthal colonies looked splendid from all points. Faithful to our promise, we got up here about twelve o'clock. I have never penetrated so far before.

October 2.

After we had partaken of an excellent meal, we walked and were carried to the Ziegenrücken ["The Goat's Back"], and at our feet both right and left lay the seven valleys, S. Peter's Peak, and the church on the greensward. It is a wonderful scene, charming, and yet terrible. According to our plan, we were back at the Meadow House punctually at three o'clock, packed up, and went off to the big pond. But what a climb for dizzy heads like Caroline's and mine especially! Ferdinand and Hampel led me. I walked on, happy when we reached firm foot-hold, and rejoiced to have seen this lofty mountain once more and the lovely views from its heights, which, however, become more charming as one descends. We reached the Schlingel building about five o'clock, and pretty Brückenberg at half-past five; by six we were at Krummhübel, where we had a capital supper of rolls, bread, butter, partridges, and field-larks, and at half-past seven we were at the tea-table at home.

I brought back some little souvenirs of the day for the household—small pictures of the Meadow House, and mountain scenes—which gave great pleasure.

We went to Siegert's last Bible lesson; it was admirable, and impressed the Zillerthalers, though too affecting now and then. Their unanimous thanks afterwards affected me still more.

To her Sister-in-law

October 12.

I despatched the daily messenger, a woman, at six o'clock, whose commissions all lie ready by my bedside; the coachman knocks at seven, and I give him the orders for the day through the door (just now especially there is a good deal of peat to be sent away); then I am disposed for sleep again, and I often

yield to the inclination on the first days of the week, but later on, when it is a question of answering your letter, I steel myself against it, and after looking out the hymns for the evening and performing my devotions, I take pen in hand, and scare sleep away as much as possible, as I am doing to-day, to wish you good-morning and have a chat with you.

We drove to the colony on Wednesday, and to see the new pastor, who was solemnly consecrated the day before. I have known him a long time; he is my second Bible director, and I respect him very much. I delight in him and in his unaffected wife, and in their simple style of life. . . .

To Princess Wilhelm

October 13.

We attended the dedication of the meeting-hall at Erdmannsdorf to-day, and thank God that this has been finished for my Zillerthalers. . . . Superintendent Nagel discoursed for two hours and a half on the dedication, expressing himself in a pompous and highly ornate style. . . .

It would be a good thing if the three colonies received names, so that they could be distinguished one from the other. Would not the King name them Upper, Middle, and New Zillerthal? The pastor also wishes it, for the sake of definite arrangement.

In the autumn Countess Reden's nephew Heinrich LXXIV. (Henly) was seriously ill at Jänkendorf, and she and her sister Caroline went to see him when he became stronger. It was a trial to her that he was not at Neuhof, within reach of Buchwald, for there had been almost daily intercourse between them. He gave her a son's affection, and participating in all her varied interests, he was a great comfort to her. He was wont to say in after-years. "It used to be so at Buchwald. I thought everything there was good and beautiful." And he often said how grateful he was for his aunt's influence, and how much he owed to having lived near her. The

motherliness of her nature, the need, as it were, to take some one under her wing, is shown in her relations with Princess Wanda Czartoryska at Ruhberg, with whom she sympathised in word and deed, and who repaid her with a daughter's affection. The Princess, on her side, took a lively interest in the Countess's labours for the Kingdom of God, and shared her work for the Bible Society, and for the Zillerthal settlers, which was remarkable, when one considers that the Princess's husband was a Roman Catholic, as were also her brothers and sisters. The Countess was intimate with Prince Czartoryski, and also with her other Roman Catholic neighbours, Count and Countess Schafgotsch, at Warmbrunn, though in their case there were many difficulties to be overcome.

To these difficulties belonged the ill-will which Pastor Feldner had to endure at Schreiberau, of which parish Count Schafgotsch was patron. Feldner had become pastor in 1831, and was at that time the only pastor in the Hirschberg valley who preached the Gospel with power. He exercised widespread influence, and many souls were awakened to the living faith by his means. But at the same time there was bitter hostility against him, and the most extraordinary lies were circulated about him. Countess Reden had watched the blessed evidences of his zeal with sincere pleasure, and she defended him against all accusations. It was about this time that the glass-workers were paid off by their employers and rendered destitute. A legacy which had been placed in his hands was, by the Countess's advice, applied to the work of reviving this industry; and when that sum came to an end, and the pastor applied to Countess Reden, she at once sent him

two hundred Reichthalers to help him carry on the work.

Pastor Feldner's enemies succeeded at last in effecting a sudden and illegal suspension of his office, and it was chiefly owing to the Countess's representations that he was reinstated. A lasting memorial to his zeal at Schreiberau is the Refuge there, of which Countess Reden became a patroness and a true friend.

The Zillerthalers were able to move into their new cottages before winter set in, but the "Muetter's" labours were in no way relaxed. They needed advice, admonition, mediation, and assistance, and she had many trials with her children, though a great deal of pleasure as well.

There was a good deal to do in connection with the distribution of the field-fruits among the colonists, which had been reaped on the Erdmannsdorf estate, so much per head, according to the amount of land held by each man—no slight task; but the Countess's exact knowledge of the proper proportions, and the great confidence which the Zillerthalers had in her, made it possible to satisfy them.

Countess Reden writes, while on a visit at Jänkendorf:

October 29.—I miss my faithful Tyrolese tormentors, to whom one becomes accustomed.

And concerning the opening of the school in December she writes:

I cannot tell you what I felt on entering the building, so simple, and yet so entirely suitable. I could have knelt down and worshipped at the sight of the children, when I saw them hanging with child-like affection on my glances and on those of the master. I had been very much touched on awaking

in the morning by the beautiful texts, "Ask what I shall give thee" (1 Kings 3-5), and "Then had the churches rest and were edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost were multiplied" (Acts ix. 31). And also by the verse which so exactly applied to the founding of the colony and of the school, "Preserve, O Lord, Thy house and Thy flock, who are so dear and precious to their Shepherd. Build them up without and within, and may the undertakings of all the inhabitants be firmly established."

I took the words with me, and how happily I was impressed by Pastor Roth beginning with them, and giving a beautiful address upon the text! He was delighted to have chanced upon it. The dedication and the induction of the master followed. . . . There was an examination of the children, and I said a few words as an expression of these dear children's gratitude to the King, and then announced to the grateful community that the whole contents of the old schoolhouse at Schmiedeberg were to be presented to the new one by our beloved Prince Wilhelm. . . .

Lovely sunshine pouring into the room drives me out of doors. We are sleighing at present, and the goal of my drives is in my colony. I am visiting by degrees all the cottages, and I am delighted with many of them, but others leave something in the way of order and cleanliness to be desired.

Countess Reden received a gift from the King in recognition of her services. It was a bronze statuette by Rauch, the celebrated sculptor, of three figures—two children standing on each side of August Hermann Francke. It was accompanied by an official letter.

BERLIN, *December* 16.

The sympathy which you have shown in the Zillerthal affair, from the time of the immigration until the founding of their dwellings, claims my gratitude in the highest degree. Whilst testifying to this, I have chosen these children who stand looking at their benefactor with grateful feelings, in the conviction that the Zillerthal people are filled with the like sentiments for you, and which will therefore

give you that satisfaction which must be of all others that which your heart most values.

(Signed) FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

The Countess writes:

Even if one does not deserve so much favour, yet the kind act of the King is very pleasing to me, and I know it will rejoice you too. The answer and the thanks will be easy for me, for I know well, as I have said, who really is the benefactor, and my two children's gaze is lovingly directed towards him. The dear King will of course say, "I did not mean it so," but so it is.

"The Memorable Incidents in the Life of the Duchess Dorothea Sibylla von Liegnitz und Brieg" was published at this time, and it inspired many with admiration for "die Liebe Dorel" ("dear Dora"), as she was called. The Crown Princess also shared this enthusiasm, and had a portrait of the noble woman, which had been found in the castle at Berlin, lithographed. She asked Countess Reden's advice as to the best way of employing the money produced by it, and the latter decided upon a distribution of Bibles in Brieg, like that which the "Liebe Dorel" had instituted in 1619. This institution was affiliated to the Buchwald Bible Society, and Bibles were sent to Brieg for distribution, with a facsimile of the Duchess, on October 19 every year, the anniversary of her birthday.

At the beginning of the year the Countess writes:

To my grateful shame all my dear neighbours came to congratulate me. The Upper and Lower Zillerthal colony sent their children with the most touching letters and verses. It was almost too much for my old bones. Joyful tidings came from Berlin on the 1st, that our King had himself asked for information concerning Feldner's affair from the Minister; that the latter was as favourable as possible; and that the

King commanded suspension to be at once removed, and for Pastor Feldner to be provisionally reinstated in his office. The dear Crown Prince has co-operated powerfully and actively, and we can but return praise and thanks that the true faith has won this victory.

April 9.

I drove to the colony with August Carolath, where the carpenter greatly desired to put the King's monogram on his balcony. I inquired of the King through Princess Wilhelm, who said with a smile, "I won't forbid it to the 'Muetter'"; and so now, making a brave show in fine large letters on a black board there is, "God bless King Friedrich Wilhelm III."

The Countess's tenants gave her a good deal of trouble at this time. Most of them refused to pay arrears of taxes, and to give the services required of them. A pettifogging attorney talked them over, saying that their mistress had no right to make such demands.

Countess Reden herself thought the burden too heavy for them—some among them were very poor—and she had a plan for relieving them. But she demanded unconditional recognition of her rights, which many of the people acknowledged, although a great number of them were unsubmissive, even when the highest court of justice had sentenced them to the fulfilment of their duties.

Amid all these interests the smaller ones were not neglected, and she pursued her botanical studies industriously, and had the piano and harmonium thoroughly repaired.

JOURNAL

February.—I took up my choral playing again. Botany and the piano bring back one's youth. The Lord is merciful in permitting it.

The Countess was at Jänkendorf in May for the marriage of Marie Stolberg to Count Albert von Schlieffen, and this occasioned another meeting with Countess Eberhardine, whom she visited in the course of the summer at Salzbrunn.

Countess Reden continued in the closest intercourse with Theophilus Reichel, who, both as a schoolboy and as a student at the Theological Seminary of the Moravian Brotherhood at Gnadenfeld, had nearly always spent his holidays at Buchwald, and she followed the course of his development with motherly affection. He was now a master in an educational establishment at Niesky, and had among his pupils a number of boys to whom she was related, or much interested in. Levin Reichel, the elder of the two brothers, was a minister in an American parish, and had married.

Fritz von Kalckreuth also came as a summer guest to Buchwald, as well as many others.

King Friedrich Wilhelm III. came again to Erdmannsdorf this summer, when Countess Reden saw him for the last time.

JOURNAL

August 9.—It rained yesterday morning, but I did my work in the Pavilion, and manufactured the annual flag, which is flying to-day, as the King has arrived. I drove with Fräulein Teschner and Elisabeth to the settlement in the afternoon, to impress upon foreman and several others that they must tidy up their houses as much as possible, and dress themselves neatly, for this is what the King likes, and he might visit them unexpectedly.

The children from the Zillerthal school who are to welcome the King this evening came at eight o'clock to fetch the thirty-two nosegays which we have made for them.

PAVILION, *August* 10.—Thank God for this lovely

weather! The Koppe[1] is beautiful, covered with a delicate haze, but perfectly visible, and welcomes the King as he welcomes it. We have already heard that he received both schools up at the hall, first the Zillerthal children, because they were the earliest arrivals, and then the others, and that he said some kind words of admonition to them.

August 14.—We were punctual at church on Sunday at Erdmannsdorf, and were received by the pastor's wife.

We felt a thrill when the King entered in full uniform with his daughter and son-in-law, Prince Friedrich of the Netherlands, and his devout bearing as he bowed his head at every mention of the name of Jesus Christ touched us. The sermon, upon the Gospel for the day, was quite excellent, powerful, and convincing. One could distinctly observe the King's interest. There was no allusion to his presence, nothing special said. We sang Luther's fine hymn, "Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir." The King greeted us as he came and went. Then I drove with Elisabeth to call upon Princess Friedrich, who with her husband and daughter gave us a hearty welcome. As we were leaving, Thümen, the Court Marshal, invited us with Elisabeth in the King's name to dinner for to-morrow, and begged me to ask Wanda also. We picked up Fräulein Teschner and Kalckreuth—they had taken a walk meanwhile—and we met Brandenburg and Merkel, who ran after us for a chat. The latter has been treated very coolly.

As I was dictating on Monday, Thümen came and hurriedly announced the King, who was already coming upstairs. I threw on my mantilla, which I keep constantly at hand, for it is useful in covering deficiencies, and went to meet his Majesty, who had reached the last steps; the ladies—his daughter, granddaughter, and Princess Liegnitz—had already got up, Prince Friedrich following. I conducted the King through the hall, so that he should catch sight of his charming present of the children, and that I might again thank him for it. He said too many kind things, and among others, that to me alone belonged the place between them, and a bust of me must be made to go

[1] The Schnee Koppe, the highest point of the Riesengebirge.—M. B.-L.

there, and not one of himself, etc. I had to sit on the divan, at Princess Luise's request, between her and the King, and we had a most charming conversation until a quarter to one, mostly between him and me, the Tyrolese being the chief topic. He drolly asked, "But where are we to get chamois for them? We have none. We shall have to turn the goats out and let them grow wild." I could fill sheets with the conversation. He thanked me again on leaving, and said, "We are going back through your domain by the new road to the wood." After I had made my toilette, we got into the carriage and arrived in good time. Elisabeth, whom I had presented in the morning, wore snow white, and I wore a new thick, dark violet costume with a white linen cape trimmed with point lace.

We dined upstairs, and there was no one besides the Czartoryskis and ourselves. It was quite informal and pleasant.

August 15.—Yesterday was a busy day, and a very enjoyable one. . . . Josephine came on Saturday, and we had *déjeuner* with her and Count Ferdinand in the Pavilion. The weather was lovely and we had the pleasure of a two hours' view of the Schnee Koppe. We could see the King and all his suite quite distinctly as they were mounting the height, and it was so amusing to watch the crowd of people, from three to four hundred, in front and behind him, the *chaises à porteur*, etc. The dear King had a splendid day, and is quite full of it.

Service here yesterday. Kalckreuth and Count Ferdinand at Erdmannsdorf, where they expected the Jannowitz ladies. Ernestine came here with her brother-in-law in great suspense about the invitation, but bringing everything necessary with her. The President was summoned to Court at eleven o'clock, and who else but my poor, good Kalckreuth, whose acquaintance Lindheim had made here, and of whom he had spoken, and of our relations with him. This is a delicate attention to me from the dear King, which honours me more than all outward fiddle-faddles. I met him with the invitation at the door, and he was quite dumfounded but highly delighted. The President took him with him. He was treated very graciously by the King, who inquired concerning his father, his

birthplace, and our connection with his life. He spoke to him twice.

I had taken some of my guests for a drive, and we were sitting in the Meadow House, when Elisabeth von Schöning came and said that Wilhelm Stolberg had suddenly come to fetch his wife and mother, as they had been invited by the King to tea at the châlet—I was glad it was not I—and then we strolled on as far as the Pavilion, when Hermann comes rushing up to say that Elisabeth and I are also invited. The King was going at once. This was beyond a joke, for my toilette and the drive together would have taken me until eight, by which time the King generally drives home. I stayed quietly at home and wrote to Thümen how matters stood, and now I await what follows.

Evening.—The day has been quiet beyond expectation. I did a great deal of preserving with my girls, three kinds of beans and cucumbers. Wanda called at one o'clock, and Thekla von Gumpert from Posen.

To church on Wednesday, first having delighted Weigel by taking him the Order.[1] Minister Rother was here from half-past eleven till one. He is very kindly disposed towards my Tyrolese. I had nothing to ask for, for he had again done more than I thought really necessary, so I only had to thank him. The mill which has been bought and presented I consider a great benefit, as their manner of grinding is so entirely different from ours. Then to Erdmannsdorf with Elisabeth; the only other visitors there were the family from Ruhberg and Pastor Roth. Wanda sat on the King's left, and I sat next to the Princess of the Netherlands, all most informal, kind, and pleasant. The King was more than gracious, friendly and confidential, and talked to me with infinite kindness, and took leave of me with so many kind expressions of thanks, that I felt overwhelmed, and quite lost countenance. I never part from the dear man without a presentiment that it is for the last time. He has never shown himself so kind nor so cheerful as this time.

We intended to pay a visit at Warmbrunn on the

[1] An Order conferred by the King for his attentions to the Tyrolese. —M. B.-L.

22nd, so we dined early and were preparing to start in a heavy shower, when the Princess of the Netherlands and Princess von Liegnitz called in a light, open carriage with post-horses, wishing to take leave of us once more, and invited us to tea at Schildau. We had the horses taken out and drove to Schildau at five o'clock, where we awaited the Princesses. We spent some hours together, had tea, and parted at the house door. Princess von Liegnitz was quite fascinating. The next day they had all gone and the royal episode was at an end.

The Fischbach neighbours came in October for a two months' stay. The beloved Wanda left Ruhberg early.

October 18.—Tuesday was exclusively given to the making up of the money accounts of my Tyrolese, and I got all the difficult explanations over before we drove to Fischbach at one o'clock, in gala attire, in honour of Princess Marie's fourteenth birthday. She is growing very pretty. We were a party of thirty-six, and dined in the tent. This reunion of all the neighbours is very pleasant and enjoyable.

We had the Fischbach royalties here on Wednesday evening till ten o'clock, and Ottilie Gneisenau's portfolios supplied capital material for conversation. They were here yesterday, and we lunched at the farm and drove out afterwards, admiring the fine view. We went through Middle Zillerthal, and parted at the high road.

Countess Reden accompanied her niece Elisabeth von Schöning, when she left Buchwald early in November, as far as Gross-Krausche, where she spent some days with friends. How she employed her journey for the benefit of the Zillerthal people she herself describes:

To her Sister-in-law

November 6.

I spent a long while at the rich potter's [Gothard], at Bunzlau. . . . I wished one thousand pieces of crockery

for the Zillerthalers, who are in great need of this sort of dark brown ware. The old man is a loyal patriot. He was anxious to help them, and is reducing the things one quarter of their value, and will send it all carriage free for Christmas, including a case of Saxony ware. The consignment is to come to the school-house, where Hermann will undertake the sale of it at the cheap rate at which we shall be enabled to sell it, and our object will have been attained. So the "Muetter" is obliged to look after her children's interests, and reward them for their confidence in her.

BUCHWALD, *November* 14.

On Wednesday we found Princess Wilhelm at church, she having been at the Infirmary and the school before service. She came to us afterwards, saying that she was very much edified, as every one else was, and she had a talk with Feldner, which was interesting to her. She is a grand woman, and so humble and so affectionate.

Countess Reden was very much taken up with efforts to relieve the distress among the weavers about this time, and she was assisted in her endeavours by Madame Lippert, of Hirschberg, in redeeming pieces of linen which had been pledged. Then she had them bleached and prepared to be sent to the West Indies, where they were in demand for mosquito curtains. The Countess carried this business through with the help of Minister Rother and the merchant service. Thus a friendly connection was established between the Countess and Madame Lippert, and when the former sometimes drove into Hirschberg, she found it pleasant to stop at the well-to-do burgher's house, and Madame Lippert passed many a pleasant day at Buchwald.

In December Countess Reden writes:

Invited by the dear royalties to Fischbach on Wednesday at half-past nine, and we lunched, or

rather dined, with the three of them at a little round table in the Princess's room, and spent such a delightful hour and a half with them.

The parting affected them all deeply, and the Princess wept bitterly. "It is harder for me to leave you each year; you belong to my life," were her last words, and I could only press her silently and with deep emotion to my heart.

The Countess was not well at the beginning of the year. She writes:

I can work and be industrious, and I can rejoice in the Lord.

The winter was a very quiet one, with few visitors, but it was, as usual, a busy one. The Countess was better in the spring, and able to enjoy her home and to receive some particular friends. The death of her old governess and friend, Mademoiselle Gènevois, who had spent the last years of her life at Cöthen, in the loving care of the Duchess Auguste, was a great sorrow to Countess Reden.

To her Sister-in-law

March 16.

I had an indescribable pleasure this morning, for the Moravian Brotherhood at Herrnhut has asked me to help them to find a copyist and translator of some important folios which are in the archives at Lissa, in Poland. Twelve hundred imperial thalers were asked as the price, which was collected; but now, however, the possessors will not sell, though they are willing to send them on loan to Niesky. You may imagine that I at once thought of my persecuted old Hoek in Bohemia, to whom the work would be a delight, besides giving him a peaceful and pleasant old age at Niesky. Such are the Lord's chosen ways! Happy are those whom He will use as His feeble tools!

I answered Theophilus at once, saying how it could be managed. A dwelling would be provided at the house of the Brotherhood, plenty of paper, pens, and ink, free board and attendance, and six silver

groschens a day. The dear old man will be overjoyed and his cares at an end. I am expecting a speedy reply, and then the glad news will be posted to Hoek at Leutomischl.

May 19.

I found Stock, from Seidorf, with a man from Upper Austria, a nailsmith, who had arrived with his wife and five children at his house the previous day, and wanted me to arrange matters concerning a dwelling for him and for his admission into the settlement. I sent him to have his passport viséed at Schmiedeberg, and, in the afternoon, to the Landrath with my recommendation, and the next day obtained a temporary shelter for them in Middle Zillerthal.

This nailsmith is a worthy man, and has left his country for the sake of his faith. He will join our Church after due probation. He is an excellent nail-maker, uses machinery without fire, has brought money with him, and is not afraid of not earning his livelihood, if he can only find a place with a proper water supply for the manufacture of his tools.

This temporary settling has again occasioned a good deal of writing and negotiating, but it is all done now, and the mother richer by seven children.

To Princess Wilhelm

Buchwald, *June* 15.

I can hardly describe the state of anxiety and sorrow we have lived in for the last fortnight, and yet what unspeakable consolation a life like that of our dear King, of most blessed memory, gives to his family and to all his sorrowing subjects! Surely no ruler has ever been more beloved, and our present well-beloved King might well feel afraid at having to replace such a loss, if he did not place his whole confidence and hope in the mighty help of the Lord, Who will never forsake him. He has great help and support in the faithful companion who has, by God's mercy, been bestowed on him. May she long be preserved to him! My thoughts rise in continual intercession for and with him. Oh, how sad and yet how happy it makes me to think of the Divine guidance especially shown in my being brought so much nearer to our late dear King through the Zillerthal business,

and thus learning how full his heart was of faith and love and wisdom!

The poor Zillerthal people feel this loss deeply, and gather round the "Muetter" tearfully listening to many things about their father and truest friend. "What a comfort," they say, "it is to know that he rests in the Lord's arms, and is receiving rich reward for what he has done for his poor people!"

As I sat in the Pavilion yesterday, a very heavy storm arose about twelve o'clock with incredible rapidity, and with noise and great violence; it became so dark I could hardly see to write. I had never seen anything of the kind to equal it, and all at once there sounded from those black clouds the first funeral bell, and soon all the other bells in the neighbouring mountains followed it. I shall never forget the impression—it was as if the whole of nature had shrouded itself in mourning for the good King, as the bells began to toll.

June 19 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Buchwald Bible Society, which had been founded by Count Reden, and this jubilee was especially affecting to his widow, as it was associated with some of the most sorrowful days of her life.

To her Sister-in-law

The important annual festival of the Bible Society was on Friday, and it was a very trying day for me, for all that I went through long ago came back to my mind, more so than I could have believed possible after twenty-five years, and it cost me many tears. So it is with true widows—the wounds seem to close, but they never will and ought not to be healed. I had very much to do and read over before six o'clock, and at nine all the members assembled here, quite a hundred. The school came, the bells began to ring, and the procession walked slowly towards the church, I walking between the two directors of 1816 and 1817. Caroline, as treasurer, walked with Haupt, the representative; then the members two and two. Boys distributed hymns to everybody, and we sang the first one when about three hundred paces from the

church. An introit was sung as we entered, and we sat on benches round the altar. Siegert's prayer there was very beautiful; then there was a splendid choral sung by four voices, men's; after which an account of the Society was read from the altar, dealing with its first commencement up till now. Good Haupt's precision made it rather too detailed, but it was subject for adoration when one heard how from a grain of mustard seed a mighty tree had, by God's help, grown up. The collection brought in twenty-nine Reichthalers. The school did not return with the procession, and we went straight to the salon, where I read the report. It was half-past one when the register was signed. The meeting was opened and closed by our singing a verse of a hymn. Everything was ready in the house, where four tables were spread for seventy-six members; several others, with their families, went to the brewer's. The whole affair went off quietly and decorously. My two favourites, Franckhauser and Stock, dined with us as members. Coffee was served in two rooms. Four handsome Bibles were presented to the churchwardens, as a remembrance for the good people of their parishes. We must indeed praise and glorify God for all this; and to fully realise what has been done, it is necessary to know the work from the beginning. The schoolmaster, his assistant, and I are the only ones left of the original seven members.

The Countess's Report

It is said, 'Out of the heart the mouth speaketh,' but I do not feel the truth of this saying to-day. I am poor in words, deeply moved, humiliated, and overwhelmed by the mercy of God, and by the memory of our dear founder. On this day, and at this hour, five-and-twenty years ago, in great, but undeserved love for me he nominated me to the office of President for life, to this society, which, after mature consideration, he founded for his own parish. A fortnight later he was at rest with the Lord, and I am convinced, from having experienced much unexpected assistance in my weakness, that we owe the special blessing which lies on our Bible work to his faithful prayers. On June 19, 1815, our little assembly consisted of seven persons;

and to-day we number four hundred and five members. From a tiny grain of mustard seed it has become a mighty tree which spreads its branches with beneficial effect over two hundred and twenty parishes. Our festival to-day is not suited to sad recollections, only to thankfulness and joy. But we must all remember that, however much has been accomplished, much more might be done if all our members were, as in apostolic days, of one heart and mind in recognising it as a duty and privilege to make God's Word a universal possession. Oh! let us all pray that God will, in His mercy, grant what is yet lacking in each one of us, without exception, in the active fulfilment of our duties as true members of this society.

In conclusion, I would remind you of the exhortation and prayer of our great German Reformer, Martin Luther, which had especial weight with our beloved founder. He was the first who ventured to give the Holy Scriptures to the laity in their intelligible mother-tongue, and desired that the Word of God might be sent into all the world, to the strong and to the weak, to princes and to serfs, to the wise and to the foolish; and with the same joy in our faith, we too wish to send the Holy Scriptures forth to all mankind, particularly into all houses of the two hundred and five parishes connected with us. Let each one contribute according to his power, the rich man of his riches, the poor man of his poverty, and thus promote the salvation of our brethren, and lead them to eternal life. For this life is eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent.

The summer of 1840 was an extremely busy one, and there was a continual coming and going of many guests, enough to make one giddy on looking through the journal.

Sometimes breakfast would be served in the Orangery, and the Countess would do her writing and dictation at the Muttersitz, or the Rosenmantel; Tyrolese would come on business, sometimes Princess Wanda, or passing guests would be taken quickly

round the park. Then early lunch in the salon, and some of the party despatched on a mountain expedition, while the hostess drives to the Zillerthal colony, or pays a call at Ruhberg; perhaps she would go to tea at Neuhof, whither some of her guests would follow her, or it would be in the Pavilion with her guests. Then, again, she is busy preserving cucumbers, beans, and cherries, with the help of Sister Steengord, Frau von Richthofen, Princess Wanda, or whoever else chanced to be staying with her. And though she alludes to feeling indisposed, she far exceeds the average daily work of those who are sound in health.

CHAPTER VI

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE KING

1840—1854

FRIEDRICH WILHELM IV. had ascended his father's throne. One can easily imagine how much Countess Reden's mind was occupied with the new King—her friend, as he called himself. "My King" is an expression which often occurs in her letters. He belonged to the number of her particular favourites, and stood very near to her as a friend, as one of her adopted children; and now he had ascended the throne. How much that meant to her, who thought so highly of the office of King! In her sanguine fashion she expected a sort of golden age, in which mercy and truth should meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other. Ah! this golden age had indeed existed in the good King's mind, but he was not able to realise it, and this brought, not only to himself, but to his old friend, bitter sorrow as time went on. But just now a constant jubilation seems to ring through everything she says.

The royal couple went to Erdmannsdorf in August, and the Empress of Russia to Fischbach at the same time. The five Wernigerode sisters all met at Buchwald, some of them with their families; countless other visitors came and went, and there was incessant distraction all the summer.

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW

A courier arrived in the night of August 15, with a letter from the dear King, who wished to write before coming to see me. He wrote most charmingly. . . .

We had hardly breakfasted before we had visits from Anton and Henrich Stolberg. . . . Then Herr von Stein and the Prince Bishop, Count Sedlnitzky, who stayed till half-past twelve. Stein and Schöning took a long walk with me, and talked quite openly and naturally about the Bishop's position. Upon receiving a Brief from the Pope, he sent in his resignation to him, and soon after to the King. He has not had an answer from the former yet; the King has reluctantly given his, and reserves to himself the right of appointing him Privy Councillor in the Roman Catholic division of the new Consistory which is about to be established, and where he can do great things for Silesia. We all went to church on the 16th. The dear King, with his wife, had arrived the day before, and every one was full of his kindness, and there was a large concourse of people. All the gentlemen were commanded to wait on the King at eleven o'clock, and they assembled here on their return *en grand costume*, and we dined in the salon.

JOURNAL

August 17.—A full measure. Crowds of messengers. To the Queen at half-past eleven at Erdmannsdorf. I waited at Fräulein von Werdeck's, as the Empress was there. We three sisters had a delightful hour with her. The King was holding a Council and could not see us. We dined at Fischbach, the two girls with us. All the Stolbergs were there, and all the royalties. I sat by Princess Agnes of Dessau—a very nice girl.

August 18.—Herr von Thümen came again, and all he told me about the King, and his manner of speaking, touched me very much. The King surprised us at five o'clock. He was indescribably kind, so I was able to express my feelings in a few words. Then the Queen arrived. . . . They are a dear couple, and charmed every one.

August 19.—A memorable day. The King came with Anton Stolberg, and talked to Feldner for a quarter of

an hour, or rather listened to him and graciously acquiesced in what he said. When Feldner left, I had a conversation with the King, which I shall never forget. The subject was faith, and the extermination of rationalism. . . . The King promised to speak to Leopold Schafgotsch, and has done so.

August 23.—I was commanded to Fischbach, and sat between Wanda and Agnes of Dessau. After dinner I had the pleasure of a delightful quarter of an hour with the King. I hope the Lord put truth and justice into my mouth, and that my words went to his noble heart. I shall never forget what he said. Then back home, and at six the royalties came—nineteen persons. We had light refreshments in the Pavilion. The Empress's presence attracted a crowd of people, many hundreds of them. She went out at seven, and every one had to go with her. She saw the nursery garden and arbour, and took her departure at half-past seven with most of the company. The best part was to come, for the royal couple went upstairs with me, and we had another delightful hour.

August 31.—In pain the whole morning, and none the better for hurrying back from the Meadow House to receive the Empress. The rapid walk upset me very much. Besides the Empress, there were Prince and Princess Wilhelm and Princess Elisabeth with her little son Waldemar, and the Duchess of Dessau. I was able to have a pleasant and quiet talk with the Empress.

Evening.—We had a pleasant dinner party, the two Czartoryskis, five Küsters, and Pastor Valette. I introduced five special Zillerthalers to him after dinner, with whom he conversed a long while as he followed me to the Pavilion, whither the rest of the party had gone and were awaiting us for coffee. . . . I intend to let the King find my oath of allegiance on his writing-table. Hardly any one will take a truer oath to him.

October.—People talk of nothing but the King. . . . The enthusiasm has risen to the highest pitch. . . . My Wanda has sent me a State newspaper containing two splendid speeches—what shall I say about them that you have not also thought and felt and exclaimed: "It is unparalleled"? Just think of that "Ja!" from between sixty and seventy thousand voices.

To Princess Wilhelm

November 10.

What shall I say about all we have read, and learnt by word of mouth, from Berlin respecting those speeches, which are unequalled, since the King who has delivered them has not his equal. Oh, how distinctly one feels whence he draws his inspiration, uttering words which go from his heart to the hearts of millions, stirring and touching them, filling them with enthusiasm, and, if God will, winning them to himself for ever! I could talk of it for days, could fill sheets, and not come to an end. This much, however, I know, that my Lord and King has filled my old age with joy and peace; every one says it can be seen in my face, and I know best how the fulfilment of all my wishes and prayers for him appears to me as a blessing from God.

December 6.

I was at Erdmannsdorf to-day for the farewell sermon, and I took leave of the dear and oft-visited church with a feeling of gratitude and emotion, which I cannot describe. For the Lord, in His mercy, vouchsafed to use me as a weak instrument in obtaining its success. I shall never forget how deeply moved I was by the sight of our late King among his Zillerthalers, to whom he granted liberty of religion and conscience in his own country.

December 24.—Very busy with Christmas preparations, sending off mottoes and sausages. The giving of my presents took place before dinner. We stayed at home, and Fritzchen carried out Wanda's commissions, for she never forgets us. Then we gave each other our presents. The fairest of all gifts, and one that surpasses all thought, is our dear Lord and Saviour Himself, at Whose manger bed we stand to-day. Oh, what a light streams from it upon every heart which will open itself to receive it! Oh, take mine and make it more and more Thine own!

To her Sister-in-law

January 18, 1841.

We had the Schafgotschs to dinner and also the Küsters, who came in sleighs. Quiet reunions like this are so pleasant in winter; we exchange news and

experiences, and though we are only together for a short time, the meeting is very agreeable.

The Countess was repeatedly begged to sell Buchwald about this time. Prince Carl wanted to have it *à tout prix*, and another gentleman in a high position actually said that it had been offered to him by Countess Reden, which she declared was absolutely false. Her whole heart clung to it, and she valued very highly the rights and duties it gave her. It was therefore doubly hard to bear the disaffection of tenants when they were called upon to pay the lawful taxes. The number, however, increased of those who begged for pardon, and acknowledged her rights.

To Princess Wilhelm

February 10.

The mere thought of selling Buchwald seems so monstrous to me that I cannot understand how any one who knows me can think of it for an instant. The Abbey is here, and every tree and every bush has associations, or is a monument of affection. And then the tenants who were entrusted to me, though many among them have grieved me and still do so, the greater number are faithful, and some are coming over every day to a sense of their duty and of my rights. I, of course, readily forgive them, and pray the Lord to grant me forgetfulness also, which is not so easy. The lawsuit which they compelled me to bring against them has been decided in my favour, but forty of them do not believe in it and want to appeal, very much to their own detriment.

May 18.

The boat has crossed the water and brought me your Royal Highness's charming letter, which gives me so gratifying a proof of your remembrance of the 12th.

This spring has not had its equal since 1811, and I shall ever regret that you did not spend it in the mountains. All nature is in festal array, I might say in its bridal dress, there is such a splendour, such a

luxuriance of leaf and blossom, which often quite carries me away.

I went to breakfast this morning at the Mariannensitz, and as I felt the mild air and saw the beautiful mountains and the wealth of lilac blossom, I folded my hands in adoration of God, Who has granted so much loveliness to be my portion through my dear husband, who entrusted it to my care.

Fräulein Teschner was at Buchwald for a few days in the summer. Countess Reden, who had watched the growth of her educational establishment at Waldenburg, very strongly advised her to buy a house and garden which had been offered her. Fräulein Teschner replied that she would be hard put to, to borrow the necessary money. Then Countess Reden showed her a letter, which announced the repayment at Christmas of a loan amounting to exactly the required sum. The loan was gratefully accepted, and the house bought, in which the school flourished for over twenty-five years. The Countess added: "It was my husband's gift on my marriage, and it has always brought a blessing." She also stipulated that it should be paid back in gold. Her husband had added the sum to her wedding portion the day after her marriage in gold pieces (Friedrichs d'ors).

To her Sister-in-law

September 21.

Writing is almost too much for me just now, for the arrival of Mrs. Fry and her relations—a blessed visit for us—takes up the whole of my time, and I devote it gladly to her and her cause. But what days they have been, and how poor everything seems by contrast! We met her, Caroline and I, at Fischbach on Friday; she was in a superb travelling-berlin with four post-horses. Princess Wilhelm introduced us to each other, and was quite delighted at bringing about our meeting, and our hearts found each other at once, and went out to one another in love. The tall, fine

figure, dressed in brown satin, with a beautiful mantle and a Quaker cap, as well as her delightful niece Anna Gurney, daughter of her handsome, dignified brother Joseph, and the charming Elizabeth, a daughter of her brother Samuel, are one and all most attractive. The interpreting began at once, and we sat together for an hour before dinner. Think of all the exaltation that united dignity, calmness, and gentleness can give, and you will see this splendid woman, from whose lips flow nothing but loving Christian words. Her brother and the girls are remarkable characters, but every one disappears before this woman, the loving helper of mankind. Besides all this, she is frank and cheerful. But no more of her outward appearance and conversation, except to say shortly, that she is gentle and fluent in style, and speaks with both power and modesty. I hardly ever heard such wealth and brilliancy of language, and this makes it very difficult to translate, though it is a blessed thing to listen to. We dined in the tent at Fischbach, and I sat next to Mrs. Fry to interpret for her.

I was present at the audience the Queen gave Mrs. Fry and her party from half-past eleven till one o'clock. The good Friends, for whom I was obliged to find lodgings at Schmiedeberg, dined and remained to tea with us, leaving at half-past eight. Count Anton also dined here. Princess Wilhelm stayed from six till seven, and Countess Schönberg and Countess Dohna were also delighted to find Mrs. Fry when they came at six. She sat on the sofa and told us about her life, and we were deeply interested. Theophilus and a dear young schoolmaster arrived about eight. I had sent for them at Joseph Gurney's request. Herr Wünsche is very proficient in English, as is Theophilus. Mrs. Fry came after church at half-past eleven, and carried us all off with her—thirteen persons in all. I placed Wanda in the carriage with them, and I drove with Gurney and my two interpreters, who kept translating the most beautiful things he said concerning the slave trade and prisoners. Princess Wilhelm received us with open arms, and we had an excellent meeting of two hours' duration in the large red room. Ernestine and Elisabeth Stolberg were there, and returned back with us afterwards. Our dear

Friends came to us in the afternoon, and brought the most beautiful tracts, bound with gold edges, but in ordinary covers; and although they had a hundred copies, the crowd, all sorts of people, was so great that we distributed them all, and could have given away more if we had had them. The neighbours from Fischbach, Neuhof, Stonsdorf, Schildau, and the Court from Erdmannsdorf all came, one after another, till at last, after eight o'clock, our two dear Sovereigns arrived. The dear King had only just come, arriving at Erdmannsdorf, at four o'clock, and, suddenly remembering that it was Sunday, "for in my life one forgets everything," consoled himself with the thought, "But I can go to my dear Countess Reden in the evening, for I shall hear the Word of God there." Then "Elise" had said that she would like so much to hear Mrs. Fry. "But, child, that is exactly what I want to hear also"; and so the dear couple came. I had misgivings about the hall, which was getting very full. One hundred and twenty Tyrolese came, for Mrs. Fry wished to give them an address, and to keep their Sabbath with them. There were forty or fifty people, at least, in the next room whom I had not expected; and who should help me out of my difficulty but the King himself? He followed me into the hall to see his people, and suggested that chairs should be differently placed. "My people can stand, and then double as many can be got in," he said. Then he called them, and helped me to arrange the chairs, asked the other people to come in, and said that those who could not get in must stand in the doorway of the large room. He himself took a seat by the ladies, and signed for me to come also.

The addresses were uncommonly fine, and were capitally rendered into German, and the meeting closed with the blessing. The Frys spoke with everyone after it was over. We did not break up till half-past ten, for dear Mrs. Fry said another prayer, and thus the eventful day ended. I was alone with the dear Friends for an hour and a half on Monday. They read me a document which is to be laid before the King—an unusually beautiful one upon the improvement of reformatories, hospitals, and schools. Then they drove to Erdmannsdorf, where they stayed for two hours, and were enchanted with the King. He conducted

Mrs. Fry to her carriage and kissed her hand. I had sent for the interpreters, who were overcome with it all. Theophilus was obliged to return to Niesky, but Wünsche and the Councillor Hinckeldey accompanied the Friends to Jauer to inspect the Reformatory. . . . After a hasty toilette we two went with Mrs. Fry and her party to Fischbach. There was another serious discourse and a beautiful prayer after dinner, and then we took leave of one another. We were deeply moved, as they were also, and we gazed long after the carriage as it drove away.

Elizabeth Fry writes of those days:

We arrived at Hirschberg on September 10. It is a charmingly situated mountain town, about a mile from the royal castle of Erdmannsdorf, and Fischbach, Schildau, and Buchwald are not far from it. The Countess Reden lives in the last-named place, and we have been hearing a great deal about her and her benevolent and truly Christian character. The excellent Countess Reden, who is always ready to help where she can, was our interpreter at Princess Wilhelm's.

There is to be a meeting at Countess Reden's this evening for every one who may care to attend. She is a mother in Israel, to both rich and poor. We dined with her yesterday. How charmed you would be with her and her sister! They are true examples of the beauty of holiness. Though all eyes are fixed on them, their appearance is modest and unassuming. The Countess dresses in a style suited to her position, but in no way exaggerated. The dinner was very good, but only one kind of wine. In honour of us there were (English) apple-dumplings, which were regarded as curiosities, but were very nice. The company remained silent for a few moments before and after the meal, instead of grace being said.[1]

[1] Elizabeth Gurney, niece of Elizabeth Fry, and afterwards Madame Ernest de Bunsen, writes from Fischbach, September, 1841, an account of this visit to Silesia:

The Countess Reden was there, talking English perfectly, an excellent Christian lady belonging to one of the first families in Silesia. We dined at four. . . . Our aunt sat by Countess Reden, who served as interpreter to the Princess and made herself most agreeable. . . . I wish you could see Princess Wilhelm, Countess Reden, and our

Countess Reden writes:

October 3 was an eventful day, and a most important one. The King called and stayed until half-past two. We were quite alone in the nursery garden at first, for an hour and a half. All that was discussed and brought under notice would fill many sheets, for which I have no time; nothing great or small that I knew anything about was omitted, and perfectly grand ideas were suggested. The weavers, spinners—he wished to know about everything; he said he "was still so ignorant." The result is that I am to buy the grey linen (at his order), just as I wish; the benefit is therefore doubled. "I am so

aunt together—such a trio, and with something alike in the manner of all three of them.

HIRSCHBERG, *September* 29.

Countess Reden is truly a wonderful person, so beaming with goodness. Many of the magnificent mountains belong to "die Gräfin," as she is called here—a complete mother in Israel, which is especially manifested by her being the counsellor and protector of four hundred poor Tyrolese, who fled from their country in 1838 on account of religious persecution, and settled in a lovely valley close to Erdmannsdorf, under the protection of the late King, in little Swiss cottages which he built for them, having sent his chaplain Strauss to the Tyrol to inquire into their religion before he would allow them to come. Countess Reden, who was a near friend of the late King, and is a friend of all the present royal family, did all she could for them, established a school for them, and is considered the very life of the party. She lives in the lovely château of Buchwald, the land for six miles round belonging to her—a beautiful combination of lake, mountain, and woodland scenery. Her husband died many years ago, but her sister lives with her.

At eleven we started for the King's palace at Erdmannsdorf—a truly picturesque spot, and the view from the balcony in front of the house unspeakably lovely. Here, with a lady-in-waiting, and with the Countess Reden and her sister, we sat waiting for the Queen, who, as soon as she appeared, took our aunt, our circle, and Countess Reden into the next room. . . . Our aunt's part of the visit went off most satisfactorily; the Queen looked so pleased and gracious, and spoke with so much heart of her wish to join Countess Reden's reunion in the evening. For the Countess was bent upon my aunt and uncle having a meeting with her "Tyrolese," and sent sixty miles for an interpreter to be at her residence, Buchwald, at the time appointed for the meeting. . . . Countess Reden met us at the top of the flight of steps that leads to the house, and gave us a hearty kiss of welcome, and we were introduced to her guests, the Princess of Holstein-Richthofen and her daughter, Count Stolberg and his niece Countess Helene Stolberg. At three we dined on trout, roebuck, etc. Afterwards, when our aunt had had her rest, we strolled about the grounds with Countess Reden, who interested us extremely by her wonderful anecdotes, and by her tales of her husband, who founded

happy under your faithful, motherly wing," he said—"so happy to be able to say everything, and to hear nothing but the truth; if only you do not become tired."

I received a hasty message at four o'clock, to say that the King would come again in the evening with Prince and Princess Wilhelm, accompanied by Anton and Carl Röder, and I had everything arranged. Then the King was announced, and it was certainly a case of "Here we are again," as he remarked. We were thirteen at two tables. There were a great many things to look over and to say, so that the conversation did not flag for a moment, and the King was the soul

the Bible Society in Silesia, which is now such a large concern, 54,000 copies of the Bible having been distributed. We returned from the end of the garden by water, the boatmen rowing us across, and we entered into the pleasure she had in showing off every new view of "my dear Buchwald," as she called it. In the evening, when many of the Countess's friends had come, my aunt told the story of her early life, which the Countess interpreted, and which was received with the deepest interest.

The next day was the Sabbath. At eleven we again started from our inn for Buchwald. It was a fresh autumnal morning, and the country looked lovelier than ever. On reaching Buchwald we found the Princess Czartoryska, terribly altered by illness, but she made an effort to go with us to Fischbach. Countess Reden had brought two interpreters, Moravian Brethren, with her. . . . We returned to our inn at Schmiedeberg, enjoyed our dinner, had a little reading, . . . and at six started again for Buchwald. The Fischbach party arrived soon after us. As the party began to assemble for my aunt's meeting, gentlemen from the Court gave notice that the King and Queen were both coming. My uncle was not well, and my aunt felt deeply the weight of the meeting, which was in Countess Reden's large dining-room, and which gradually filled by Tyrolese peasants, till it was crowded. Our uncle and aunt were placed in the middle of the room before a table. "Now, dear Mrs. Fry," said Countess Reden, "we will begin with psalm-singing; then you shall speak, then your brother, and then we will have another psalm." The psalm was very sweetly chanted, the King and royal family joining. Then from her seat, our aunt spoke, addressing herself to the Tyrolese, who stood opposite. "I have been thinking," she said, with great sweetness, "of the text, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me,' and I applied it in my heart to your case, and the story of the late beloved King's dealings with you"; and as she went on, she united the peasants and the royal family in a way equally touching to both; as she expressed her words and prayers for those in the most exalted station in the country, the King was moved to tears. Then our uncle spoke of the duty of the King on the throne and the peasant in the cottage equally and readily to acknowledge Christ as their Master and Guide. Another psalm, "Lobet dem Herrn."

of it. Several people came to prayers at half-past eight, just to see him. The prayers touched him very much. He let me accompany him to his carriage, and repeated, as he heartily embraced me, that I need but address myself direct to him whenever I was in any difficulty about any good cause, and to Anton, on behalf of the poor and needy.

October 18.

May the Lord be with him! This King has not his equal anywhere. His chamberlain has brought me two thousand Reichthalers free of tax for the Hirschberg Bible, and six hundred and twenty-five Reichthalers, with the request to buy linen, fifty-three bales, at different prices, which the King desires to present to his travelling retinue.

He leaves on Monday morning, and has delayed his departure so as not to interfere with the harvest festivals and sermons.

Harry Reuss died at Stonsdorf just at the time of the King's visit. His Majesty, who had a great regard for the dying man, and appreciated him very much, was in the chamber of death, and went to the funeral. Countess Reden, who had spent the last days at Stonsdorf, was too ill to go to the funeral, so Princess Wanda Czartoryska stayed with her at the farmhouse, reading with her hymns suited to the occasion.

The new edition of the Hirschberg Bible was taken in hand about this time, and the Countess writes on October 16:

I have discussed and talked over the whole thing to-day with Krahn, the printer, and gave him two thousand thalers in ready money, and three thousand by subscription on five hundred copies.

It is remarkable how, when one task was fulfilled, another claimed the Countess's interest. The Zillerthalers were settled, and though they had become accustomed to the new conditions of life, they often

went to her for counsel and help. The business connected with their colonisation was completed, and now she turned her attention to the edition of the Hirschberg Bible, which had long been partially settled, and, with the assistance of the King, could now be put forth.

An ancient church in Norway of peculiar architectural beauty had been pulled down and sold, and Friedrich Wilhelm IV., acting on his old friend's advice, bought it and had it re-erected in the mountains, founding a pastorate and school for the inhabitants of the mountain villages.

How Countess Reden fell in with the King's ideas her correspondence testifies.

To her Sister-in-law

December 20.

I had a splendid day yesterday, owing to our dear King's confidence and regard. God's guidance, and the use He makes of the services of His old handmaid, however imperfectly she carries out His charge, fill me with gratitude. You are my most trusted and best friend, and you will be silent, and will share my joyful astonishment. I was just going to church, when the post arrived, and Karl Röder's handwriting with the royal seal I cannot resist, so I open it. The words "Norwegian Church," "my friend Countess Reden," "the mountains," catch my eye, and I divine the rest, slip away quickly to my room, and fall on my knees and thank the Lord. The pastor preached upon means of grace, and I thought, "Here is another, and the King is the instrument." I read the letter attentively as soon as I got home. The gist of it is that he has bought the well-known ancient and beautiful church in Norway for eighty marks, at Steffen's suggestion, is anxious to put it up and to dedicate it to the Evangelical worship of God, and I am to advise him. I am to choose the site and give the directions. I have long since settled in my own mind where the site should be. It must stand in full view of Erdmanns-

dorf, for the use of the mountain villages. There ought also to be a wooden parsonage in the same style, simple and rustic, large enough for the pastor and schoolmaster. The services of the little church cannot be conducted by the pastor at Schmiedeberg and Arnsdorf. No pastor ever goes up there, the people die without the consolation of the Sacrament, and the children are often baptized when six weeks old, or die on the six-hour journey in winter. An earnest, active candidate should be ordained for that place, and it would be a practical probation for him. Another candidate should live with him, to help him in the parish and be trained for the work, and to teach the wild children. The children are often naked till they are nine years old. Do you not recollect, my dear brother, the sight you witnessed at the Hampel hamlet? Now there will be an end to that, and the people will go to church and no longer scoff at God. All this and much more I told Röder and the King, yesterday, and the letter went this morning. May the Lord give His blessing and direct our hearts!

The King replied to the Countess:

Your thoughts respecting my Norwegian church delight me, and we must try to carry them out. There will be no great difficulty about a parish room. Only find an active, earnest minister.

To the King

January 2.

What has not the Lord in His mercy given me through your Majesty! From your earliest youth, the highest degree of joy and satisfaction, and now, in my old age, the fulfilment of all my petitions and desires for you. Your condescending regard and confidence in making use of me to carry out your aims and objects fulfil my heart's warmest desire, and will always have the strongest claim upon my sympathy.

To her Sister-in-law

February.

My thoughts at present are devoted to five charges from the King and Queen. First concerns the business respecting the distribution of Bibles at Brieg, in

memory of the "Liebe Dorel"; the second is the order for having sixty-four pieces of linen bleached, embroidered and marked for the King; the third, the Church of the Redeemer; fourth, the Hirschberg Bible, the printing of which is at last to begin on March 1, and for which much preparation is still required, especially the correct orthography, which we are to choose, instead of using the antiquated spelling of Liebig; and the fifth thing is the hospital at Erdmannsdorf. May God give His blessing on all these works!

Just now we particularly need immediate permission to fell timber for building the church; the foundations did not come with the rest of it. I am asking the King to make a drawing himself for the parsonage, to suit the character of the church. If we do not bring the wood up from Wolfshau during the snow-fall, it will be almost impossible to do so later on, and would cost double. There is time for everything else. My two agents, Herr von Berger, the director of the finances, and Herr Hamann, the architect, dined here on Sunday and Wednesday, and we spent several hours working at this business. They went up the mountain on Tuesday, in sixteen degrees of cold—on the top it was twelve and a half—to choose the site for the church.

March 10.

You should see how the King, in his reply about building, goes into every detail, and always hits upon the right thing, even in the matter of covering the parsonage and school-house with "composition," which would stand the wear and tear of the severe climate, and which is not inflammable, in case of fire, which God avert!

I have received one hundred ducats from the King for the Evangelical community at Hermannsseiffen, in Bohemia, to be added to the schoolmaster's salary, which is very small. I am now expecting the pastor and can imagine his delight.

March 23.

If the days have not been rich in events outwardly, they have been all the more full of signs of the Lord's mercy, signs which have been blessed to me. On Monday Krahn, the printer, sent me the first complete

sheet of the Bible, consisting of thirty-two pages, a really successful piece of printing. I cannot describe the humility and delight with which I opened it—it was through God's mercy, all the result of ten years of hoping, working, and praying. Now my eyes behold it. And yesterday, what do you think I got by the nine o'clock post? Uhde, a Cabinet Councillor, writes that the King sympathises with me about the Bible, and fully recognises how important it is that this clear explanation should be circulated for the schools. He only spoke of the Hirschberg district, but he wishes to take into consideration the whole of Silesia, and proposes to take ten thousand copies instead of three thousand, and is placing as much as seven thousand Reichthalers at my disposal. He is so wise, so gracious, so affectionate to me, but too liberal, more so than is necessary! You can understand that I felt as if dazed, but I could have fallen on my knees before the Lord, Who, by means of His anointed, has again chosen His old servant to be His instrument of great beneficence.

I can scarcely wait to tell Krahn the joyful news. If dear Liebig had only lived to see this day! Caroline is copying his portrait at Lomnitz, and is going to have it lithographed in the same size as the volume.

April.

We had a meeting yesterday about the Hirschberg Bible—Pastor Roth, Haupt, and our learned and very able corrector, the candidate Herbst.

The comparison with all the better editions of the Bible of many unintelligible words, descriptions, etc., interested me very much. I took the Meyer edition, Roth the Basel, and Haupt the Halle edition. We got as far as the Psalms, and did not dine until three o'clock.

To Princess Wilhelm

April 25, 6.30 A.M.

I have just been told that the Church of the Redeemer arrived last evening at Berbisdorf, and that it is to be taken to Stock's at Hohenzillerthal at ten o'clock, and there unloaded. How inscrutable are the ways of the Lord! From the coasts of Norway

to Hohenzillerthal! Yonder it was despised, and here it is received with reverence and joy by one who has been outlawed for the confession of his faith. It will remain there until the site is levelled for it, where our dear King will have it again set up in honour and peace. I need wisdom for each work entrusted to me by the dear King. People's views are so diverse, and are so little after the King's mind, that it is given to how few to comprehend him! I believe I have learnt to do so, from having known him since he was four years old, having followed him through every period of his life, and having always found him the same, even under the appearance of difference which comes with age. I may indeed say that it is an indescribable joy to me when he can find something for me to do, and that I neither fear opposition nor will yield compliance with it.

Afternoon, 5 o'clock.

We left in the closed carriage at ten o'clock on account of the wind, for Caroline was very anxious about her old sister. My dear portfolio with the drawings of the church, three new sketches of the lovely belfry, together with the orders for the church, must have reached Wang shortly before this, which was an important matter. We went to Stock's, where the second waggon had arrived and was in the act of being unloaded, the architect and his clerks taking out the pieces and numbering them. He was as delighted as I was. My second colleague appeared soon after, Herr von Berger, the manager of the finances, and we examined the various old bits with a sort of respect. Portions of them were still firmly joined together, but very much damaged here and there, and the ornaments broken away, so no one can get any real idea what the whole thing is like. I should despair of seeing anything complete arise out of them, did I not know what Hamann is capable of accomplishing, and with what devotion he is undertaking this difficult task. I thought that I had heard that the church was of oak; but no, it is of nothing but pine wood, and notwithstanding this it has held together for one thousand years. This is encouraging for the use of the same wood which can be supplied here. The whole building was brought in nine large waggons. I remained

on the spot until the sixth was unloaded, and returned home at half-past three.

There was a great concourse of people as we drove through Hirschberg; in Seidorf everybody was out, and the Tyrolese very much to the fore. Stock called to me, "Muetter, have you read to-day's portion?" "Yes," I replied, "and I have brought it with me," and then I read it aloud, and the words seemed to make a great impression. It was from Isaiah lviii. 12, "And thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in."

Lord, help us to fulfil
All Thy most holy will;
This house beneath Thy care,
Here may we dwell with Thee
In service full and free,
And all Thy blessings share.

I expect Count Stolberg the day after to-morrow, and he is going to try and have himself carried to the place where the Church of the Redeemer is to stand, for it appears that it is fairly clear of snow, and approachable again. To-morrow I am going through the sketches for the building with the architect. The belfry will quite satisfy him, as it does me, and it seems so completely in keeping with the character of the whole, that there is no mistake as to its being furnished by our chief master-builder. May I ask you to inform his Majesty of the arrival of the church? I felt compelled to announce it to your Royal Highness, like everything else that is near my heart.

To Theophilus Reichel

March 27.

They are working hard at the Norwegian church. The King is going to give two bells, and is making sketches for the belfry himself. May the Lord only send us a faithful pastor for the church, one who is sound in body and soul, and entirely devoted to the Lord! How would your Werkenthin do? Can he preach? Have you heard him? Where has he studied? The position up there will be a unique one.

To-day, shepherds and field-labourers; to-morrow, princes and the King. Great solitude, and then daily visitors. One must be humble and unassuming, strong and firm, entirely devoted to the Lord. Answer my

questions soon, and if your choice inclines to him, sound him on your own account, and tell me your opinion, your views, but keep it a strict secret.

May 21.

Perhaps you have a week to spare to your old adopted mother, and if possible bring your friend Werkenthin with you on a tour of inspection in the mountains, so that he may see the little church and the place, and I may make his acquaintance; the Heynitzes will be sure to spare him. The church will not be in thorough order before Whitsuntide, 1843, at the earliest, for the labour preparatory to making a level site, and the very difficult task of restoring a whole from pieces, cannot be finished under a year. I am anxious to know what Herr Werkenthin replies to your confidential questions.

On May 11 Theophilus Reichel writes from Niesky to Werkenthin, tutor at Herr von Heynitz's, at Königshayn:

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—

I have been hoping to see you some day or other at Niesky, for I have something to discuss with you. . . . I ought properly to sound you, but I am awkward at that, so I prefer, as I always try to do in such cases, to come straight out with the subject, and tell you all I have to say.

You know, of course, about the putting up of the Norwegian church in the Riesengebirge. A pastor will be required for it next year, at the latest. Countess Reden has not the power to offer the living to any one, but much depends on her recommendations to the King. So she has asked me whether you would be likely to be the fit man for the place, etc., and, finally, asked me to sound you about it. I had written to her before about you, of our friendship, and so on; how much else she may know of you besides, I am unaware.

I have now written all I know about you, and though I tried to make you out as black as possible, I have not succeeded in dissuading her from making inquiries again, and more earnestly than before. But to be serious.

To the question as to whether you were suited to the position, I have answered, very decidedly, "Yes," and have given her my reasons for saying so, for our friendship, short though it may be, gives me at least a little right, I think, to speak of you. To the question whether or not you would accept it, I could answer neither "Yes" nor "No." That you will not willingly leave Königshayn, I can imagine, and I shall be very sorry for the Heynitzes if you do go. Tell me soon what you think of it all. I wish we could talk it over before long, for I could explain better by word of mouth all that you ought to know, though there is really no great need for much more. Countess Reden has you in mind, and I have told her what I know. Of course, a few details about the place I can give you. It will be an interesting but, in many respects, a troublesome position.

Theophilus Reichel brought his friend to Buchwald in June, and the Countess was much pleased with him; and his manner of conducting evening prayers, at which Princess Wilhelm was present, impressed and satisfied her.

Many guests came and went as usual that summer, amongst whom were Mr. Pinkerton, the Bible Society agent, and Sir James and Lady Riddell and their daughter.

Countess Reden confided to her dear Princess Wilhelm her hopes and anxieties when Princess Marie, not seventeen years old, was betrothed to the Crown Prince of Bavaria. The Roman Catholic *fiancé* came to her confirmation, and the King and Queen of Prussia also came to Silesia for the occasion.

All these things gave the Countess many social duties. For the church at Wang Countess Reden had two candidates in mind, and she presented them both to the King.

Concerning the laying of the foundation stone of the church, she writes to her sister-in-law:

THE PAVILION, *July* 28.

After your poor correspondent has already given audience to six sets of people, and, so far as she was able, given them good advice, she is now making use of an interval to write. The good souls firmly believe that I am almighty, and will not be persuaded that I am able to do very little. My present applicants were: three pastors, in their gowns, upon matters connected with school and church, whom I referred to Uhde; then, a schoolmaster and a governor, whom I referred to the Cabinet Councillor Müller; an officer of the Landwehr, who has been condemned to imprisonment on account of a duel—I sent him to General Neumann. None of them received a line, and yet they left me with thanks and scraping of feet, such is the way of the world. The King and Queen arrived yesterday. I have been sitting here since half-past nine; the roll of the carriages does not trouble me. Notes come pouring in; an invitation to tea at Erdmannsdorf.

July 30.

To Erdmannsdorf the day before yesterday. I presented my English friends the Riddells to Countess Brandenburg, and then to the Queen. We all drove to the Tyrolese house, and there the King took me to the gable side of the gallery, and we had an earnest and confidential conversation for half an hour about Church affairs and many other things. The result of this was that messengers were sent off the same night to both candidates. I could but thank God. Then tea, at which I sat next to the King, and a crowd of youthful recollections were revived. We had a reception in the Pavilion yesterday, from ten till two o'clock; the two fine telescopes were set up; and then came cold lunch and cherries. I spent first an hour with my dear Luise von Schönberg, who arrived yesterday; then her husband came, then President Stolberg called, and Prince Albrecht and his aide-de-camp; next Lord Harwick, who went over my Buchwald *con amore*, followed by the Minister Alvensleben, General Henkel, and others.

July 31.

Only a few lines to mark this day, which may God bless! I drove after church to the Abbey, to see my

under-gardener, Scholtz, who has been ill for four weeks. I hurriedly paid for his nursing, and took a walk with Luise von Schönberg and Ferdinand. Herr von Heynitz came with Werkenthin at one o'clock. I was about to despatch a messenger to Fischbach, but the King arrived before he started, and announced that he was coming to tea and would stay for prayers. I presented the candidate and Herr von Heynitz to him.

The King, with the Queen on his arm, came at half-past seven, the dear Fischbach neighbours, Strauss and others, to tea. A beautiful prayer meeting, edifying to all. The King is much prepossessed with Werkenthin, to whom he spoke most kindly. It was an important moment. They stayed till half-past ten, and thus closed the day. My heart was filled with gratitude and happiness.

August 4.

We had rain and storm on the 1st, from morning till night, but people came and went notwithstanding. Herr von Heynitz and his excellent tutor left us at five o'clock. Wichmann, the second candidate, at twelve o'clock—quite a different personality, but yet so attractive! . . . The Riddells dined with us. Schöning, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, came to me on business from the King, connected with the hospital, the linen, etc. I had a great deal to attend to about all this—to look over all the sets that had come from the mangle, and from the bleaching, and to make up the lists and the accounts. I got through it all, and without any fuss. The King's commands came late in reference to the expedition for the following morning. I was to decide whether it could be made to the site of the church. A fine commission! I was uneasy about the weather, and the orders. The King had asked me to send him a liver sausage and a ham in jelly for the *déjeuner* on the mountains. But where was I to send them? The first mounted messenger came from Erdmannsdorf at half-past six (to make inquiries); I begged him to wait a while. No rain, but not a glimpse of the mountain to be seen; everything seemed enveloped in a veil. Another messenger came at eight o'clock. I begged for another hour. At nine o'clock a third messenger on horseback, saying that I was to go to the King myself. What was to be

done—my bearers at Krumhübel? and how about the ham? As the weather showed signs of improvement, I sent my provisions straight up the mountain, advised all the others to start soon, and drove off with Caroline. The King received us at the door. I advised setting out immediately, and hastened off to Seidorf with Caroline, and we reached the wished-for height a quarter of an hour later than the royalties.

We were welcomed with rejoicings, and every one came forward to receive us, even the dear royal couple. The committee and I discussed everything there on the spot, and the dear builder-in-chief gave his gracious sanction to every proposal, even to the pointed roofs.

Every one was charmed with the site, which is unique in its way. I asked the King to lay the foundation stone, for which a place at the entrance had been left. The King called upon Strauss, the Court Chaplain, to say a few words, which he did with great unction and feeling, choosing the remarkable words in Haggai i. 8: "Go up to the mountain, and bring wood, and build the house; and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord." The King was overcome, and his expression is not to be described. The foundation stone was then laid with much solemnity.

The King approached me and pressed and kissed my hand, without saying anything, after the ceremony was over.

We dined at Rothersberg, near Erdmannsdorf—sixty persons. The King of Holland also appeared. I thought him very much altered. It was a very merry gathering, and lasted until half-past eight. . . . Thus ended a joyous and delightful day, favoured by beautiful weather.

August 11.

Fancy what your old sister has had to do all the morning! You won't guess. She has been sitting stock still for her portrait in a large picture, measuring nine feet by seven in height, which is to be the chief object over the chimney-piece at Erdmannsdorf; she is to be on show with the rest. Princess Wilhelm appears as S. Hedwig, Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Abbess, stands below her, then Princess Marie in a

very charming attitude, and I appear in the place of my choice, below Princess Wilhelm. The King ordered these four portraits last year, and when Herrmann brought his very rough sketches this year, he was commissioned to begin them. What may one not come to in life!

To Theophilus Reichel

The Duchess of Cöthen's visit lasted four days, and we seized the opportunity to take her to Wang, where the building had made splendid progress. I can see the church growing quite distinctly from the Pavilion, and the parsonage and schoolmaster's house are also rising rapidly, and both will be roofed-in before the winter, if the weather holds good. I took a great number of tracts with me, and was very much gratified by the eagerness with which the workmen gathered round me and begged for them. How ripe the bare field up there is for the sowing!

In January, 1843, Countess Reden celebrated the founding of the Bishopric of Jerusalem, in which she warmly sympathised. She hoped great things from it for the Kingdom of God.

Great sorrow entered the circle of those near to her this year. Her great-niece Marie Reuss, who had been ailing for a long time, died at Jänkendorf in March.

The building of the Norwegian church engaged a great deal of the Countess's time and attention, and there was a long correspondence with Werkenthin, the pastor-designate. The printing of the Hirschberg Bible also claimed much of her attention. In addition to these things, a glove manufactory was started, in order to provide employment for the poor of the mountain districts.

Countess Reden had a special gift for managing children, and understood how to let them share her pursuits. She writes in April:

The Stonsdorf children went to the Infirmary with me at twelve o'clock, when the foundation festival was celebrated on Septi's birthday. We had to accommodate ourselves to our surroundings, but got on all right. The three children sat with the Superintendent, and enjoyed their meal. I presided, and read the grace and thanksgiving before and after dinner, and thanked God that I had celebrated this festival now for fourteen or fifteen years.

Countess Reden visited her old friend Eberhardine, Countess Stolberg, at Salzbrunn in the summer, and also Fräulein Teschner at Waldenburg, with whom she had many interests in common.

The plan for founding an institution for maid-servants was carried into effect about this time, and the Countess was able to obtain the Queen's patronage for it.

Among the numerous summer visitors was a Mr. Sherman, minister at the Surrey Chapel in London, for whom the Countess had much esteem.

A commission from the King to provide his house at Erdmannsdorf with bedding gave Countess Reden a good deal of work, but also much satisfaction, for by this means she was enabled to give work to several poor weavers, seamstresses, etc. She had also to provide the furniture, and rejoiced that the workmen earned good wages, and had opportunity at the same time of learning various things. Her practical mind knew how to choose what was suitable for both castle and parsonage. She also had the furnishing arrangements for Werkenthin's parsonage to settle.

The distress among the spinners and weavers was very great this year, and a central association was formed in Berlin for their relief, with branch associations in the Silesian mountains under directors, who

undertook orders for linen, and thus gave the weavers employment. Countess Reden was naturally a prominent figure in these associations, and had her full share of work. Orders came from all parts, even from Bucharest. Among other things, she became responsible for fitting out a man-of-war with linen. Minister Rother, by the Countess's advice, let the spinners have flax from the stores kept for the Erdmannsdorf spinning industry, at cost price. The spinners were well paid for their work, which, after being thoroughly sorted, was handed over to the weavers. So all usury was put down, and the earnings of the poor workers were undiminished. She kept a list of the needy spinners and weavers, who went to the manager provided with certificates. She was in constant communication with the manager, sent him a reliable sorter, and looked after every detail.

During the winter the Countess was seriously ill for a short time, but this did not interrupt her active labours. She gratefully prides herself with being provided with all sorts of good things by her dear ones: a *baumkuchen* from Cöthen, a pheasant from the Münchhausens, oysters from Prince Wilhelm, and the Crown Princess Marie sent chestnuts; from Princess Wanda came oranges and entertaining literature. "You see how the old lady is spoilt," she writes.

In this spring of 1844 there were blouses to be made for the drivers and bearers (in the mountain districts), and the Countess cut out five hundred of them. They were sent to the village authorities for distribution as a present from the King. Then, again, she buys cotton, and measures it out for the upholsterers who are working at the King's château of Erdmannsdorf.

To Princess Wilhelm

May 15, *Evening.*

So I have reached my seventieth year, and my heart overflows when I consider all the compassion, mercy, and patience which the Lord has shown me since my birth, and how often He has sheltered me under His wings, and allowed me to experience in full measure that the feeble who wait upon Him have their strength constantly renewed. Ah! may it please Him to employ His aged handmaid until her life's end in His service, whatever it may be; and may He ever grant me the sweet feeling that I am His and shall only be found in Him!

June 7, 7 A.M.

I have just bought, while still in bed, a piece of linen of a woman from Straupitz, and have been pondering for an hour over the distribution for Berlin, according to General Diest's lists. There are over eight hundred different pieces of all sorts of linen.

As soon as I get up, I shall fly with my secretary to some remote spot and work with him undisturbed, and finish this great business to-day, if possible.

The Pavilion, *about eleven o'clock.*

What a view!—what a picture! and Wang so clear, that with it fresh in my memory I seem to see every movement. Schiller is writing out my list for the distribution of the linen, Mathilde is sewing, Julius[1] is ruling the housekeeping book and casting his eyes occasionally towards his father's house, the one next our church. I am having dinner prepared by my dear ones in the farmhouse, and tea will be at the Pavilion, if it does not rain, of which there is every appearance.

June 30.

I received the very beautifully bound Hirschberg Bible with great delight, and was very much moved. So hath the Lord heard and blessed the prayers, the waiting, the work of fourteen years, and brought it all to the desired end, through the dear King. The 25th was the great Bible Society day, an unusually solemn and beautiful one. Lovely weather till late in the evening, when it rained very hard. A very fine sermon from Superintendent Bellmann. The meeting

[1] A boy from Brückenberg —E. R.

was in the salon, and lasted from half-past twelve until two o'clock. The sight of the Hirschberg Bible, which I laid before them all without previous mention of it, aroused a great sensation.

The news of the death of her faithful friend Herr von Stein reached Countess Reden in July. It was strange that a pupil of Goethe's, a child of that genial abode of the Muses, Weimar, should have been a friend of the house at Buchwald. He had come every year, was always welcome, and had helpfully entered into the Countess's interests. One after another disappeared from the circle of her friends.

Countess Reden completed her seventieth year in 1844, and the same year brought the completion of two works into which she had put her heart, and to which she had devoted her time and strength—the edition of the Hirschberg Bible, and the erection of the Church of the Redeemer at Wang. Literally, almost every part of the work had passed through her hands: writing to and consultations with the authorities and the architect, the drawings and sketches, and finally, the altar linen and sacred vessels. Some of these were old ones, sent by the King. Concerning the inscription on the chalice, Evangelical considerations arose.

A rather grave indisposition of the Countess made it uncertain, almost to the last day, whether she would be able to attend the consecration.

She conducted all the preparations for the day, and writes about them as follows:

July 19.

There is a great deal yet to be done; among other things, to adapt the pulpit cloth to the proper size, and Minchen, the choirmaster's daughter, has to go up there with it. Werkenthin's ordination takes place at Breslau to-day at nine o'clock. His

wedding will be at Herrnhut on the 23rd. The young couple are coming to me on the 26th, and they take up their residence at Wang on the 27th. "All to arms," is the one thought at present. The folio Bible is to be sent to the church to-morrow, but I shall take the chalice, the paten, and the wine stoup with me on the 28th. So everything is approaching completion. I have had a great deal to do, and every one wants to put in a word.

July 23.

The precious ecclesiastical seal came yesterday for the Church of the Redeemer at Wang. On one side is a beautiful head of Christ. I shall have fifty-four admission cards for the inhabitants of Brückenberg, Querseiffen, and Brodbaude sealed with it to-day. There ought to be one member from every household in these parishes at the service. The bailiff has been appointed inspector of police, with from twelve to fourteen of the village authorities, and every sort of precaution against accidents in the crowd will be taken. But where the Lord is, I feel that all will be well.

The Countess enumerates her guests for this occasion:

Eight Schönings, the President, Count Ferdinand Stolberg, with his daughter Helene, General Röder, the General Superintendent Hahn, Wichmann, six Heynitzes, Kalckreuth, the Henlys, two Fräulein Tschirsky, and Emma Plitt, making twenty-four to twenty-six to meals every day—rather a number, especially for my dear Caroline.

The King was shot at by a man named Tschech, formerly a Burgomaster, as he and the Queen were about leaving Berlin to attend the consecration; but as he was not touched, he continued his journey.

The company had assembled at Buchwald without any forebodings, and the gentlemen drove to Erdmannsdorf to be present on the King's arrival, leaving Countess Reden with her relations and friends sitting together around the lamp in the large room; but they

returned with grave and troubled faces. The news which Prince Reuss LXXIV. told his aunt greatly agitated her, and filled all hearts with horror, thankful though they were that the King had not been injured.

July 28 was a beautiful summer day, and the Countess drove with her many guests, making a long line of carriages, up to the church at Wang, and from there they watched the approach of the King and Queen. The clergy and local authorities, the school, and the parishioners all assembled in front of the church to receive their Majesties, who were accompanied by Prince and Princess Wilhelm, Princess Albrecht, Prince and Princess Friedrich of the Netherlands, and the Princess Liegnitz. The procession was formed and walked solemnly all round the church, the clergy carrying the Bible and sacred vessels. Upon reaching the church door, the architect, Herr Hamann, handed the key of the church to the King, who laid it in Countess Reden's hand, which he took in his own and thus opened the door. It was a moment full of deep feeling for the Countess, that she should thus with the King open the mountaineers' church—a blessing which they had not had till then.

Some of those who were gathered there were obliged to wait at the parsonage and in the schoolhouse; there was not room in the little church.

The King and Queen, on entering, knelt down on the altar steps, for the first prayer in a holy place should be for protection against mortal danger, and so the King's sacrifice of thanksgiving was the first dedication of the newly founded church.

After the singing of a hymn Dr. Hahn consecrated the church, the altar, and the pulpit, and made a short and powerful address. Pastor Jäckel, the chief officiating minister, inducted the new pastor to his

living. The liturgy followed the hymn, and then Herr Werkenthin, the new pastor, gave the first of those simple, spiritual sermons, which henceforward were to be delivered Sunday after Sunday to the mountain congregation.

The King with his guests and Countess Reden with hers then went to the parsonage for luncheon. The parish of Brückenberg sent deputies to express thanks to the King for founding the church. Countess Reden accompanied the King afterwards to inspect the ancient wood carving in the church, and the imitation of it which it had been necessary to add. The font was of finely polished Kunzendorf marble, and there was a tall wood cross well executed by a wood-carver named Jacobs, of Jannowitz, from a drawing done by Caroline von Riedesel. The King expressed lively satisfaction with the beautiful church, with the pastor's sermon, and with the Brückenberg people for sending its deputies—a satisfaction which was re-echoed in the Countess's heart. Although she had done her work in the service of the King of kings, the recognition of it by her royal friend was a source of gratification to her.

To Theophilus Reichel

August 12.

The consecration and the induction at Wang making one service was uncommonly beautiful. I thank God that I was present, for I had been kept indoors by indisposition for a fortnight, and also that I was able to receive the King. I will tell you all about it as soon as you come; meanwhile, my Theophilus, the picture of Wang will lead you here.

I wish you had seen the good King, who seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of sincerity and kindness. He sank down on his knees upon the altar steps, when he entered the church, in earnest prayer. The Lord granted me to speak very confidentially to him, as he

did to me; we discussed some grave matters, with a blessing, I hope. There was no lack of guests, every place was filled; and yet I kept expecting you: for you there is always room.

To her Sister-in-law

I went to tea at Erdmannsdorf on August 5. A very pretty entertainment in the lighted hall, which looked quite fairy-like; tea and supper were at several tables set crosswise. The King had an armchair placed for me next his own; Princess Wilhelm was on the other side, and we chatted together as though we had been in the most private council chamber. He gave sketches of forty-one Berlin pastors, and spoke a great deal about Wang that was of importance. It was a very nice evening, of great interest to me, and I hope of much use to others.

You can have no conception of the crowd of people and of the numerous petitions. This conviction that everything can be done through my poor self—I, who never presented an appeal—the general boldness of the petitions, often embitter my days and hours, and rob me of much important time. This time the Queen took a tender farewell, and was full of kindness and very confidential. The royalties leave to-morrow.

My dear Pinkerton with his daughter Effy arrived on the 7th, and also Pastor Wimmer from Hungary and Bohemia, where he has distributed eighty thousand Bibles and Testaments since 1838. He is a winner of hearts without an equal, so full of faith, so frank, and so attractive.

The 18th, a full day. Wimmer preached. . . . Wanda, the Henlys, Ernestine and Marie, with many others, were in our pew, and most of them came to dinner.

The King came at half-past six, Natzmer in attendance. We had a capital chat till Prince and Princess Wilhelm, with Princess Liegnitz, arrived at seven. The tea-table was in the hall.

The King spoke to Werkenthin and his wife; . . . then Wimmer was presented. He conducted a very interesting meeting; the royalties with their suite were present, and some Tyrolese came, making in all forty-nine persons.

Tea at Erdmannsdorf with Wimmer on the 19th. There was a long table by the sofa, and six round tables. The King commanded me to sit in an arm-chair on his left at the long table. . . . Our dear King has assigned a million marks for the relief of the distress in Prussia, saying that he should try to refund the sum by economy, denying himself some of his special hobbies, such as building, etc. His heart is of gold, and to think that they would destroy it! But the hand of a faithful Father guards him as the apple of an eye.

The King's friendship with the Countess caused her to be overwhelmed with petitions. Many she simply refused, but many benefits and much help were obtained through her. She once writes, when trying to get a place for some one:

I am convinced the opportunity of serving people comes from the Lord, and should never be refused if He beckons and gives His help.

There were many guests and much going on at Buchwald, and on looking at the month of September we find Marie Stolberg (*née* Reuss) there; then a young relative of Theophilus Reichel for two days; on the 2nd, the Werkenthins; on the 5th, Princess Liegnitz to tea; on the 6th, an ordination candidate who solicited a neighbouring living, and the Münchhausen nephew and niece for several days; on the 7th, the Countess drove to the spinning-factory at Erdmannsdorf; and the 8th was passed at Wang with the friends from Jannowitz.

Baron von Riedesel and his wife spent a few weeks with their sisters, and in the late autumn Marline and her husband were there with some of their children.

The most intimate intercourse existed between Buchwald and Fischbach, and the Countess describes Princess Wilhelm on her birthday wearing "a dark blue dress, looking quite fresh and pretty for fifty-nine."

There was also the usual intercourse with Princess Czartoryska (Wanda), at Ruhberg. The relations between the young neighbour and the old one were most charming. Messengers went to and fro almost daily with notes, in which news is given of the children, their housekeeping, and their guests; the motherly friend is asked to give advice and help, and visits are arranged. Princess Wanda passed the winter in Berlin, and thence came copious letters, with accounts of her interest in hearing Gossner preach, of her visits to him, and of the dear friends whom she meets every Sunday at the Bohemian church. Certain of the liveliest sympathy, the Princess reports her endeavours to assist those poor who are ashamed to beg; and she also writes about her acquaintance with Fliedner, who laid his plans for building the deaconess's homes before her, and in mentioning the deaconesses, she suggests having a regular infirmary for the sick and poor at Schmiedeberg, under their care. The spirit of a noble, mature Christian speaks from these letters, and a heart full of love and tenderness. In the autumn Thekla von Gumpert, Princess Wanda's early friend, was with her at Ruhberg. Countess Reden had heartily enjoyed her first writings, "The Little Father and the Grandchild" and "The Aunt's Tour."

Princess Wanda left Ruhberg and her dear neighbour at Buchwald little thinking that this parting was to be for life. She died the following year.

As Count Reden had always driven cream-coloured horses,[1] the Countess continued to do so, though they were not always easy to buy. She writes to her brother in April:

[1] The Hanoverian horses used on state occasions in England since the time of George I., and called in Germany "Isabellen."—M. B.-L.

Now about the horses, which is a matter very near my heart, as it is of the greatest necessity, and a great pleasure would be taken from me were I to be obliged to renounce the cream-coloured ones. If strong and docile, and if they go well, it is worth while waiting; but the delay is tiresome, and I do not know what I shall have to drive, especially if the King comes.

By the autumn she was able to announce that they had been put into their stable.

In the young Werkenthin couple Countess Reden gained two more adopted children, and it is charming to note the pleasure she took in their housekeeping, and how she enters into everything that happens up at the parsonage, and how she provides their little establishment with good things, sending them vegetables, grapes, sausages, etc. They are frequent guests at Buchwald, where Frau Agnes lends a hand in whatever is going on, and Werkenthin conducts evening prayers for the household.

The religious movement and that of the Rationalists, Ronge, and the Roman Catholics, were all followed with burning interest at Buchwald. Democratic intrigues in the Hirschberg district were upsetting people's minds, and the Countess welcomed the new magistrate, Wilhelm Stolberg, the son of her friend Ernestine—"my magistrate," as she calls him.

To her Sister-in-law

January 9, 1845.

A tiring day on the 2nd. A parcel arrived from that awful Upper Council of Finance, a parcel which weighed one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and which contained the Tyrolese building bills of 1838—1842, and there were one hundred and twenty-seven memoranda attached to them.

I worked at them with Count Matuschki and Hamann, and though this was never my part of the

business, I had all the trouble of looking over them and taking notes. The Count is exasperated, so Hamann must do the rest.

I am having the dry wood collected for Caroline's room without letting her know, for I so enjoy giving her a treat.

. . . I have just read a letter from Ronge[1] to the inferior clergy, but it does not please me, for it lacks the true faith which can remove mountains; he draws the clergy of his communion away from the Pope and the Roman See, but he does not lead them to Christ. I fear he does not know the way himself, and he may lead many astray.

February 15.

We have read and examined Ronge's[1] shallow teaching, and his wretched twenty-nine theses, and sigh to think that a universal church of the kind should attract so many believers, and should spread. I think that, as it is built on unstable ground, it will not hold together long, but will fall to pieces. Fancy such people comparing themselves to Luther, they who preach everything but Christ, and would have the Bible used conditionally—miserable creatures!

The immense approval which the new teaching finds in the world appears to me the best sign that it is not of faith, but of unbelief. Ronge has expressed his positive belief only by his silence; a few indications alone show that it is pure reason which cannot submit to the obedience of faith. His following appears to consist of Liberals who wish for emancipation, not only from the domination of priests, but also from the control of faith—who desire freedom, in short, to believe in nothing.

It would be a wholesome and good thing for the Roman Church, which boasts as its privilege that no root of Rationalism can ever find a hold within its fold, to recognise that it is really there and widespread, as this present movement certainly indicates.

March 3.

The Schafgotschs called the day before yesterday in the morning, and stayed two hours, when it was

[1] Johannes Ronge, the leader of the German Catholic Reform movement in 1845. Born, 1813.

really like an excise day here: it was flax day, savings-bank day, and large purchases had just come from Berlin.

Ronge is very much in their minds—they think that he ought to join us; but we reply that we have little interest in him.

March 14.

Early this morning a man was announced from Hirschberg, and what do you suppose that he wanted? To collect signatures for Ronge. He came just at the right moment, for our pastor was here, and we both gave him the categorical reply that we had nothing in common with the man, and that we hoped the collector would take his departure as soon as possible. Pastor Reinike, of Stonsdorf, informed me to-day that Ronge had recently asked to stand godfather at an Evangelical christening, and that he appeared in a fashionable coat—a *paletot*, I believe—and that during prayers he had his hands in his pockets. Deacon Weiss requested him to fold them, in vain; before the Lord's Prayer he repeated the request. Then he slowly drew them out, but immediately thrust them in again, to the scandal of all present.

To Princess Wilhelm

Warmbrunn, *May* 17.

Your dear letters for the 12th are a great and precious treasure to me, which I always receive and preserve with delight and gratitude. May the Lord reward you for them! I received the last on the evening of the 14th, the day of our coming here. It was a great affair, for we were a party of nine, so we have a tidy little household about us, and comfortable and convenient lodgings. A little attic in the gable of the third story is my Eldorado; it has a view towards the Zacken and the mountains. Here are all my records, Bible work, and papers, and here I write and dictate to my little secretary. Only a narrow staircase leads to it, but once up, I am quite *à mon aise*, and free from interruption.

The following letters, written by Catherine and Mary Stanley when on a visit to Countess von Reden,

find a suitable place here, and are printed by kind permission of Miss Jane Adeane.

An Account of the Norwegian Church at Wang in Norway by Mary Stanley

When Professor Dahl, whose pictures we saw at Dresden, was revisiting his native country several years ago, he, with a great taste for antiquities, was shocked to find the curious, old, wooden church about to be destroyed, and a modern brick one erected instead. He bought the whole and offered it to the King of Prussia for eighty roubles. The King bought it, and wrote to ask Countess Reden if she knew of any place requiring a church of this size. She answered that she had long wished for a church and pastor in a mountain hamlet. He was delighted, and in due time the church arrived in seven waggons, and the mountaineers all came with acclamations to receive their church. The first stone was laid by the King three years ago, and a very impressive address was delivered by his chaplain, on Haggai i. 8. The church was finished and was to be opened, all was arranged, and Countess Reden was deeply grieving over a nervous attack which she thought would prevent her attending, when the very day before came the news of an attempt to assassinate the King. He came straight from Berlin to Erdmannsdorf to fulfil his engagement at the church. The agitation cured the Countess, and she went. It was a glorious day. Crowds assembled on the mountains as the King with his four horses drove up, followed by the royal family. The excitement was extreme on seeing him at such a moment, after such an event; and on the church doors being opened, the King and Queen walked up to the altar and offered a fervent and simple thanksgiving for their late merciful preservation. It was a most affecting sight, and this mountain church, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, was doubly consecrated by being the scene of the first royal thanksgiving, and to this church she proposed taking us on Sunday [August 3], and sending us back over the mountains another way after the service. "I am not fond of Sunday parties," said she, "but such a party I cannot think wrong." We wound through

woods of fir and by mountain torrents. The day began doubtful, cleared, and was most beautiful. The peasantry came out to see us as we passed. At last Wang church appeared. Compared to the ruins of Zittau, it is nothing; but then it is a living church. The churchyard was enlivened by groups; and as we drew near, the young clergyman and his wife came down hand-in-hand to meet us, and kissed the Countess's hand. They were such simple, good people, and their parsonage house so nice! His study was filled with such books as you would see in an English clergyman's house. We dined with them.

After church C. and I started on our round, and beautiful it was. We came back about nine to a substantial tea. We were the first English ladies that had been at that church.

The Countess asked us at once what time we had for the neighbourhood, and then drew up a plan for us, and I was too glad to depend entirely upon her arrangements. She entered into great detail, most considerately telling us what not to eat, and what to take, and what to pay. She was very eager about it, saying that English ladies never saw the beauties of the Silesian mountains; but it was very amusing to hear Fräulein Caroline's comments upon her sister's plans, and the discussion as to what could or could not be done. She thought the Countess proposed a great deal too much. However, it was quite clear to me that we must start upon the plan she laid down, and deviate from it or not, according to circumstances. She was greatly delighted with the Archbishop of Dublin's motto, "Things that can be helped and things that cannot be helped," which I quoted as the motto I tried to go by in my journey, on her saying we were not to be put out by bad weather. Phœbe went to sit with her work with the maids, taking her dialogue book with her. It was wonderful how much information she managed to pick up. In another three months she would have talked.

Catherine Stanley's Letter

Buchwald, *August* 3, 1845.

Madame de Reden is an extraordinary, active woman of seventy-one. She is all life, animation, and benevolence, but, you see in a moment, is accustomed

to command; and one should be afraid of her, I think, she is so acute and sees everything with lynx eyes. Her sister is a picture of everything that is good-humoured and good-natured. She makes the tea, she manages the interior arrangements of the house, she does all the drudgery, and is so ugly. It is charming to see how happily they live together. They talk of "Clinton" with all a mother's tenderness. The sister draws magnificently, and showed me a picture of him which is not only like what I can imagine him to be, but it contains a likeness of all the family. I have been out every moment of the day since we arrived. How I wished you could have seen us driving through the wood in the little char-à-banc with the two white horses, with our feet dangling, and ourselves holding fast for fear we should fall out! Madame de Reden dressed like grandmamma in a great black silk cloak, a drawn large grey silk bonnet, and an enormous green fan by way of parasol. She talks very fast, something like Bunsen, and her English is delightful. She talks of "educating the trees," and of "gracious" mountains, instead of graceful, and she calls her spectacles "looking-glasses." Each day has been more delightful than the last.

Yesterday [August 2], after having been over the King's country house (Erdmannsdorf), and the Prince William's (Fischbach), and the Duchess of Liebegen's (?) summer-house, she took us into one of the Tyrolese huts. The young wife, in a black Tyrolese hat and a dark sunburnt face, was standing over the fire baking cakes, the husband, just come in from work, was lifting his child out of its cradle, and the grandmother was standing at the door. As we came in, the young wife left the cakes, the husband, a handsome man with moustaches, took off his hat, and brought his child to the Countess, and the old grandmother came with a delighted face to meet her. It was a very clean, neat cottage, only the kitchen was blue with the smoke of the wood fire where the cakes were baking. It did me good to see them. The Countess called them "dear children" when she spoke to them, and they called her "dear mother." We sat down, and she talked to them just as Louise does to her poor people; and when she went away, they kissed her hand and said, "Farewell, dear mother."

The Norwegian church was very interesting. Mary has told you its story. We were carried up the mountain in chairs by men with blue frocks and green Tyrolese hats with peacocks' feathers in them. As we drew near the church, we met the people coming down the hill after their morning service—girls without bonnets, but with sprigs of heather in their hair. A little further the young pastor and his little wife came rushing down to meet us hand-in-hand. They have only been married a year, and she looks like a little girl. She kissed the Gräfin's hand, and they walked by our side till we were set down at the door of their little wooden house in the churchyard. The church is like a child's toy and more singular than beautiful. It is indeed a church set upon a hill; above it the Schnee Koppe rises, and from the firwoods below a vast expanse of country. The church, instead of looking what it is, one thousand years old, seems quite new. It is built of golden-coloured pine-wood beautifully carved. The pastor and his wife keep a donkey on which they ride by turns whenever they go down into the world below; but this is an event which seldom happens, and yet the little wife was just as well bred and dignified in her simplicity as if she had been used to sit at the head of a table of twenty every day. The service delighted me; it began by catechising the children, and then a sermon. It was a missionary sermon, and I was beside myself with vexation that Mary could not understand it, for it was the perfection of what one should like all such sermons to be—short, simple, and intensely earnest.

Monday, August 4.

I am writing in the middle of the mountains, after the most lovely day. I am very well, no headache, and sound, delightful sleep, and everything is charming. Buchwald is indescribable. I had no idea we should have felt so much at home, but the whole house is an atmosphere of love and kindness and affection. We took our leave of them with as much sadness as if we had been staying a month. We have been carried over the mountains most luxuriously. Pray give me credit for not climbing the Schnee Koppe. I was tired and prudent, and stayed at the bottom drawing the

view and the guide, while the other guides sang the most lovely German songs. I was called upon at the Norwegian parsonage to explain the state of Newmanism in England. CATHERINE.[1]

For the first time for years the sisters took a more extended journey at the end of August, going first to Jänkendorf, and then with their nephew and his wife set out for Neuenhof, their first railway journey. On all journeys the Countess was accustomed to entrust her strong-box, which contained all her various papers, to the care of the servant or secretary who accompanied her, and to make inquiries respecting this article, which was of so much importance to her, very often. This was easy to do when travelling in her own carriage with post-horses. On leaving Dresden the aunts had been safely conducted by their nephew Henly to the *coupé*, and the train was about to start, when she called out in her wonted way from the window, "Hermann, Hermann, Hermann!" The cry was passed on from carriage to carriage, and people thought something had happened. The guard beckoned to the engine-driver. "Hermann, have you got my strong-box?" "Yes, Excellency." Then the train was allowed to start.

Countess Reden received the news of her beloved Princess Wanda's death during her stay at Neuenhof.

To PRINCESS WILHELM

Ah, how I long for your Royal Highness! I cannot express how much in words. How I want to talk to you of our Wanda! The ladies'-maid and nurse are often here, and tell me much that is heartrending. A fortnight ago I spent the whole morning alone in her room, looking over her papers and making a selection

[1] Mary and Catherine Stanley, daughters of the Bishop of Norwich, and sisters of Dean Stanley of Westminster. Mary died in 1879. Catherine married the Rev. C. J. Vaughan, Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff, and died in 1899.

from them, as the Prince desired. Ah, what remembrances there were! I had to arrange all her mother's and Elise's papers, and how much I learned about those dear people! Your notes and mine of last summer were together in one envelope; it comforted me, yet it moved me to tears at the same time.

The King had put up a marble seat at Buchwald, and its erection cost the Countess much anxious thought, as it did not suit the character of the place. It was at last placed in view of the mill pond, where the oft-mentioned Rosenmantel stood, and where the little island Isola Bella, so called from its flowering shrubs, could be seen, and it was dedicated on August 15.

The death of good Mrs. Fry, to whom Countess Reden had become much attached, affected her painfully. The illness of Princess Wilhelm, who had been more or less ailing since the autumn, touched her far more deeply. Her ladies-in-waiting sent frequent reports, as did other friends in Berlin, who knew well how the thoughts of her old friend at Buchwald would be constantly about the sick-bed. The end came in April, 1846, and the Countess writes:

The dearly loved one's sufferings are over, and she is with her Lord, to Whom her heart was given. She is indescribably happy; but what a void is left by her death to all her own family, to the royal couple, to thousands of souls who owe so much to her and whose advocate she was, and to us who loved her so deeply! Ah! it is a gap in one's life which can never be filled. How could I, in my old age, think that I should outlive this dear friend who was ten years younger than myself?

Countess Reden's birthday was celebrated in a manner that was quite to her taste. She writes:

I was agreeably awakened on the 12th, and received many good wishes, letters, and gifts, which kept pouring in. The Henlys, the Eberhards (Stolbergs), the Küsters, the family from Jannowitz, and all the

family from Stonsdorf, came to see me. We all went to church, where the lower seats were filled with two hundred and sixty-one school children. Our dear Stobwasser gave them a delightful sermon, which quite charmed our Stolberg and Reuss children also. 'How well we understood everything, and he only spoke to us. We can repeat it all.' It ought to be like this every Sunday for the children. He has a peculiar talent and a peculiar love for children, for the same man led the children's games afterwards. The sermon glorified the whole festival, and he prayed for me, begged all the tenants to do the same, and he told the children that instead of any gifts, which they were too poor to give, they might give me an abundance of riches by their faithfulness and devotion, and their earnest prayers for the Lord's mercy and blessing. And it was all so simple for them to understand. Everything was in the Pavilion as usual. I found several more congratulations there, from Erdmannsdorf, Schmiedeberg, Ruhberg, and so on. The children's games were in the hall, and lasted until half-past one. There were thirty-one to dinner.

Countess Reden was very much moved by her meeting with Prince Wilhelm. He stayed at Fischbach, where his children visited him, and with them alone he kept up intercourse with Buchwald.

To her Sister-in-law

July.

A full day on the 2nd. The morning in the Garden House, Kölbing, the pastor, with me. He is very agreeable. The dear Stonsdorf family came at six, and, after seven, all the family from Fischbach. A long walk past the Meadow House, and every one went to take the boat; only the Prince and I on foot, and we had a great deal of conversation together. Tea in the house, and then Kölbing read prayers beautifully.

They did not leave till half-past ten. Marie took a touching leave, after we had had a talk in the breakfast-room, all in the dark. Weeping in my arms, she promised to become, by God's help, more

like her mother. She is a dear creature, but needs a stronger support than man can give her.

To the King

Prince Wilhelm is a rare example of the rich fruit of forty-nine years of life with such a noble companion as his wife; deep sorrow, but goodness, patience, and silent resignation are diffused in an indescribable way throughout his whole being. He lives with his great sorrow, and the Lord visibly helps him to endure, and he recognises this and kisses the hand that has dealt him this blow. It affords me the greatest consolation that Buchwald and the old neighbour here have remained near and dear to him, like a heritage from the dear one who has gone from us. We can often go to him, and he come to us, and the remembrance of the dear Princess is and will continue to be *the* subject of conversation between us.

The English minister Mr. Sherman was at Buchwald in August with his wife, and the latter writes of this visit as follows:

We turned to the left at Erdmannsdorf, and the postillion blew his horn for a halt, which announced that we had reached Buchwald; in a few minutes we saw the venerable house. The Countess and her sister came to the carriage and embraced me affectionately; the first sight of them told me that they were no ordinary persons. The charm and dignity of their features, and their manner, as well as the great simplicity and neatness of their dress, showed that their worth was not in outward appearance only. Taking my arm, the dear Countess led me with youthful alertness into the three large rooms, each with a different view, which were destined for us. I was glad to be alone, and tried to grasp the fact that my reception at Buchwald was not a dream, but a reality. Scarcely had I changed my dress, than the dear Countess herself knocked at the door, and announced that tea was ready. We were introduced to "my excellent young friend Theophilus Reichel, pastor of Gnadenfrei, who speaks English." Then a picture of our Surrey Chapel was shown us, and

another of its pastor, and the lovely view from the corner window. We soon felt quite at home, and with what French I had at my command I began talking to the dear sister Caroline, whose friendly indulgence encouraged me to continue, and, with the help of German and English when French did not suffice, I weaved the bonds of a friendship which I hope will never be broken.

At seven o'clock Prince Wilhelm appeared in a four-horse carriage, with his son Waldemar and the aide-de-camp. . . . The two sisters received him at the carriage, conversed with them a while, and took them to a spot near the waterfall.

Theophilus fetched us to tea, and we were presented to the guests, and accompanied them to the salon, where we sat talking at the tea-table. The princes left at nine o'clock with a friendly shake of the hand, and so closed as friendly and pleasant a day as any I ever passed with my equals."

Later.

. . . The Countess drove us to the Abbey, . . . to the Pavilion, and then to the Moss Hut, a lovely and well-kept summer-house, from the large windows of which magnificent views were obtained. We drove to Erdmannsdorf after dinner, and went over the whole château.

We assembled about nine o'clock in the evening for prayers. A schoolmaster accompanied the hymn. The men sat on one side, and the maid-servants on the other. The Countess read a chapter in a very pleasing voice, after we had sung several verses of the hymn; then, after singing the closing verse, we all rose, and the Countess led me into the sitting-room, where, a few moments later, a servant brought us each a little tray with a salt-cellar and a knife and fork. Soup, fowls, etc., were handed round, and each took what he liked. I was very tired, and retired early. The Countess conducted me to my room.

The next morning after breakfast, which we had in a most delightful garden room next to the Orangery, a little carriage drove up which the Count had had built for use in the surrounding country. It is a sort of Irish car, small and light with only one seat, which is hung very low, and can be turned round so that one

can sit on either side for the view. One can drive in this to points which would be inaccessible to an ordinary carriage. We drove, first of all, with the dear Countess among winding roads, wooded hills, and rocky places, to the Observatory. The view is far finer than from the Schnee Koppe. The Tyrolese colonies, the royal château of Erdmannsdorf, ravishing ponds and park-like grounds, a large spinning-factory, several churches, sweet villages, and little towns, also a mass of fantastically shaped and richly wooded hills, and the whole chain of the mountains called the Riesengebirge, whose highest point is the Schnee Koppe, almost five thousand feet high, and valleys of rare beauty, well covered with ripe corn, can all be seen from this spot, and makes one of the most attractive and magnificent views I have ever seen. The only thing wanting in this panorama is water.

The baptism of their great-grandnephew George Carolath took both the sisters to Sabor in the summer. There they met their Riedesel brother and sisters, who returned with them to Buchwald. Other guests filled the house almost to overflowing—the Münchhausen relations, Countess Anton Stolberg with four daughters and five grandchildren, and a host of others.

The King and Queen were at Erdmannsdorf in September and sought out their friends at Buchwald. There was a particularly intimate intercourse with them both; their common grief for those they loved united all their hearts, and it was a comfort to share it.

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *September* 13.

Interruptions of all sorts are beginning; visitors announcing themselves, petitions pouring in, inquiries from all quarters, and a houseful of guests to be entertained and looked after, take up all our time.

The dear royal couple came in unexpectedly at twelve and remained till half-past one, we two and

Antonie, receiving them as they alighted. It chanced to be a good opportunity to look at the King's seat, so I begged them to come to it. The decorations are charming. The remembrance of our dear lost neighbour was very painful to us all. The Queen wept very much.

The dear King talked to me about a great many things—church matters, Bunsen, and especially about Wanda and our dear Princess Wilhelm. The Queen said that she felt bereaved, and the King, that he was deprived of his truest councillor.

September.

Yesterday, on the finest day of the whole year, the King went up to the Schnee Koppe at seven o'clock, with his brother-in-law Prince Johann of Saxony and a party of nine in attendance, besides the Bishop of Breslau, Minister Bodelschwing, and Henly. An invitation came at eight for Caroline and me and Count Ferdinand [Stolberg] to dine with the King at Wang. We called all hands to the pumps, for everything had to be got ready for all the guests, including the Jannowitz party, who were also to come. There was such a coming and going; messengers and bearers were ordered, and we started at half-past ten, arriving there at one. We found the Queen with her sister already there, and all her court. She received us with open arms, and said it was a charming surprise which the King had prepared for her. We saw the King reach the Koppe at twelve o'clock, and at three the beautiful royal procession arrived at Wang. It was a festive occasion. The Werkenthins behaved admirably. The cooks, the Master of the House, and servants had been there since two. Places were laid in both rooms for forty guests. The King was kindness itself. I sat by him, and the conversation did not flag for a moment. The Queen introduced the Bishop, Diepenbrock, to me, with whom I had a long talk. Sailer was the subject of it, one which quickly drew us together.

I begged the King to look at the crucifix before it became dark, and he went with me and the Bishop to the church; and was very much pleased. He graciously accepted the short account of the church from Pastor Werkenthin, and gave his permission

for it to be printed for the benefit of the poor at Brückenberg.

So, by God's grace, everything went off satisfactorily beyond expectation—even the fact of the King's insisting on making the return journey by way of Krummhübel, because I had advised it, and he liked following my advice. To my delight, it pleased him very much; at Steinseiffen they found triumphal arches, and the rest of the way was over my roads, the *allée*, etc.

The crucifix here mentioned had been done, under the eyes of the two artistic sisters, by the wood-carver Jacob, from a beautiful little model in ivory at Warmbrunn.

To her Sister-in-law

October.

An enormous breakfast here after eleven o'clock church—the family from Stonsdorf, the young Stolbergs of Peterswaldau, and the Jannowitz party. We all went to a great dinner at Erdmannsdorf at four o'clock. No end of toilettes. Hamann was near me, Count Keller, Count Sandretzky, and so on. I sat by the King, and opposite to the Queen, with whom I was able to speak. The King's conversation was admirable, his topics serious and confidential. I had to tell him about my dear husband's life, the discovery of the mines, and of the coal. Then we talked on religious subjects, and he made, what was to me, the most beautiful confession of a true believer. The Queen presented me to the Duke of Brunswick after dinner. I did not care for him at all. We two had been asked, as old Brunswickers, to meet him. We had a long talk about his father and various acquaintances. On the 12th to tea at Erdmannsdorf, when I again sat between the King and Queen, like their spoilt child. Both said as I left, "Sans adieu; we must see you on the 13th" [Princess Wilhelm's birthday]. And so it was. At half-past nine in the morning, they announced "The King," and in came the dear couple quite alone, very affectionate, very sad, thinking about the dead Princess, whom all miss

so much. They sat on the balcony with us and then with Ferdinand Stolberg. I fetched Iris Richthofen in, and she asked their Majesties to write in her album. They wrote on a text which pleased us very much, particularly under the text from the dear Princess Wilhelm's favourite hymn. The Queen asked, with tears in her eyes, "Could we not sing it?" We went into the hall, the Stolbergs, Münchhausens, and others, and sang the hymn, and ended with the blessing.

Then there was a hurry as they were going away. The King asked for my husband's picture, and the Queen accepted a nosegay [*Reiserichel*], as the dear Princess always did. They again said good-bye to every one, and we conducted them to their carriage, and, with one more loving kiss from them both, the carriage drove from our sight.

To Theophilus Reichel

November 1.

It often happens, dear Theophilus, that though one has a great deal of writing to do, and is, in fact, buried under the weight of it, letter-writing seems impossible. Such has been my case again. We had visitors with us until yesterday, so there were many hindrances; but now I think that quiet is going to set in, and it is time it did, for there are piles of things to be put in order, and at the present moment the completion of the Hirschberg Bible takes up all my time. Nine thousand five hundred copies have to be sent to the Consistorial Councillor Siegert, who, as royal commissioner, has to provide for their distribution to the schools of the five provinces, and for this reason he was working all yesterday with me.

To her Sister-in-law

November 15.

The young artist Schwencke dined with us. When he was eight years old I took him to Caroline, who gave him drawing lessons. To please me, Prince Wilhelm had him taught in Berlin, and then he went to the Duke of Lucca, and has not been here for ten years. He has made extraordinary progress as a

landscape painter *à grand coup.* His genre pictures are admirable. Caroline is much taken with his work.

Prince Wilhelm and the Reusses were here to tea, and were quite enchanted with the contents of his portfolio. He is going to stay two months with his delighted parents at Schmiedeberg, and then he is going to Berlin to the King, who wishes to see his work.

November.

All sorts of work on the 17th—Bible affairs, distribution of buckskin and Tyrolese cloth, and the whole of the large bed linen dried out of doors. Schwencke came from Fischbach in the afternoon. He is very interesting.

To church on the 18th, and in the garden for a little time. I had a good deal to attend to about the buckwheat, which I am having prepared for groats and meal for the Infirmary and home use. In order to get a correct idea of how much is required for four, six, or eight persons, I am having it weighed out. I have got some excellent cheap turpentine soap for myself, the neighbours, and tenants, which I can allow to these last at an advantage both in money and weight, two silver groschens instead of five silver groschens—a great help. I rejoiced some people who had lost things by fire by giving them new clothes and Bibles. I spoke to Superintendent Roth about an institution of the Queen's at Erdmannsdorf for supplying clothing for new-born children.

In consequence of the potato-disease and the dryness of the summer of 1846, the year 1847 was one of distress, and great care had to be taken to prevent the people from feeling the pressure of extreme poverty. Rice and pearl barley were deposited at Erdmannsdorf by means of the Minister Rother, and Countess Reden sold them at cheap prices, and flour as well. "I venture to hope that no one is hungry," she writes after one of the distributions.

The Countess followed the proceedings of the

Prussian Diet with great interest. She read the King's speech aloud twice, and writes:

It is uncommonly fine and far-reaching, and goes deep. The most important point, to my mind, is the determined monarchical language, the rejection of every constitution. If only they will be able to hold fast to it! God has given to the dear King a very enlightened mind, and what is it, properly speaking, which gives such a reassuring stamp to the whole? The undisguised fear of God. God be thanked, and may He be near him with the riches of His mercy!

Countess Reden had a trial to bear, because one near and dear to her belonged to the Opposition, and especially because he spoke in favour of the emancipation of the Jews. But she knew that noble motives lay at the bottom of it, and always defended him against many who condemned him and turned from him. She even defended him to the King, whom people had sought to set against him. Later, after the year 1848, he had other views on many subjects with which the Countess could quite agree. But her affection had bridged over the gulf made by differences of opinion.

The design for a statue which was to be erected to her husband was submitted to Countess Reden at this time. It touched her very much, and she was glad that the artist, a pupil of Kiss, and a son of Kalide, the Foundry Inspector at Königshütte, was a godson of her husband.

To her Sister-in-law

May 11.

To-day was busy to overflowing. What a joy to have my Marline with me! Now listen: at ten o'clock I established myself in the cellar, and began the distribution of my potatoes, strictly according to means—those who can give nothing at all because they had

no potatoes, those who can give only a few pecks because they cannot spare more, and so on. . . . After I had got this clearly arranged, the sacks were filled, and only a quarter of the current price paid. Thus sixty-one families were considered and went happy away. In the midst of my business, what do my eyes behold, but Ferdinand and Jenny [Carolath]. This was a great pleasure, and then my dear Werkenthin called. The Küsters came at five o'clock, followed by Fräulein Teschner and dear Frau Schubertin. So far have we got to-day, and so far has the Lord brought me, forgiving my faults, and showing mercy beyond all my prayers.

The following little anecdote, which Countess Reden related to one of her nieces, is highly characteristic:

Fancy what happened to me to-day. I was sitting in my chair at the table in the large room, when a mouse came creeping very slowly out of the closet, seated itself in front of me as if it wanted to look at me, then fell down, and died. They all said it was starving, for there was no poison about, and it could not have found anything to eat in the room. It was really hard for me to think of anything starving in my house.

Countess Reden records a short visit from the King:

June 28.

Here I sit at the window expecting our King, who arrived at Erdmannsdorf at ten o'clock, almost taking me by surprise. True to his custom, he has thought of his old friend, and is coming to see her this morning, so I am awaiting him. Werkenthin is preparing an address in my room upon the text "I and my house will serve the Lord," in case the King should come to prayers in the evening. The house is being decorated outside.

Later.

It has been a full but an enjoyable day. The King did not come from Warmbrunn till two o'clock. He had been calling on old Field-Marshal Ziethen. The Prince of Prussia was in the carriage with him. A

most charming meeting! After half an hour's stay his brother drove on to Fischbach, and the King remained quite alone with me, and we had a heart-to-heart conversation. I can scarcely think of a subject which was not touched upon. He spoke modestly, clearly, kindly, and, at the same time, firmly, about the Diet, assuring me that he himself had gained much by it—a nearer knowledge of men, a more distinct insight into the relation of things. He praised individual members, blamed others, and sketched things with a master-hand. The Prince of Prussia had shown, he said, great fidelity. He spoke in a husky, moved voice about the Queen's illness, and what the loss of her would have been to him. We remained thus talking together until half-past three, while Caroline sat in the breakfast-room with Anton Stolberg and Werkenthin, and I heard about many things. As he went away, the dear King asked whether he might come again in the evening, saying, "For I really come to the mountains on your account."

There was a good deal to arrange after he had gone. A messenger was despatched for Caroline Reuss, who was much pleased to come, but did not arrive until half an hour after the King, who was here at half-past six. We sat down to tea in quite a homely way in the dining-room. The gentlemen were Anton, General Neumann, Count Nostiz, and Count Brandenburg. The Prince of Prussia has become very agreeable, and he talked with me very naturally and intelligently. The relations between the two brothers seem to be very good. . . . The leave-taking was cordial, and the King continued his journey the next morning at five o'clock. I remained in my armchair for half an hour, meditating over the whole day; and what I heard from the King has given me something to think about for a long time.

The appointment of a schoolmaster for Wang lay very near the Countess's heart, but there were many difficulties in the way of the appointment, on the part of the local authorities, and of those interested in it, one of which was the fact that the Lord of the Manor of Brückenburg was a Roman Catholic. There

were very lengthy negotiations which are no longer of any present interest. The Countess wrote to the King, among others, about the affair:

If your Majesty's Ministry and Government could be united in one person, and that person yourself, how easily and quickly all business could be despatched! If only the two words "obstinate" and "naiv" did not occur in your gracious letter, I would show it to N. N., and we should get to the point at once. But I dare not, unless I wish to spoil everything, for both words are strikingly true.

Countess Reden had a visit from her niece Hedwig von Müffling, *née* Bernstorff, with her husband and children in August. She took them to see the mountain-church at Wang on the 22nd, as she took most of her guests.

Pastor Werkenthin writes of the accident that befell her there:

Countess Reden came to divine service at Wang with near relations on August 22.

It was a bright, pleasant day, the twelfth Sunday after Trinity. . . . I do not know for what reason the hymn had been chosen. It is by Israel Clauder, and the first verse runs thus:

My God alone, Thou knowest best
All good things for me to provide,
On Thee doth my salvation rest;
Grant me, Lord, setting self aside,
On Thee to build continually,
And with my whole heart trust in Thee.

As I entered the pulpit, I noticed among the number of the poor mountain congregation the aged figure so dear to my heart, she who had ever shown me and mine a truly motherly affection and confidence, for which I shall thank her throughout eternity. She followed the course of the sermon with devout attention, and waited with the rest of the congregation for the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, and after the service was over, came into the parsonage to greet me

and speak of some necessary matter. Seeing different people in my study, who had come to make various requests, she said, "I will go to my dear ones in the church and show them the fine carving, especially the beautiful crucifix by Jacob the wood-carver." About ten minutes later the bell-ringer appeared in my room, and said that Countess Reden had fallen on the altar steps, and seemed to have broken her arm. In great consternation, I hurried to the church, where I found the beloved Countess, with a white face, sitting on a chair, surrounded by her relations. Without letting us see the great pain she was suffering, she said to me, "Dear Werkenthin, I have had a fall; but it was under the cross, and before the altar of the Lord. He knows well why it was good for me." I sent a messenger in haste for the nearest doctor, whose arrival, however, could not be expected for several hours. Meanwhile, we—that is, my wife, who was attached with child-like affection to the Countess, and I—exerted ourselves to do everything that could alleviate the pain, the sufferer herself, who was the most composed of all of us, helping to make arrangements with her wonted forethought. It was truly touching to me to see how full of care she was for others, especially for her beloved sister Caroline, who, usually never absent from her side, chanced, just this time, to have been prevented from accompanying her. In the most severe pain she looked with humble submission to the Lord, Who could not wish to make her suffer. "I did not know," she said, "how necessary it was for me that you had the verse at the end, sung:

> Whate'er Thou send'st, help me always
> In patience, Lord, to bear my pain,
> And through both good and evil days,
> Ah! do Thou comfort, guide, sustain.

But now I know, and He will give me, in His mercy, what is needful and wholesome for me."

So this dear soul, so highly favoured by the Lord, proved herself again His true disciple. After waiting some hours, she left the parsonage for Buchwald, accompanied by the doctor, who had bound up her left arm, which had been broken at the wrist. I thought of Psalm cxxiii., which pictures the consolations of the righteous, as I looked at her.

Countess Reden wrote to her dear King, who had desired constant reports as to her condition from the doctor:

August 31.

I should like, as far as I am able, to add a few more words in my own hand to my lord and King, for I well know that you will be grieved by the news that your old friend of seventy-three has broken her left arm. It was on the altar steps at Wang, where you knelt on July 28, 1844, to express, from a full heart, your gratitude for a wonderful deliverance. I shall have to suffer from the effects of the accident for a long time before it is cured. And yet it was God's exceeding mercy which preserved me perhaps from a still greater calamity, and has shed peace and calm into my soul, and sustained me through all the pain and the many sleepless nights. To Him be praise and thanks. We heard a splendid sermon from Werkenthin on the 22nd, on the law and the gospel; and at the conclusion of the service the two verses of a hymn were sung to my great edification; a quarter of an hour later, and I was lying at the foot of the cross, which I was showing to my friends. It is well with him who lies there.

To such an active woman this accident was a real trial, for although it was the left arm, it always hindered her, and she was ill for some days. In a letter which she dictated to Marline on August 26, we read:

It is for me now, as it has been from the beginning, to thank and praise God, and to pray Him, as heretofore, to grant me patience to bear with joy what He has laid upon me. . . . All the dear neighbours came on Monday, in spite of torrents of rain, and there was no lack of inquiries and touching sympathy. Everything that can relieve me outwardly and make me comfortable has been done for me in rich measure, and my inner strengthening I leave to the Lord.

Her nephew Henly was at Neuhof with his wife,

and visited his aunt assiduously. She always saw him, as well as her friends Ernestine Stolberg and Caroline Reuss; and her devoted sister Caroline was fully occupied with the many callers who could not be admitted to the invalid. In a letter of September 7 we read:

I dine in the breakfast-room and the others in the hall; but for tea I go into the large room, where only a select few are admitted, such as the families from Jannowitz and Stonsdorf and Neuhof, and there I remain all the evening. My favourite occupations are dictating and doing accounts with Schiller.

Dear English guests, Sir Robert and Lady Inglis, friends of Sir James Riddell, came to Buchwald, and the Countess was able to enjoy Sir Robert's conversation, and his anecdotes about Wilberforce, Mrs. Fry, and Hannah More. "He was quite a ray of brightness for us all," she writes.

On September 12 Countess Reden was able to record:

I had the pleasure of going out in a wheeled chair for the first time, in company with the doctor and his wife, who dined with me afterwards in the Infirmary garden. My heart was filled with gratitude for so much mercy.

On the 14th she writes:

The Lord has granted me the blessing of having evening prayers these last two days.

CHAPTER VII

THE LAST YEARS

1847—1854

THE breaking of her arm in 1847 marks off a period in Countess Reden's life. Her great activity was from henceforth very much checked, and she entered upon years of which it is said, "I have no pleasure in them." The shades of evening were drawing in.

A retrospect of her full and active life, and likewise a picture of her personality, are given us in a description from the pen of her beloved *protégé* and adopted son, Theophilus Reichel, which finds a suitable place here.

The Countess was of medium height, a slender, delicate figure. She was not so imposing that one felt embarrassed in her presence, for she addressed everybody with cordial affability. She was, nevertheless, decidedly distinguished in appearance. The simplest people, who gained access to her without difficulty, lost all shyness when they came in contact with her winning friendliness, whilst those in high position, or in one higher than her own, bowed respectfully before her.

Her face was refined and delicate, and the expression of her eyes was particularly gentle, often somewhat sad. In it seemed mirrored the grief for her dearly loved and honoured husband who had been taken from her so early. She was very short-sighted, and always had to make use of an eye-glass for distant objects. I mostly saw her dressed in widow's weeds (only for great ceremonies, such as those at Fischbach

and Erdmannsdorf, would she wear grey silk), and with a simple tulle cap on her head, from beneath which peeped fine little curls.

The picture of her sitting in her easy-chair at the table in the large room, absorbed in writing, is one which will have made a lasting impression on those who were near her. She used an ordinary writing-pad, and would often dictate to a guest or to her secretary at the same time. A black paste-board basket, or one of white chip, stood close by, which contained all kinds of writing, etc., and also knitting materials, which would be set in motion as soon as her hands were not otherwise engaged. But the special object in her basket was the key of her writing-room, an object of much concern to all her young friends and obliging guests. "Children, where is the key of my writing-room?" When those words were heard, every one set eagerly to work to hunt for the key, and very lucky did he think himself who was able to give it into her hands.

As she grew older, she often sat in her chair, in a half-reclining position, but for the most part she held herself as straight and upright as in her youth. She could not bear to see young people stooping, and "Shall I fetch a yard measure to strengthen your back and make you sit straight?" was what I sometimes heard her say. One would not care to hear that reproof a second time. It has been remarked that the society of young men was more attractive to her than that of young girls.

She understood particularly well how to set young people to do little services, and help her in her work, and it was a proud moment for him to whom an errand was entrusted. Often have I been sent into the writing-room to fetch something, with very complicated details as to the place where it was to be found. If I chanced to return saying that I could not find it, she would say, "My dear child, must I go myself?" "No; I will look again," I would answer; and happy I was, if I found it.

In the affairs of her estate she took a lively interest, and was delighted when others did the same. During the haymaking she used to sit nearly the whole day on the "Wiesenthron," an elevated space where the road from the house crossed the highway to the large

pond. At the last waggon-load the peasants brought her a garland, and received a present from her in return. Once a potato-field had to be cleared of rank weeds. The maids from the house and we lads who were visiting her set to work, and he who finished his row first received a little prize. Once when I was at Buchwald in the holidays I drove with the Countess to the Birkberg, where the young cattle were, and one kept for breeding purposes had not been named. "Oh! he can have your name" [Theophilus], she said; and so it was given. When I came again the following year, one of my first drives was to the Birkberg, where the Countess showed my well-groomed namesake to me. If I remember rightly, there was also a Marline among the cows.

One peculiarity of life at Buchwald was the use made of the fine park and of the various summer-houses in it, which were used according to the time of day. The picture of a summer day there comes vividly before me. The Countess's morning work began soon after six o'clock. After she had taken a cup of tea in bed, she read the portion for the day in a Moravian book of devotions, and a passage of Scripture; then she settled the Bible reading and the hymns for evening prayers, and attended to other matters of business. Breakfast was at half-past eight in the breakfast-room in winter, and in the orange-room or in the rose-room whenever the weather permitted in summer, the windows of which were entirely surrounded by climbing roses of different colours. The necessary breakfast service was kept there, and also in each of the other summer-houses in the park, each one specially suited to its particular place. There was a view on to the Infirmary garden—a charming, quiet little spot, the only one that was really closed to the public. Sometimes the nearest part of the nursery garden was used for breakfast, but more often in the afternoon when there were guests to coffee. After breakfast, Eisenmenger, the cook, appeared, with whom the Countess settled the menu. The kitchenmaid came next, to whom Fräulein Caroline gave out the required things. She directed the smaller affairs of the house, and had the store-room, the linen-closet, and the guests under her charge. The two sisters, whom I never saw other

than united, fulfilled each one what was lacking in the other.

After breakfast the guests followed their own devices. The Countess went to one of her favourite places for working, and I often accompanied her thither. Adjoining the nursery garden was an arbour—the Muttersitz—which she frequently made use of. If she wished to be quite undisturbed, she would go to the Wiesenhaus, which contained two rooms for the Countess, besides the dwelling of the gardener and his family. On one side was a little pond in the wood, and in front, large, flat stretches of meadow, broken by clumps of trees, and it was so surrounded with oaks that nothing could be seen of the neighbouring mountains. Many a fine morning have I spent here with the Countess, drawing, writing, or helping her in some of her work. The front room was decorated entirely with pictures of birds, and the cups which were kept there also had birds painted on them. Behind, was a most charming little room with a fireplace, and nothing but pictures of children—English engravings—on the wall. Sometimes she had dinner there, but only when there were two or three persons. The place used for larger dinners was the salon adjoining the rose-room, an apartment which would hold thirty people comfortably. There too were held the sittings of the Bible Society. Through door and windows there was a view over a long expanse of water shut in by groups of beautiful trees, and above all the Schnee Koppe was visible. The guests whose backs were turned to the windows could see the view in a large mirror. A blue-patterned service was kept there. After ordinary meals the Countess would generally fill a number of small dishes with the remainder of the meal for the poor widows and sick people.

She worked again in the afternoon. She took drives with her guests through the park, or paid calls in the neighbourhood. Now and then the destination would be the Birkberg, a farm with fruit plantations; but the vineyard which had been attempted there did not succeed. The two rooms there which she reserved for friends were often given up to guests who stayed on for a longer time. The Grove Arbour was also often visited; the approach to it was through the

cowyard, and strawberries with milk were served there by preference.

The most beautiful spot in the park was the Pavilion. There may, indeed, be more extensive mountain views, but such a completely beautiful and secluded picture of the Schnee Koppe can scarcely be found elsewhere. The Countess reserved to herself the pleasure of bringing to that favourite place guests who came for the first time, and whom I had taken round the rest of the park. . . . Tea was served there, and the service used was of a single colour, each piece in a different delicate shade. . . . Visitors would look at the Koppe through the telescope in the next room. When there were only a few guests, and the weather uncertain, tea was served in the porch at the front of the house. All the household and visitors assembled for evening prayers about eight o'clock. The Countess read a portion of Scripture, and before and after a few verses of a hymn were sung. On the table in the large room a light supper was spread, and each guest was given a wooden tray with a plate, knife, fork, spoon, etc., for which place was made between the books and papers lying on the table, so that as little time as possible was spent over the meal, and it sped in talk, grave and gay.

She could not endure to see young people idle, so they had to have some employment; there were all kinds of writing and drawing to be done, lint to be scraped, capsules for homœopathic powders to be made, herbs to be picked and sorted, seeds to be selected, and many things of that sort to be done—work which must have seemed odd to many of the fine young men. Nor did the Countess ever remain idle herself. The company broke up at about eleven o'clock.

My mind retains a very vivid picture of dear Countess Reden, whom I saw almost every year from 1822, when I stayed at Buchwald; but I fear my pen is not clever enough to place it before others as I see it myself.

There is an amusing anecdote connected with serious things. Friedrich Wilhelm had said to the Burgomaster of Krausnick, on the occasion of the transports

of enthusiasm shown by the people at the time of paying him homage, "It is indeed intoxication, real drunkenness; let us hope that no *Katzenjammer* [revulsion after drinking] will ensue."

Several people recalled this expression in the year 1848. Countess Reden and her sister, who esteemed every word of their King, had no precise idea what a *Katzenjammer* really meant; so it happened that the Countess, in the course of a conversation, remarked, "Children, our dear King foresaw it, for he said, 'This is inebriation; let us hope that no *Katzenjagd* [cat hunt] will ensue.'" Shortly afterwards an amused auditor in another part of the room heard Caroline von Riedesel repeat the same saying thus: "Now it is inebriation; the *Katzendanz* [cat dance] will follow." [1]

We have already alluded to the naïve way in which the Countess twisted proverbs, etc. She would transpose titles in addressing people, calling the pastor "Lieber Amtmann" ("Dear Bailiff"), or the doctor, "Dear Pastor." It was even asserted that she had addressed Prince Wilhelm, "Lieber Hofrath," which he, at any rate, did not take amiss from her.

After breaking her arm the Countess took to several invalid habits. Two servants always had to remain with her by turns during the night, sitting in an armchair asleep or awake, according to the Countess's condition. She mostly conversed with her attendant, or repeated portions from her letters to her. Often she would exchange her bed for a folding-chair, and in the last five years of her life she never got into bed at all.

Countess Reden was very ill again in the next

[1] *Katzendanz*, instead of *tanz*, may perhaps have been a slip from her early English speaking as a child.—E. R.

winter from a nervous cold, and she began the hard year of 1848 in a feeble and suffering condition.

In February the Countess writes to Marline:

There is no lack of short daily calls, there is plenty to do, letters keep pouring in, and the days are always too short. My arm still burns and pains me, and it often cracks in moving. . . . You will be glad to hear that I have been able again lately to wear my wedding ring, which, to my real pain, I had to have filed off on the 14th, after I broke my arm, on account of the enormous swelling of my fingers. . . .

The aunts took a lively interest in the marriage of their niece Elisabeth von Schöning to Count Blücher, and they were delighted to provide the trousseau. The bride's mother fell ill directly after the wedding, and the news of her death reached Buchwald shortly after. The announcement was also made in church, for Frau von Schöning had lived at Buchwald a great deal, had been married there, and had had her children baptized and confirmed there, and was, in fact, almost a resident parishioner.

The Revolution in Paris occurred about the same time, and political news poured in from all sides.

To Marline

March 10.

I had just had evening prayers, and the reading was upon the Passion of our Lord, and I had dwelt on the part about His coming, which is so important and so suitable now, amid the outbursts of the present time. Then the papers arrived. With what different feelings were our hearts filled! When we think of our Lotte, it is nothing but hallowed sorrow, rest, peace, and blessedness. Even for those left behind, I am not anxious, for they also are the Lord's, and He will defend and protect them. But when I look out upon the world, there is nothing but unrest, horror, disobedience, immorality, everything in rebellion, here to-day, there to-morrow. The people

demand—the princes yield; the results cannot be foreseen. . . . What times these are! My old nerves are much upset, and our Caroline is often ailing; rest is needed, but one cannot get it—perhaps it is better so.

The meeting of the Bible Society is near, and it requires much time and thought. How good it is to be in this quiet nook, and to feel the nearness of the Lord, Who shows us what we ought to do, and gives courage and strength where they are needed!

March 18.

The Bible Society affairs take up my whole time. Many important things have come together, and I am moved at seeing how the course of the times does not affect these sacred matters. Ah! when our Lord and Master appears and says, "Thus far and no farther," then all will be changed. This is my hope.

But the quiet nook in which the Countess rejoiced was not to remain quiet for long. The high billows of that evil time flooded the Hirschberg valley also. It has often been said, and it is also stated in the inscription on the monument at Wang, that Countess Reden was obliged to flee from her tenants for whom she had done so much good. This does not, however, agree with the true facts of the case. She did not actually fly from fear—fear, which at that time had taken possession of all hearts. But the position of the two old ladies in the face of the surrounding rabble, who might at any moment attack Buchwald, was a very difficult one. At that time all the upper classes granted concessions; she felt the conduct of her tenants as ingratitude, for she had, before this, lightened their burdens of her own free will, and presented the poor with a portion of the sum remitted. She writes in those days:

JÄNKENDORF, *March* 23.

Ah! you dear ones, what will you say to this address? The old sisters have fled hither, almost

without preparation, just as they were. I do not know where to begin or end—and I find writing difficult, for my thoughts are so confused. The 20th was an anxious day; the parishes had received, God knows whence, the authority to ask for concessions. Deputations from ten places went to Leopold Schafgotsch, who spoke to and appeased them, and gave in to them as far as was possible. I had my little possessions, papers, valuables, and whatever I could lay hands on, packed and hidden, as well as fifteen hundred Reichthalers, the balance of the Bible Society accounts, which I closed at six o'clock, when I felt somewhat quieted and strengthened by reading Isaiah li. 10, 13, 16. A wild, drunken mob of riotous people were making havoc at Schmiedeberg, and we heard, the evening of the day before yesterday, that they were coming here. It was a fearful night—men were placed on guard at the house, the mills, the farms; but what could they have done if the mob had been a large one? The bailiff came and went, and I provided food and drink for many people. The son of the bailiff at Fischbach came at eleven o'clock and said that things were quiet, and that the rioters were sleeping off their intoxication. But three houses had been robbed and destroyed at Schmiedeberg, where a civic guard had been formed. We lay down, dressed, on our beds at one o'clock, and messengers arrived every hour with news. At half-past two we heard them say, "They are coming." Every one got up again, and remained up till five o'clock. It was hoped that they had been pacified; but at nine o'clock the news came that they were gathering together in troops. Their plan was to attack Buchwald first, and Erdmannsdorf next, and then the spinning-factory. I had a great struggle to make up my mind what to do. I have always had a fear of insurrection. The bailiff begged me to go, the people begged me to stay. Ah, how difficult it was to decide! At last a mounted messenger came from good Wilhelm Stolberg, with a circular letter. Everything that was possible was to be granted to the tenants, but I was to leave at once, for the mob had a special grudge against me on account of the King's favour. Ah, what a moment! We gathered things together, forgot necessary ones, and took superfluous things with us. The people

were at their posts round the house and the mill. . . . All at once we hear, "They are coming." The carriage was all ready to start, and was packed full; at that moment they shout, "Halt!" The concessions were to be settled at Kretscham, and I ought not to leave. Imagine my position. They would defend me with their lives and goods, but I must not go. I said all I could; I think I promised what I was obliged to promise, and declared that I was only going to Stonsdorf to be out of the way of the tumult, and would return soon. At last we drove off, but our hearts beat lest we should be overtaken. We reached Stonsdorf at half-past twelve, and were gladly received, but with tears. We found poor Ernestine looking very ill. I wished to take a little nap in the afternoon, but Caroline Reuss came and said that the rabble wanted to follow me there, and that the tenants were going to send and ask me to sign and stay. She might be brought into danger. She entreated me not to wait for all this. I wrote out the main points of the concessions twice, left one copy with Caroline in case they came, and sent the other to the bailiff. I dared not wait for the return of the coachman who was to bring more things, on account of the mob. Caroline Reuss had the horses put in, and we went under assumed names to Greifenberg, where everything was quiet. We slept there, left at half-past seven this morning, and arrived here at three.

JÄNKENDORF, *March* 29.

It is surprising how difficult I find it to do much writing, for your old sister feels as if she were broken down, not, perhaps, by that which still lies before her, but by the ingratitude of the people, and by that which they have compelled her to sign unless she would endanger others—and there was my poor bailiff at the forefront to bear the brunt of it all. Here, we are all right—outwardly everything is as one would wish; but we are all sad at heart, above all as regards our royal couple, whose position is heart-rending. I cannot describe what a support Henly is to me in the difficult interviews I have with the four parish deputies; without him I should have been forsaken, and should certainly not have observed the proper form in the difficult renunciation of my rights,



HEINRICH LXXIV. REUSS,

"Henly," Countess Reden's Nephew, and Husband of the Author of this Book.

(By Hellwig. Lithographed by Jentzen. Copy at Buchwald. Photographed by Van Bosch, of Hirschberg.)

[*To face p.* 348.

and the restitution of the whole of the remitted sum, etc. You have now a very impoverished sister, impoverished particularly of her trust in people who were confided to her, and that is the worst of all, and that is such a strange experience for me.

In the district of Hesse a rebellious mob set fire to the old castle of Lauterbach, and countless precious associations were destroyed with it.

Countess Reden writes to her brother:

April 1.

We received your letter last night at eleven o'clock, and passed a sleepless night. Is it possible that such horrors could have been perpetrated, and that our Dorette could have escaped unharmed? Ah, what a consolation it is!—my whole heart trembled until I found her name and knew her to be safe. My dear and only brother, let us cling fast to the Lord's mercy. His hour will come when He will bring all things gloriously right. Alas! the old house of our fathers, with all its thousand associations!

A large party assembled at Jänkendorf, the family from Stonsdorf including Ernestine, Countess Stolberg. In spite of all the anxiety, the friends enjoyed the beautiful spring, and kept Holy Week at Niesky; and in June Countess Reden went to Herrnhut, where the Synod of the Moravian Brotherhood was assembled.

She returned to Buchwald in July, but in a very unhappy state of mind, and in health she was feverish and upset, complaining of trembling of the hands. But a great many people came and went notwithstanding, and the society of her friends Count Anton Stolberg and his family, who were again at Kreppelhof, did her good. Latrobe came from Herrnhut, and various English and American friends and acquaintances.

A gathering of the people at Erdmannsdorf was thought to threaten landowners, and the sisters were

driven from Buchwald for a few days in October, and stayed with General Natzmer at Malsdorf.

The deaths of Princess Dorothee Reuss and of Mariagnes, Countess Stolberg zu Wernigerode, affected Countess Reden deeply, and she was agitated by the political news from Berlin and Frankfort a. Main, where Marline's husband, Freiherr von Rotenhan, sat in the Diet. All this acted upon her health, till she became ill from an intermittent nervous fever. Caroline Ruess went to stay with her aunts in November, that she might devote herself entirely to the Countess.

The winter of 1848—1849 was a sad and suffering one. The relations from Stonsdorf were at Buchwald again in January. The sisters busied themselves in knitting stockings for the soldiers quartered at Schmiedeberg, and interested themselves in the circulation of the Sunday edition of the *Kreuz Zeitung*. Despite all her weakness, the Countess found it difficult to resign many of the rights and duties of her position, when forced thereto by the new order of things.

To her Sister-in-law

Buchwald, *March* 23.

I am sleepy and good-for-nothing, but I must employ myself in registering the deposits for the orphans, which, according to the new order, have all to be handed over to the district officials.

The deeds are to be written down, and I see with distress the good old order of things going to ruin. I have kept the books for twenty years, as treasurer, and my task to-day was a difficult one, and I finished it with a heavy sigh at the universal overthrow of everything—anyway, it was for the last time.

How gladly I would write oftener and more, but the strength for it frequently fails me suddenly! Since writing to you last, my nights and often my days

have been for the most part worse. My dear Buchwald presents now a mournful picture—and yet, how rich we are in God's blessing and help! When He is with us, everything becomes clear, and our sufferings assuaged. What a comfort the beautiful verses which I know by heart, are to me, or those read aloud to me by dear ones! Ah, what a treasure they are!

March 30.

A part of the statutes are to be fetched to-day from the chancery, and sent to the new district council at Hirschberg. It is hard, this giving up of the old documents and the deposit book and manuals. The people don't take kindly to it, and would like to put matters back. What I have to go through! I had to sign thirty-two extracts for the manuals yesterday. To-day something else—thirty-three communion books for to-morrow's confirmation candidates, and so there are many things about to happen. How much longer?

In the spring the Countess was able to get out in her wheeled chair and to enjoy her garden once more. The death of her nephew's (Henly) wife in June was a sorrow to her.

Her niece the Duchess of Cöthen, her brother-in-law Herr von Schöning and his daughters, and the Riedesel relations were at Buchwald in the summer. The Countess was warmly interested about this time in the engagement of her great-niece Princess Auguste Reuss to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Her friend the King wrote to her on the subject in his own charming way:

I lay it before you as a duty to prepare dear Auguste properly for a position of severe trial. May your motherly counsels and the Lord's grace give her the sword and shield of prevailing prayer, that she may be established victoriously upon a throne which at the present moment has its four feet in the air! The Grand Duke is a dear, fine fellow, but needs encouragement. He is susceptible to everything that is good and noble and princely, and a

faithful, courageous wife, who has learnt that the crown is a gift from heaven, and not a golden ornament to tickle the vanity, will make him increase in the divinely consecrated courage which he needs.

In the spirit of these words the Countess bore the young people in mind, and rejoiced in the happy marriage and in the beneficent influence of the young mother of her people.

The Countess writes concerning the third edition of the Hirschberg Bible:

We are sitting outside the door with dear Werkenthin, who always is a comfort and strength to me, and are talking over the Hirschberg Bible affairs. He gives me courage, and I am now only awaiting the answer as to how many copies the King will take; if these, with the money saved, cover the expense, then I shall start upon the work, and in a year's time the third edition will appear. Shall I live to see it?

Countess Reden records in September, with a grateful heart, that she is able to go to church again for the first time for a year.

The centenary of the Evangelical Church was celebrated at Buchwald soon afterwards. The Countess writes about it:

The bells began to peal at half-past seven, and both schools assembled and sang hymns. The procession walked to the place of meeting through the herb plantation.

A hymn, and the whole parish walked in procession to the music of a band. The pastor and the local council led the way to Buchwald, where I greeted them from the open window. There were between five and six hundred persons at least; four verses were sung, and with cheers they marched off to church, where there was service and good music. Then the sermon, recounting past blessings with gratitude. A good deal of it was historical. . . . The church was adorned like a bride. Home again at half-past twelve.

I conducted the present and former pastors of Buchwald to the table, and Caroline was taken in by Superintendent Roth. Toasts were drunk, and the conversation was agreeable and animated.

Caroline drove off to afternoon church, and was greatly impressed and edified. There was a celebration of Holy Communion at six o'clock. The church was quite light, both pastors officiated, and there were eighty-eight communicants.

To-day is the third day of the festival and the Harvest Festival as well. I did not go.[1] Mathilde and I read aloud to each other one of Hofacker's fine sermons. Then I dictated the Ten Commandments to her, which I could scarcely remember. Pastor Scholz and the bailiff came back to dinner, and at two o'clock there was a procession of the two schools carrying their banners as an after-fête, there having been no room in church yesterday for the children.

Countess Reden having recovered her health again in great measure, we find at the end of September the announcement: "I am able to be quite busy, and I am very glad of it." She enumerates one hundred and thirteen letters received, and one hundred and five written or dictated in October. She had the pleasure of receiving many guests in the late autumn—the Rotenhans with four children, and Mary von Schöning, who remained till January.

Two Fräuleins von Ressdorf, who lived at Hirschberg, we now find very often at Buchwald, particularly Marie von Ressdorf, who stayed for weeks at a time. The Countess was very fond of her, and she made herself very useful during her visits by reading aloud, writing, etc.

On account of Caroline's failing health it became necessary that the two old sisters should not live quite alone. Their old friend Countess Carmer

[1] The Countess's maid.—E. R.

came now and then, and the Werkenthins would be there very often for a day or so.

In the spring of 1850 the Countess writes:

April 20 was the birthday of my dear brother-in-law Reuss, which I kept in memory of that really Biblical character, by completing my important Bible contract with the printer, Krahn.

She writes of May 12 very gratefully:

The Lord has done great things again for me in these twelve months, but the greatest mercy is that He has so far restored His old servant that she is able to serve Him. Of this He gives me daily proof, and the chief aim of my life is to follow and understand His guidance.

But in June the Countess again laments her great weakness. A slight lameness came on, and attacks of blindness henceforth often recurred. Between whiles, however, she received visits, drove frequently to Jannowitz, wrote and dictated letters, and was read aloud to, delighting at this time particularly in the "Volksblatt für Stadt und Land." On one occasion she writes:

I cannot read and hear enough about Luther, and the accounts of his sufferings are written for a consolation to those who have been tortured by illness, and anxiety about their salvation, and I think they must also be very comforting to my brother, for he, like myself, has more than once had a blow which has prostrated him, and we can pray the Lord to take away from us that which has often bowed us down in great affliction.

July 7.—Marie [Ressdorf] has been reading aloud to me the sermon for the seventh Sunday after Trinity, which is remarkably adapted to the needs of my case. [She refers to her relations with her tenants.] Ah! how gladly will I forgive and forget everything, since the Lord has forgiven me so many faults; how

gladly will I make, and even offer, indulgence, if only it is right!

July 14.—Marie has read a fine sermon of Gossner's to me; it is upon the miracle of the loaves, which I always call the sermon of order—that order which is observed least of all by preachers, and which is plainly enjoined upon us in the arrangements of guests, so that their numbers could be correctly known; and in the gathering up of the fragments that remained.

Among various guests, the Countess mentions:

Minister von der Heydt came unexpectedly with our President Westphal. He is the first minister of the new era whom I have met. In manner he is quite unlike those whom I have hitherto known, and he wears no beard. I found him well informed, very polite, and agreeable. He was quite enchanted with the works of my husband, which he saw in Upper Silesia. His first words were the warmest greeting from the dear King to his "loved and honoured friend."

Countess Reden wrote to her beloved King for his birthday:

. . . It is a beautiful thing to live in a state of grace, to be protected, guided, and counselled by the Most High; and since my King is well practised in prayer, all that remains for us is to pray with him and for him most sincerely, and have earnest faith in the Lord's bringing everything to pass gloriously, and that all his enemies will be put to shame as heretofore.

The mobilisation of troops against Austria in the late autumn caused much disquiet, and friends advised the sisters to leave Buchwald. Countess Reden writes on December 1:

I am writing when I can; the time is filled up, I cannot exactly say with what, nor how everything goes on; one thing following upon another. Messengers come and go; Bibles and mission concerns

and writing have to be attended to. There are letters in unheard-of numbers to write and receive, and the *Kreuz Zeitung* every evening takes up a great deal of time with its beautiful leading articles. Then we have to provide for those who are going away [the Landwehr], and for those who stay behind. . . .

Anton Stolberg came. . . . He believed there would be war, and that the first shot might be fired within forty-eight hours. He advised our leaving. "We can fly, but how shall we return? It is very sweet here in the midst of one's own pursuits, and everything seems so dear to me now, and neither of us are fit for travelling. Leave me my trust and hope, dear George; what is the good of thinking, and what is the use of political arguments? The Lord alone knows the why and wherefore. We poor, miserable creatures judge according to our senses; but His judgment is quite a different one, and after that judgment only is the world governed. If we were all in the King's place, should we do better? I scarcely think so.

Count Wilhelm Stolberg had re-entered the military service and left the neighbourhood, but Countess Reden soon learnt to esteem the new Landrath, Herr von Grävenitz, very highly, and she often praises his energy and zeal in the district, while the confidence and respect he showed her were very gratifying to her.

The spinning-schools which had been opened in the country interested her exceedingly, as did every good work. She continued to look after everything that had been commended to her care, but her hand was weak and tired, and the days were past in which she could take up and carry things through energetically, as of old. It is almost melancholy to come across her notice of a meeting, presided over by Pastor Werkenthin, for the discussion of means of relief for the poor, while she remains quietly at home.

May 12, her birthday, brought her a great many affectionate letters and congratulations.

The meeting with Prince Czartoryski and his second wife affected her extremely, as well as the seeing her dear Wanda's children again.

Countess Brühl, a daughter of Field-Marshal Count Gneisenau, with her husband and children, spent some weeks at Buchwald at this time.

The King paid the Countess a short visit in September, of which she writes:

Caroline went to receive him, and he hastened to meet me in the large room, and, shutting the door, took me in his arms with overflowing emotion. I was reassured by his fresh, unchanged appearance. Of what did we not speak! I may say that he opened his heart to me, and we went over everything from 1847 up to the present time. I was able to talk with him as I scarcely ventured to think possible, and he understood and permitted me to speak as I felt. . . . What he finds particularly hard to bear now is that the Queen is so misunderstood, and that she is believed by many to be a Roman Catholic. I consoled him by saying that it would be more readily believed about him than about her. His reply to this was charming, and so was his acknowledgment that he had failed in many ways, and that God's mercy alone had been the undeserved means of saving him.

Ernestine, Countess zu Stolberg, left Jannowitz for Berlin, and Count Anton also left Kreppelhof, in obedience to the King's commands. This meant parting for a long time or for life.

Countess Reden was destined to outlive many friends, and she received a great shock at the end of September, on hearing of Prince Wilhelm's sudden death, and a still more painful one in October, in the death of her faithful old friend Eberhardine, Countess zu Stolberg-Wernigerode.

Those devoted friends who yet remained to her came and went constantly, such as Fritz von Kalckreuth, Theophilus Reichel, and her nephews and nieces. Henly especially devoted himself to her, working for her like a son, and to him she confided everything, and he understood how to soothe her in hours of great weakness and prostration. Caroline Reuss was often sent for from Stonsdorf, and stayed with her by day and night. "She is my angel," she said in unforgettable accents to a friend. Another valued guest was Marie Stolberg (*née* Reuss), who often went over from Kreppelhof for a few days or even hours, bringing brightness with her. These were they to whom she clung the most. They were, fortunately, able to visit her often, and she let them go reluctantly.

Marline left her foster-sister and attendant with her aunt during the last two years of her life, as her special assistant. The two old sisters could not be left alone, for Caroline von Riedesel was often ill and confined to her room, or even her bed, for long periods. Frau Eulalie Reichel, a Swiss by birth, used to go from Niesky to keep the old ladies company, and she was a great favourite with them.

The winter and spring brought frequent attacks of weakness and giddiness with some difficulty of speech, but when the Countess felt rather better, she wrote or dictated, or drove out, sometimes going to Hain or to the Zillerthal, where she found many blanks among the list of her old friends. Stock died in the autumn of 1850, and Fleidl in January, 1853. When Henly's son brought his young wife home, Countess Reden was able to enjoy the hospitality of Neuhof once more, and she welcomed the young pair with hearty and affectionate sympathy.



ELEONORE, PRINCESS REUSS,

Second Wife of Heinrich LXXIV, Reuss, Authoress of Countess von Reden's Life.

From a photograph by Wilhelm Thieme, of Halberstadt.

[*To face p.* 358.

She was seldom able to go to church in these days, but sermons were read aloud to her, and she and her sister Caroline received the Holy Communion together at home.

Her beloved King corresponded with her at this time concerning his ideas upon Church constitution, and sent her a rough draught of his letter to the Consistory, saying:

. . . You may communicate the above-mentioned sketch of church ritual to Pastor Werkenthin, also the rough draught, if you think it well to do so, and if he likes, he may enter into polemics against me. I would willingly read or listen to what he says, and dispute with him in the fulness of my affection. This same affection recommends itself to you with the old fidelity and respect, dearest Countess and friend.

Your faithful and devoted
FRITZ.

The Countess sent the King Werkenthin's reply of approval, and says, "with a feeling of greatly increased weakness," as follows:

. . . Your confidence has touched and honoured me very much; it has occupied my mind a great deal, and led me to pray most fervently to my Lord, that He will visibly bless your good and earnest endeavours for the good of the Church.

One feels that she cannot any longer follow the flight of the King's thoughts.

Her letters, partly written, partly dictated, give accounts of friends and relations, and they also record drives and visits, of which there was no lack. The Schönings were at Warmbrunn, the Münchhausens are mentioned. Amerika with her daughter, Luise von Brandenstein and two grandchildren, and Frau

Stengard, stayed with her, and Queen Marie of Bavaria came from Fischbach. Countess Reden's great-nephew, her dear Marline's eldest son, George von Rotenhan, was working with Herr von Grävenitz, the Landrath, and was a frequent visitor at Buchwald in these years, to the great joy of his aunt.

A monument to Count Reden was unveiled at Königshutte in August, 1853, and the King, who was present, went direct thence to the Countess, to give her a detailed account of the ceremony, which greatly touched her. It was her last meeting in this life with her royal friend.

In the same month she held another Bible Society festival, but Caroline, to her sorrow, was too ill to be present, and to receive the subscriptions as heretofore. The Countess wrote afterwards:

I was able to hold out till late at night. Wonderfully helped. Anything may happen now, for the Lord has made Himself known to His feeble servant.

So the last winter of her life arrived. She was often feeble, but not more so than she had been of late years. She still dictated her Bible Society letters and her accounts, talked over the affairs of the estate with her bailiff, and provided for the sick and poor from her armchair. Now and then she would conduct the evening prayers herself, or would give out the hymn, and Fräulein Stegmann, sitting beside her, would read the Meditation. Letters to Marline, written in her own hand, are mostly filled with remarks about her dear niece's children, but they also mention little events, and something about her own health. She writes on January 6:

Our Henly is stopping at Neuhof till the 9th, and is such a charming companion, particularly in the

evening, when we talk over old times. From early this morning we have been living over again the memorable day which entirely transformed our lives. Caroline and I were alone with our dear father when he died; his last words were, "Lord Jesus, be merciful to Thy servant!" Oh! honoured is his dear memory.

January 8.

I expect Leopold Schafgotsch on Wednesday to read aloud our Sailer's letters, written to me in his own handwriting—me, the Evangelical—and I will not let them go out of my hands. You may imagine of what value they are to our friends. . . . My nights are still not free from attacks, and are very much disturbed; I am leaving things solely to the Lord's guidance, and am taking no thought.

March.

I know you will put up with a few lines from your very feeble old aunt. . . .

Her sympathy and affection never ceased. She was especially grieved by the deaths of two almost lifelong friends, those of Count Henrich and Count Anton Stolberg-Wernigerode, the one following rapidly after the other in February.

Countess Reden held the Bible Society meeting again on March 23, and writes concerning it in her journal:

Very weak, but was able, after all my preparations, to read out the Bible report, and to stop for the conference and to preside at it. The dear guests left at four o'clock; there were twelve. I lay down, thankfully filled with a sense of the mercy which the Lord has shown me in my weakness.

Towards evening on May 7, the third Sunday after Easter, the two sisters received the Holy Communion—the last one they received together on earth.

Dr. Fliegel called to see his patients afterwards,

and then went down to the maid-servants' room and told them that the Countess might not live more than a week, and that they must be prepared for her death.

Her nephew Henly had spent a long time with his aunt the day before. Without being ill, she was growing weaker, but she still kept her writing up, and signed letters to the representatives of the Bible Society. Caroline Reuss was frequently at Buchwal during the last days, and the Countess's sister Countess Bernstorff, with her daughter and a grandchild, arrived on May 10.

Countess Reden completed her eightieth year on May 12. The anniversary was passed in great weakness. Though she was no longer able to see the school-children when they sang before the house on that day, she sent them little presents. Her relations from Stonsdorf and Neuhof, and many others, came to congratulate her, but she remained quietly in her room.

She busied herself, however, in writing on the little Ebenezer picture (see under the year 1832) the names of those she loved to whom she wished to give a copy of the drawing. She had her silk dress and her best cap made ready, intending to dress for her guests, but she was not equal to the exertion.

In the evening she fancied she saw figures dressed in the fashion of her youth, and wondered at these unknown persons entering, and thought them impertinent, and her nephew sought to convince her that they were mere fancies.

He read to her the next day a number of birthday letters, and she charged him to write her thanks for them. She talked to several people, and made inquiries about the Bible Society affairs.

She lay back in her chair in great weakness till ten o'clock at night, and though very restless, she did not speak again during the night. She was quieter in the morning, but still lay with her head resting on her hand. Prayers were said for her in church, her dear ones surrounded her, and her faithful sister Caroline sat near her. The breathing became fainter as the pastor pronounced the blessing over her, and Dr. Fliegel said, "She is dying." Her spirit gently took its flight, and the weary pilgrim rested from her labours at noon on May 14, the fourth Sunday after Easter.

Many came from far and near to gaze once more upon the peaceful body, and many tears were shed for the beloved friend and benefactress.

The funeral took place on May 19, at the Abbey. Pastor Roth said a prayer by the coffin in the hall at Buchwald, and then the procession passed through the park and grounds she had so loved and tended, up to the Abbey, whose little bell, so rarely heard, rang out a solemn greeting to her.

Hundreds of people in mourning followed—relations, friends, tenants of all classes, from far and near were there. Pastor Haupt's address in the chapel of the Abbey was on the words from Job, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Pastor Werkenthin read the burial service, and then her earthly remains were laid to rest beside those of her beloved husband.

The Rotenhans arrived on the 22nd, and the will was read on the 29th.

Countess Reden left Buchwald to Marline. Her devoted sister Caroline, who was left widowed, as it were, suffered severely during the days succeeding

her Fritze's death. One of the quiet ones of the earth, a chosen disciple of Christ, she had been a blessing to many souls, not the least among them that of her active sister, and together with this woman, who wrought a far-reaching work for God's kingdom, the quiet and godly Caroline deserves a word of loving remembrance.

The Bible Society festival took place on July 12, for the first time without the President who, with her warm heart, richly endowed mind, and great knowledge of business, had superintended its work for thirty-nine years. Pastor Werkenthin preached the sermon upon the story of Tabitha, and the words which he spoke in memory of the departed shall be placed here at the end of this Biography, for they comprehend all that can be said about this noble-minded woman.

I cannot look at the picture of Tabitha without being reminded of the noble woman whom we all miss so painfully to-day, and who—although a sinner by nature like all of us—was a living witness among us of what becomes the children of God, and of what is pleasing to Him, for He wrought in her by His Spirit and His grace.

Yes, in the late Countess Reden, the faithful patroness of this church, the richly endowed and highly favoured President of this our Buchwald Bible Society, we have known a true follower of the Tabitha of the Apostolic days, and we are bound to acknowledge this to the glory of the Lord, to Whom honour alone is due, and Who gave her to us, and found her a fit instrument of His grace.

Sprung of a noble race, possessed of rare advantages of mind and body, blessed with material gifts, honoured by princes and kings, and sincerely loved by all who really knew her, still, the highest title of honour which can be bestowed upon her is this, that she was a true disciple of Jesus, a humble handmaid

of the Lord, and an obedient child of God, walking in the faith of Jesus Christ her Saviour.

All this she became more and more the longer she lived. Her life was passed, under God's guidance, in the school of Christ, in the power of the Holy Ghost, and in the companionship of God's Word. This letter of God to the sons of men, this best of earthly treasures, this golden tree with ever-new fruits, this imperishable seed of the new birth, this unfading flower, this Book of books which she read prayerfully early and late alone in her chamber, and in common with her household—she applied its contents perseveringly to her own heart and life, and its healing, sanctifying, and illuminating power was shown forth more gloriously to the last day of her life, in the simplicity of her heart, in her humility, and in her child-like faith.

And as her heart belonged to the Lord, so also did her life and actions. And I know I am not saying too much when I assert that she lived a life which, rich in loving service to the glory of God, may be ranked with the life of a Tabitha, of a Dorothee Sibylla of Liegnitz and Brieg, that noble Duchess of the Hohenzollern race, of an Elizabeth Fry, and other notable Christian women, who esteemed it a favour to serve the Lord in the poor and forsaken. Yes, whoever has considered her life and work must, with the utmost truth, say of her what our text says of Tabitha, "She was full of good deeds and almsdeeds which she did."

Her motto seemed to be the Lord's words, "I must work while it is day: for the night cometh, when no man can work." Her divine service was in praying, and singing, and hearing the Word of God, and in hearing sermons on it, and in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and in keeping herself unspotted from the world.

Her daily work was to care for others from early morning until late at night, serving, in the brethren, that Lord Who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Her neighbours were the poor, the forsaken, and the sick. And she did not bear in mind the physical needs only of her fellowmen, her brothers and sisters in the Lord; no, she

laid their souls' salvation also to heart, as if it were her own. What a subject for earnest prayer, what an object of care it was to her, that the sheep and lambs of Christ's flock should be led by true shepherds, both in church and in school, in the green pastures of the Divine Word, and to the still waters of His grace! How open were her eyes, her heart, her hand, to the cause of missions! How active she was in circulating good books, for the advancement of a living, working Christianity and true piety of heart! And with what a prayerful heart she devoted herself to the work of the Bible Society, founded by her husband, and an inheritance of his pious mind; how she worked for this the Lord's work, the child of her heart, by day and night, in sickness and in health, until the tired body could hold out no longer, and she made ready for death and her departure to a better world! And just as she lived in the Lord, so was her death also in the Lord. The Lord of Whom the prophet Malachi says, "He shall sit as a refiner of silver: and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver," this faithful Lord did not fail in this refining, but prepared His handmaid in His school of adversity to enter into His heavenly kingdom. To His name be praise! He strengthened her in faith, and supported her by His grace until the end, and granted the prayer which she so often prayed, especially in days of trial and weakness:

May the light of faith direct me,
And the thought of Him Who died;
May Thy love for aye protect me—
I trust in Thee, my Friend and Guide.
Give me the comfort to be Thine,
The sinner's grateful heart be mine;
Oh! grant my love like Thine to glow;
On me, best gift, Thyself bestow.

This is also shown by the words which were the last I heard from her lips, when, referring to the twenty-third Psalm, she said, "Yes, the Lord is with me, His rod and staff comfort me, for with Him there is mercy and plenteous redemption."

And so she was when her last hour came on May 14 of this year, and from the couch, surrounded by the

sorrowing care of those who loved her, the Lord led her painlessly sleeping, through the gate of death to the place where there is no pain, nor sorrow, nor any more death, but the fulness of peace, and happy existence at the Lord's right hand for evermore.

Yes, her soul is with the Lord in Whom she believed, and loved, and served, because He first loved her, and gave His life and blood for her; but her tired body rests in peace from its labours in the silent tomb, awaiting the day when the Lord shall come down from heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall call the dead in Christ to arise in their glorified bodies. We should not be showing love to the departed if—were we able to do so—we should wish to fetch her back by the power of the Lord to this mortal life. Therefore, with the picture of Tabitha before us, and having in remembrance our dear departed who walked among us as a faithful disciple of the Lord, in faith acting by love, let us each on his own account examine his heart and life with these questions: Do Tabitha's faith and love dwell in us? Is there in us any resemblance to this picture of her? Has the most merciful Lord been formed within my heart, in mine, a poor sinner's? And if we can say, "Yes, blessed be God! I am crucified with Christ: I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me,"—if, I repeat, we can say this, then let our faith break forth from our hearts like the morning, and reveal its heavenly power in works well pleasing to God; let our lives be lives of quiet obedience to the Lord, and true love to the brethren; let us not be indifferent to the physical and spiritual needs of our fellow-men far and near; let our hands not only give clothing to the shivering child, a gown to the poor widow, a covering to trembling age, bread to the hungry, restoring and healing medicine to the faint and sick; but let us offer to all, especially to the erring brethren, the Balm of Gilead, the Light that leads to peace, the Bread of Life, and the Word which has saved our souls, and which we ourselves can never do without, since it serves for instruction, for reprimand, for

improvement, and for chastisement—in the way of righteousness.

Let our feet walk in the steps of Tabitha, to the cottage of the poor, to the cells of prisoners, to the bedside of the sick; and let our hearts find joy in helping and serving, in conferring benefits and carrying blessings, as disciples of Him Who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many," and Who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

THE END

LIST OF PLACES MENTIONED IN THE "PIETIST"

Arnsdorf. Near Schmiedeberg; the residence of Count von Matuschki.

Buchwald. Count von Reden's place; situated about an hour's drive from both Hirschberg and Stonsdorf.

Erdmannsdorf. Between Buchwald and Stonsdorf; Field-Marshal Count von Gneisenau's place, after whose death it was bought by King Friedrich Wilhelm III.

Fischbach. Purchased by Prince Wilhelm, brother of Friedrich Wilhelm III. It is a drive of three-quarters of an hour from Buchwald.

Jänkendorf. In the Ober Lausitz; an estate which belonged to Heinrich XXXVIII. Reuss, and after his death was inherited by his nephew Heinrich LXXIV. Reuss.

Jannowitz. Half-an-hour's drive from Fischbach; the country home of Ernestine Countess Constantin Stolberg, and the property of her son Count Wilhelm.

Kreppelhof. A drive of about an hour and a half from Buchwald; the residence of Count Anton Stolberg.

Kupferberg. A small town near Jannowitz.

Klipphausen. Near Dresden; the property of Heinrich LXIII. Reuss.

Lauterbach In Hesse; the family estate of Freiherr von Riedesel. It was destroyed by the mob in 1848.

Lomnitz. Near Erdmannsdorf; Herr von Vunter's place.

Neuhof. Near Erdmannsdorf; a small property purchased by Heinrich LXXIV. Reuss in 1823.

Neuenhof. Near Eisenach; a favourite place belonging to Freiherr von Riedesel, and also to his son George Freiherr von Riedesel.

Niesky. Near Jänkendorf, where there was a settlement of the Moravian Brothers.

Rentweinsdorf. An estate in Franconia belonging to the Rotenhan family.

Ruhberg. Near Schmiedeberg; the country home of Prince and Princess Radziwill. They bought it in 1822.

Trebschen. In the Neumark, Province Brandenburg; the estate of Heinrich LXIV. Reuss.

Stonsdorf. Near Hirschberg; an estate of Heinrich XXXVIII. Reuss.

Warmbrunn. Property of Count von Schafgotsch; a noted health-resort.

Zillerthal, Upper, Middle, and Lower. The Tyrolese settlements, and named after their old home in Tyrol.

E. R.

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